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New Trails in Old Spain

JÉRICA

New Trails in Old Spain

By

Vernon Howe Bailey

With Forty-eight Drawings
By the Author

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TO A VERY GREAT LADY

M. C. de B.

19329

PREFACE

Delightful it is in Sevilla to stroll through the Calle de las Sierpes, with its shops and varied life, to cross the Guadalquivir for a look at Triana, the quarter of gypsy dancers and bullfighters, to gaze on the Giralda over the red-tiled roofs, to have tea under a pergola from which white rose petals are falling, and after nightfall to hear in some small theater inimitable *flamenco* singing.

Or at Córdoba to explore the great Mezquita with its hundreds of columns, or the crumbling balconied houses surrounding the *Mercado*, and when the setting sun casts long shadows across the Paseo del Gran Capitán to sit at a small café table and watch the promenaders.

At Granada to listen to the songs of nightingales in the Alhambra gardens, and in that Palace of the Moorish Kings to gaze in enchantment on the intricate ornamentation of this exquisite relic of the days of Moorish supremacy, or from the heights of the Generalife in its foliage-clad setting to look down over the city and the valley of the Darro to the caves of the Sacro Monte Road.

And at Toledo to see the ancient city mounting its rock topped by the towered Alcázar, with the Alcántara bridge spanning the tawny Tagus.

At Segovia to walk into the Arroya Clamores for a view of the Cathedral high above, and continue to where the arches of the aqueduct recall the Roman occupation. And at Avila, from the vantage point of the Cruz de los Cuatro Postes to marvel at those sturdy encircling walls, towers and gateways, built nearly a thousand years ago.

At Burgos to note against the roseate sky the delicacy of its openwork twin cathedral towers which appear as though formed of lace rather than of stone; and at Valencia to watch the fishing boats drawn by oxen from the sea onto the strand, or to hear booming across the city the bell of the Miguelete, in signal for the irrigation of its rich *Huerta*.

At Zaragoza to look beyond the gigantic masonry of the Puente de Piedra to the great mass of the Church of La Virgen del Pilar, and, lured by its many domes of varicolored tiles glistening in the sunlight, to enter there and observe devout thousands kneel at the base of the sacred column; and at Madrid in the Velázquez gallery of the Museo del Prado, to gaze on the superb works of that magnificent master, and in the Plaza del Dos de Mayo to stand where Daoiz and Velarde fell

and thrill at the undying story of their supreme patriotism.

Yet these are but a few of the more obvious attractions of the larger cities for they and the country in general are filled with interest.

How vivid is the recollection of my first day in Spain. Never will it be forgotten, and true this is of all the days that have followed there.

Does one wish to have recalled past civilizations—Iberian, Visigothic, Greek, Roman or Moorish? One need not seek far. Does one wish to enjoy natural beauty, luxuriant gardens of semitropical loveliness, or great sierras, capped with snow, purple, lavender and pink in the rays of the setting sun?

Would one stand before marvelous cathedrals, massive castles, or magnificent palaces? Here they abound.

Would one know the works of great painters of the past? In galleries of the capital, provincial museums and churches they are displayed.

Would one witness the life of the countryside, the local festivals or celebrations, many dating from medieval or Roman times? It is within easy reach.

Would one indulge in the gayeties of the capital, dine by moonlight in exotic gardens of palatial hotels, where Spanish ladies, wearing Paris gowns and rare ancient shawls, give a piquant touch to the scene, or in

contrast see in small theaters or cafés entrancing provincial dances? Here one may do so.

The traveler, having given first attention to the larger cities, and his interest having become heightened and imagination quickened, will be eager, no doubt, to see something of the provincial capitals and lesser towns, with their great art and architecture and colorful life, which differs little from that of hundreds of years ago.

Such was my experience, for a visit to several remote towns showed them so interesting and picturesque that the project to see others was formulated. The towns visited were chosen primarily in the hope that they would prove picturesque, though it was difficult to secure in advance more than scanty knowledge of them. A list was gradually assembled from such bits of information as came to hand from time to time, and finally numbered a hundred names. From these some forty were selected and arranged as nearly as possible in a continuous line, zigzagging though it proved.

The larger cities can be readily reached by *de luxe* trains or one may motor practically everywhere, for the poor reputation of Spanish roads is undeserved. It has been frequently stated that there are no good motor roads south of Madrid, that there travel by motor car is impossible. But the extensive tour herein described,

from Cataluña in the northeastern part, through Central Spain, in the eastern provinces bordering the Mediterranean, across the south, and northward through the western province of Estremadura, was made chiefly over the roads. Except for a few rough miles at the beginning, due to the heavy hauling to which the road was subjected, no poor roads were experienced, none that would give a motor car, especially a light or medium one, any difficulty.

Roads in Spain are generally classified as of the "first" or "second" order, but both were found to be remarkably good, where even the primitive autobus, lacking the refinements of a motor car, sped over their smooth surfaces with little effort. Throughout Spain systematic attention is given to the maintenance of the roads. Every few miles one passes the *casas de peones camineros*, the stone houses of the official road menders. These men are regularly engaged in keeping the roads in repair at a high standard.

Excursions to remote towns or tours that embrace numbers of them could easily be made, and itineraries planned, that would connect the more important provincial towns having good hotels in which to spend the night, and thus avoid the simple or primitive inns of the smaller ones. In the hotels of such towns the food is generally good and abundant, and by the use of the

well-stocked luncheon basket for the midday repast en route, little difficulty would be met.

To the motorist good road maps are, of course, essential, and the sectional ones on sale throughout Spain will be found excellent. Even the traveler by train who only occasionally would diverge from the railways, would find them interesting and valuable. These indicate the character of the roads, points of unusual picturesqueness, the location of castles and historic monuments, etc., and the small accompanying guidebook gives much information as to hotels, their classes and accommodations, location of post and telegraph offices, streets to traverse in passing through towns, nearest railway station, distances etc.

The purpose herein is to indicate the more important attractions of the larger cities, to describe, at somewhat greater length, some little-known towns, and give an idea of their general character and of the life and customs of the people of the provinces. The attitude of the people in general is most friendly, and they are eager to be helpful to the traveler.

These lesser towns of Spain offer an extensive opportunity for tourist investigation. Their attractions are enchanting and, especially to the motorist, are within easy reach. By arranging similar tours of them, he would find in them a source of delight and fascination.

CONTENTS

PAGES

PREFACE vii

Chapter I

SOME OLD TRAILS FIRST

SAN SEBASTIÁN. BURGOS. VALLADOLID. SALAMANCA. AVILA. SEGOVIA. MADRID. THE ESCORIAL. TOLEDO. CÓRDOBA. SEVILLE. GRANADA. VALENCIA. ZARAGOZA. BARCELONA 1–40

Chapter II

ON NEW TRAILS

CARDONA: The posada—Old gates—The ropemakers—The Salinas mine—An attractive guide to the castle—The castle of Cardona—A café concert. SOLSONA: *Guardias Civiles*—The Cathedral—The fonda dinner—An early departure. MONTSERRAT. BERGA: A fruitless expedition. MANRESA: Tortillas of the station restaurant—The Colegiata—La Seo—The Cave of Loyola—The Roman bridge—An unpleasant train journey. LÉRIDA. BALAGUER: Church of Santa María—Camarrasa 41–76

Chapter III

YOUNG SPAIN AND OLD

MONZÓN: A diverting theatrical performance—The mode of young women—A football victory dinner. BARBASTRO: The sereno's musical call—A quick change of costume—The friendly attorney—A call on the Alcalde—Mule-clippers. POBLET, ESPLUGA. TARRAGONA, TORTOSA, VIÑAROZ. MORELLA: An inadequate

PAGES

breakfast—Terrific winds and tingling fingers—The unexpected birthday party guest—Market day—The obliging *compañero*—A Sunday night movie. ALCAÑIZ: A blind singer—A fountain of many spigots—Native costumes—A prayer to San Pedro—Work under difficulties—A shepherd model. PUEBLA DE HÍJAR: The reluctant guide 77–118

Chapter IV

TO THE WINDING TRAIL

TUDELA: The frightened horse. TARAZONA: The brightly painted mule cart—The hilarious telegraph clerk—The Cathedral—The old bull ring—The grotesque town hall—My police guardian—Friendly priests. EN ROUTE TO SORIA. The bleak Moncayo. SORIA: Visit to Numantia—A gruesome exhibit. ALMAZÁN: An amusing arrival—A town of many towers—Dancing to fife and drum—Annoyances. MEDINACELI—A wet night on a mountain top—Coffee by a brush fire—A purchase of furniture 119–140

Chapter V

THE MOUNTAINS OF SPAIN

CALATAYUD: Moorish towers against crumbling cliffs—The Alameda—A good hotel—Ancient Bibilis unvisited. TERUEL: Towers, domes and minarets—The annual fair—The acrobatic cloth sellers—One of the world's great romances. ALBARRACÍN: An active day—A predaylight departure. VALLEY OF THE TURIA; THE SIERRA: Bus wheels spinning on the brink . . . 141–162

Chapter VI

CUENCA AND HUETE

CUENCA: Ancient houses above the cliffs—A slave's stratagem—Disturbances of the night—The deserting umbrella-holders—José, the willing compañero—A

PAGES

blind man from a wineshop—An old man's supreme effort to touch pen to paper. Mohorte: The unhospitable villagers—The pangs of indigestion—The hoax of José. Huete: Coffee and bread to tunes of a mechanical piano—Adiós to José 163–183

Chapter VII

Castles in Spain

Navahermosa: An after dark experience. The Castle of Montalbán. On muleback again—The carpenter of Navahermosa—A wish to learn English. Guadamur: By help of a small girl—A hot day in a venta—The return by mule-team "particular"—The mystified driver. A Journey by Mixto: Scenes from train windows 185–207

Chapter VIII

Over the Roads

Guadalajara. Sacedón. Priego: A night of little sleep. Alarcón: A town once almost impregnable—The interrupted town council—A glint of gold on a red background—Daily jaunt of a mail carrier—Scaling the cliffs for a subject—The obliging *Secretario*—The antique's mule-cart journey—"Painting the town red"—Gunning from a motor car. Motilla del Palancar: Plaintive "flamenco" through a café window. En Route to Utiel. Requena: A cleanly town within old walls—A barber who knew New York. Jérica: The bedroom of the sloping floor. Sagunto: An early climb of the fortress hill—Inspiring posadas 209–233

Chapter IX

White Walls and Palm Groves

Játiva: Night shadows in a posada—A bombardment of melon rind—The morning round of the milkman—An

Contents

PAGES

aged gentleman climbs to a roof-top—A swish of capas and the flash of steel. ALMANSA: A little procession braves the storm—A search for a battlefield. ALCOY: Ink flows rather than blood. ALICANTE: An animated Alameda. DENIA: A night at the base of the Mongó—VILLAJOYOSA. ELCHE: White walls and palm groves. MURCIA. ORIHUELA—Difficulties of the "paseo publico"—An arbor-shaded patio 235–256

Chapter X

COUNTRY LIFE

LORCA: Cooling drinks under the toldos—The Moorish call for help—A doctor's fee and two glasses of beer. SERÓN, BAZA: A Journey—A warm drink in a café garden—An unaccepted invitation. GRANADA. SEVILLE. LOJA: Official aid to sketching. ALHAMA: Skirting a mighty precipice—A successful descent after a subject. ZAFRA. MÉRIDA. CÁCERES: Where Gothic towers grace a hilltop—Well-balanced jugs—A Palace of the Montezumas. TRUJILLO: A backdrop for a theater—A hot bath unachieved—The palace of the Conquistador—An unexpected motor car—Letters, but no light for reading 257–281

Chapter XI

THE LAST DAYS

EN ROUTE TO TURÉGANO. TURÉGANO: A country general store—A castle investigated. SEPULVEDA—Much at small price—Votive offerings—Traveling players—A bullfight in a plaza—An excursion by Tartana—The lost kilometro ticket. TORO. TORDESILLAS: Juana "La Loca's" imprisonment—Last days—A town's richest man. VALLADOLID. PEÑARANDA DE DUERO. BURGO DE OSMA. FRAGA 283–313

ILLUSTRATIONS

PAGE

Jérica: *The morning market under the arcades of its plaza* . . . . . *Frontispiece*

Segovia: *The Alcazar, a fine example of Castilian castle* . . 5

Segovia: *The Cathedral, as seen from the Arroyo Clamores* . . 13

Córdoba: *A glimpse into a sunny patio* 19

Seville: *The Cathedral and Giralda Tower* 25

Granada: *The Alhambra, with the Sierra Nevada in the background* 29

Zaragoza: *The Church of Nuestra Señora del Pilar, and the Puente de Piedra across the Ebro River* 33

Zaragoza: *Towers and domes of the Church of Nuestra Señora del Pilar* 37

Castle of Cardona: *Seat of the Dukes of Cardona* 47

Solsona: *The tower of the eleventh century cathedral, the new cathedral and other church buildings forming a compact group, with the castle rising up beyond* 55

Lérida: *The tower of the Old Cathedral* 65

Balaguer: *The Church of Santa María, above the town* . . . 73

Monzón: *The Moorish tower of the church* 79

Monzón: *The castle and the town* 85

Morella: *Crowning a mountain peak of Northern Valencia* . . 89

Morella: *A small street in the heart of the town* 93

Morella: *A mule team outside the church door* 97

Alcañiz: *The palace-castle dominating the town, with the great church, the Ex Colegiata, at the right* 101

Illustrations

PAGE

Alcañiz: *The Plaza Mayor: The Gothic Lonja at the left, and the church, the Ex Colegiata, beyond* 105

Alcañiz: *View of the church, the Ex Colegiata, from the Puente de Hierro* 109

Alcañiz: *The Shepherd of Alcañiz* 113

Tarazona: *The town above the ravine of the River Quailes* . . 121

Team of mules: *Sketched while waiting for the diligence* . . 127

Tarazona: *The Palacio Episcopal, the former Moorish palace, and the tower of La Magdalena, above the River Quailes* . . 133

Teruel: *The Torre de San Martín, one of its great Mudéjar towers, and the Church of Santiago* 147

Albarracín: *The Church of Santa María, on the brink of the ravine* 157

Cuenca: *Ancient Cuenca on its ridge, and its mountain setting* . 165

Cuenca: *Overlooking the gorge of the River Huéscar* 173

A typical mule team of Spain 187

Toledo: *Plaza de Zocodovar* 201

Alarcón: *Alarcón, in its unique situation in the loop of the River Jucar, once impregnable* 215

Requena: *A narrow passage within the old walls* 225

Játiva: *The Plaza Mayor, with the ancient castle above* . . . 237

Denia: *A small port between Valencia and Alicante* 241

Elche: *African in appearance, surrounded by its famous palm forest* 245

Orihuela: *Oriental in appearance, with domes and minarets* . . 251

Lorca: *Its domes and towers against the mountain background* . 258

Lorca: *Rising above the River Guadalantín* 259

Baza: *Center of a rich agricultural district of the province of Granada* 263

Loja: *The church at the left and ruined castle beyond* 267

Illustrations

PAGE

Alhama: *The castle rising from the plain, scene of a great battle between the French and British in 1707* 269

Zafra: *One of its several small plazas* 273

Cáceres: *The house of the Montezumas, showing the "radiating sun" of the family arms, above the door* 277

Sepúlveda: *One of the most picturesque towns of Old Castile* . . 289

Castilnovo: *Province of Segovia* 297

Tordesillas: *On the Duero River, scene of the long imprisonment of Juana "La Loca"* 305

Huesca: *A small square in the town* 313

New Trails in Old Spain

CHAPTER I

Some Old Trails First

THERE are four principal tourist entrances into Spain—Gibraltar and Cádiz at the South, Irún on the Bay of Biscay, and Port-Bou on the Mediterranean at the extremities of the Pyrenees, the natural barrier between France and Spain. There are ships to Barcelona and other ports but Gibraltar and Cádiz would prove more satisfactory and direct, especially for the tourist from America.

The frontier at Irún is a half hour from San Sebastián, that at Port-Bou several hours above Barcelona. Coming down from Paris the former is the shorter route into the heart of Spain, Madrid being reached by train in about twenty-six hours, whereas the other route requires about thirty-two hours. It is also preferable, as most of the large cities are on this main north and south railway line. The *rapidos*, fine well-equipped trains having sleeping cars and restaurant cars serving excellent meals, enable the traveler rapidly and comfortably to visit these cities and secure a splendid idea of them and of the country in general.

After passing the not unpleasant customs, a Spanish train is boarded, through trains from France to Spain not being possible because of the wider gauge of the Spanish railways. Thirty minutes brings one to San Sebastián.

San Sebastián

San Sebastián is the most fashionable resort in Spain. It has a picturesque situation on a semicircular harbor, the Concha, which opens to the sea by a passage between two promontories—Monte Igueldo on the left and Monte Urgull on the right. The latter until 1866 was heavily fortified. Halfway up the northern slopes are the graves of British officers who fell during the Spanish War of Liberation in 1813 and during the Carlist Rebellion in 1836.

Up to 1866 San Sebastián was but a small town at the base of Monte Urgull, between the harbor and the river Urumea. The town centers about the Plaza de la Constitución, where a relic of the bullfights formerly held there remains in the numbering of the windows of the surrounding houses, which were used as boxes. But the town has since encircled the Concha and spread to several times its early area, while many villas cover the green slopes of Monte Igueldo. Today bullfights are held in a modern *Plaza de Toros*, (or Bull Ring), where many Americans, some having motored across the frontier from Biarritz, experience their first bullfight.

San Sebastián is now a modern, cosmopolitan city having many large, excellent hotels which accommodate

visitors from all over the world. Most of the hotels border the Paseo de la Concha, a delightful *rambla*, lined with lacy tamarisk trees, the almost constant scene of promenading and other fashionable activities. Along its balustrades spectators watch the crowds of bathers on the beach below. Here, too, is the Caseta Real, the royal bathing pavilion, and overlooking the Concha is the royal palace of Miramar, the summer residence of the Queen Mother Maria Cristina. The King and Queen of Spain pay an annual visit to San Sebastián during the summer season.

At the right of the Concha is the Parque de Alderdieder, an attractive area of pleasant walks and shrubbery, the particular favorite of nursemaids and their small charges. The nursemaids are attired in the costumes of their native provinces, and many wear long eardrops and necklaces of filigree silver balls, and when the band plays in the afternoon they hold the babies high aloft and dance them about in seemingly reckless fashion.

After dinner the chief attraction is the Casino. A great throng enters its portals and later, in the soft summer air, the people enjoy the music of a large and splendid orchestra, or find diversion in its theater, but the gaming tables no longer function.

The old parts of the town are particularly interesting, especially the old *Puerto*, which fills a corner in the shadow of Monte Urgull, where a sea wall provides a haven for small freighters and fishing boats. Along one side runs ancient arcaded stone warehouses, and all about one hears the creak of windlasses, the straining of hawsers, the whirring of cranes, the clang of engine-room

bells, and the puff of small towboats, as vessels move about and hatches are broken out and cargoes hoisted to the wharfside.

Pleasant drives may be taken to surrounding towns and villages. To the westward the road runs along the sea past Deva, a small watering place, and Zumaya, the home of the great painter, Ignacio Zuloaga, Other spots of interest and surpassing beauty in the great richly wooded hills of the Basque provinces are within easy reach.

One should not miss Hernani, which Victor Hugo saw first at the age of nine, and for which he named a play, or Pasajes, a few minutes from the heart of San Sebastián. It was from this tiny port, with San Pédro and San Juan on opposite sides of the strait, that Basque whalers sailed in the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries, and fishermen to the Banks of Newfoundland; from here also Lafayette boarded his ship *La Victoire* to aid America, April 26, 1776.

Burgos

Burgos is a delightful small town on the charming narrow river Arlanzón. It surrounds a hill topped by an ancient castle. Its chief attraction is its great Gothic cathedral, called the finest in Spain. Here the great national hero, Rodrigo Diaz de Vivar,—"The Cid"—was born in 1026.

Burgos is said to have been founded in 884. It became the capital of the province of Old Castile until the royal residence was transferred to Toledo in 1087 when its prosperity waned. It is now capital of the

SEGOVIA

The Alcazár, a Fine Example of Castilian Castle

province of Burgos, seat of a Capitan General and of an Archbishop.

The Cathedral was founded in 1221 by Ferdinand III and Bishop Maurice, an Englishman. It required three hundred years to build. Its delicate open-worked twin towers were built in 1442–58, and its octagonal lantern in 1567. It is three hundred feet long and two hundred and fifty feet wide at the transept.

It is a veritable museum of the fine arts, filled with splendid carving, metal work and elaborate *retablos.* During hundreds of years more and more has been added until now there is hardly a place where carving or other enrichment could be placed. A richly decorated double staircase leading to the door of the north transept, the *retablo* of the High Altar, the Choir, having one hundred and three finely carved Renaissance stalls, numerous paintings by Spanish masters, Gothic cloisters and fourteen chapels which surround the church are among its features.

But its greatest chapel is that of The Condestable, built for Don Pedro Hernández de Velasco, hereditary constable of Castile, by John of Cologne in 1482. It has sculptured groups under the entrance archway and recesses of the walls, and intricate carved foliage and tracery. The tombs of the Condestable and his wife are finely sculptured. After seeing the chapel one would find interesting the Casa del Cordón, the palace of the Condestable in the Plaza de la Libertad. It was built at the end of the fifteenth century. Over its main entrance leading to the patio are the arms of the Condestable and his wife, connected by the *cordón* of the Franciscans, from which its name comes.

The small Gothic church of San Nicolás dates from the sixteenth century, and beyond it is the Gothic church of San Esteban built in 1280–1350.

Along either side of the Arlanzón are *alamedas* with many shade trees. For some distance there are rows of trees with drives and walks which run the entire length of the town and far outside. In five or ten minutes from the Cathedral are lovely meadows, broken by tiny brooks and much foliage where cool breezes blow even in midsummer.

The main promenade skirting the river is the Paseo del Espolón. In the evening the street paralleling it is shut off and also used as a promenade. The crowds are enormous, and the tables of the cafés opposite are filled, while a military band plays in the park.

At the end of the Espolón stands the Arco de Santa María, a massive gateway with towers and pinnacles. A number of statues which decorate its façade include those of The Cid and Charles V. It was built in 1536–52 and is now used as a museum.

A little more than a mile southwest of Burgos lies the Real Monasterio de las Huelgas. Originally a château of the kings of Castile it became in 1187 a Cistercian nunnery for noble ladies. Among its treasures in the church built by Ferdinand III in 1249 is a banner captured from the Moors in the battle of Las Navas de Falosa in 1212, and the tombs of Alfonso VIII and his wife, daughter of Henry II of England. The Cartuja de Miraflores, three miles south of Burgos, has many fine monuments.

Valladolid

Valladolid, situated on the Pisuerga river, is eighty-five miles below Burgos. It is the scene of the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella in 1469, and here Columbus died in 1506. Cervantes lived here three years.

From the station plaza one soon passes the "National Monument to Columbus" and traverses the Avenida de Alfonso XIII, at one side of the extensive triangular park, the Campo Grande, where Napoleon I in 1809 reviewed thirty-five thousand soldiers. The large Plaza de la Constitución, in the heart of the town, is several blocks distant.

The Cathedral by Juan de Herrera was begun in 1585, and continued by Churriguera. It is four hundred and two feet long and two hundred and seven feet wide. Herrera's plan called for four towers at the corners, but this was never carried out. The choir stalls are notable, having been designed by Herrera for the convent of San Pablo. Among other important buildings is the seventeenth-century University. It was founded in 1346. It has schools of science, law, medicine and philosophy. Its façade and entrance portal are elaborate.

The Colegio de Santa Cruz is a good example of the plateresque style. In it is housed the *Museo*, which will hardly fail to interest the tourist. Its collections are especially remarkable for the lifelike sculptures in wood by Alonso Berruguete and others, and choir stalls from the ancient convent of San Benito, each richly ornamented and having the coat of arms of its occupant colored and in high relief. The church of Santa María la Antigua dates from 1200. San Pablo was founded in

1276 and partly rebuilt in 1463 by Cardinal Torquemada, the Grand Inquisitor of Spain. The churches of San Martín, La Magdalena and several others will prove attractive.

Columbus died at No. 7 Calle de Colón on May 20th, 1506. His house is no longer standing. His remains were removed to Santo Domingo in 1536 and to Cuba in 1795. The house of Cervantes at No. 14 Calle del Rastro is kept as a memorial. His apartment is a pleasant one of four rooms, including a kitchen with the original cooking utensils in place, and a studio on the floor below. It is supposed that here he wrote the first part of Don Quixote.

Continuing southward the traveler reaches Medina del Campo. Here the railway to Madrid divides, the line to the right going by way of Avila, the one to the left by way of Segovia. This also is the junction for a line to Portugal. From the car windows can be seen, just beyond the station to the left, the huge Castillo de la Mota in which Queen Isabella spent much of her life and where she died.

Only occasionally do visitors to Spain take advantage of an opportunity presented here—that of going to Salamanca—being deterred apparently by the four-hour journey off the main railway line. Did they realize what interest that city holds and how easily it may be reached by the railway they would be eager to see it.

Salamanca

Salamanca, famous throughout the world for its university, is the ancient Salmantica. It was captured by

Hannibal in 217 B.C. The University was founded by Alfonza IX and was regarded the equal of those of Oxford, Paris, and Bologna. In the sixteenth century it had seven thousand students.

Salamanca, situated on the river Tormes, which is spanned by a Roman bridge of thirty-seven arches, is known for its high architectural development as evidenced by its Cathedral, other buildings of the Church, University and many palaces. Here are splendid examples of the plateresque style. Its Plaza Mayor of the eighteenth century is regarded as the finest in Spain. The buildings that encircle it are the same in height and design and, with the Ayuntamiento on the northern side, lend marked uniformity of effect and beauty to it. Just outside a corner of the plaza is the Romanesque church of San Martín, founded in 1103.

The Catedral Nueva was begun in 1509 but not completed until 1733. It adjoins the Romanesque Catedral Vieja, founded about 1100 by Count Raymond of Burgundy. Visitors should see San Estebán for its richly ornamented Renaissance façade, investigate the buildings of the various colleges, and also note the Casa de la Salina, the Casa de las Conchas, its walls studded with stone shells, and the beautiful Palacio del Conde de Monterey for its exquisite upper gallery, also the Torre del Clavero, a good example of medieval keep.

Ávila

Ávila is one of the most complete examples of a walled town in Europe. Unlike Carcassonne, its life to-day, as for centuries past, goes on within the original confines

of its walls. The walls rebuilt in 1090 completely surround it and have eighty-six elliptical towers and ten gateways, and in some places are fourteen feet thick and forty-two feet in height. Walking, one may make a complete circuit of them in thirty or forty minutes by the roads outside that parallel them closely.

The simple massiveness of the Cathedral is impressive. It is half church, half fortress, for its apse has a double tier of battlements and projects towerlike beyond the town walls with which it is incorporated. The great gates Puerta del Alcázar and Puerta de San Vicente give an excellent idea of the obstacles that confronted the medieval besiegers.

The church of San Vicente, now preserved as a national monument, is the finest Romanesque building in Avila. It probably dates from the twelfth century. Avila has an important link with Ferdinand and Isabella in the tomb of their only son Prince Juan, in the monastery of Santo Tomás. It is of white marble and of rare beauty. He died in 1497, age 19. In the sacristy is buried Torquemada, notorious Grand Inquisitor of Spain.

Avila is the birthplace of Santa Teresa. The former Convento de Santa Teresa marks the site of the house in which the saint was born.

Segovia

Segovia, of Iberian origin, is one of the most beautiful of Spanish cities. It covers a long narrow ridge with the Arroyo Clamores on one side and the Río Eresma on the other. At the western tip of the ridge

SEGOVIA

The Cathedral, As Seen from the Arroyo Clamores

stands the Alcázar with pointed towers and turrets, high above the streams which join below. It is a fine example of Castilian castle and was built by Alfonso VI of Castile in the eleventh century.

The Cathedral, a huge mass of yellow stone, tops the ridge about midway, and at the easterly end the famous Roman aqueduct built of stone blocks held together without mortar spans the valley and still conveys water from the Guadarrama mountains into the town. It is the largest relic of Roman work in Spain and has one hundred and nineteen arches, many reaching to ninety-four feet in height.

The Cathedral may best be seen from the Arroyo Clamores, from which its tower, domes and cupolas appear in striking silhouette. It was begun in 1522. On the town side it faces the picturesque Plaza Mayor, where is the *Ayuntamiento* and the Teatro Juan Bravo. To sit at a small table under the surrounding arcades during the hour of the *paseo* and watch the colorful costumes of the passing throng while a military band plays the music of old Spain, is an experience not to be forgotten.

There are several notable Romanesque churches, San Millán, San Estebán, San Martín—and San Juan, which was used as a studio by the painter Daniel Zuloaga for some years preceding his death. Outside the walls across the Eresma is the small church of Vera Cruz, erected by the Templars in 1208, and not far from it are the ruins of the suppressed convent of El Parral.

In the main street, Calle de Juan Bravo, is the house of Juan Bravo, leader of the Comuneros, and further

eastward in the same street the Casa de los Picos, taking its name from the sharply pointed stones in regular pattern on its outer walls. Segovia has a number of ancient palaces with interesting square fortified towers.

From the Peña Grajera, from which criminals were formerly thrown, and from La Piedad are remarkable general views of the town, and from the latter spot the tones of the tower bells wafted across the valley have great beauty.

From Avila or Segovia, Madrid is only a few hours journey, and the traveler will find it convenient if he prefers, to go on to the capital and make his visit to the Escorial a day's excursion from there instead of stopping en route.

Madrid

Madrid is a modern capital. It has palatial hotels and handsome new buildings. The Grán Via, constructed in the past five or six years (which eliminated some old quarters), is a broad boulevard lined with new hotels, shops and department stores that hardly differ from those of New York, London or Paris. It leads from the Calle de Alcalá, the most important east and west thoroughfare. Starting at the Puerta del Sol, the Calle de Alcalá runs eastward to the outskirts and leads to the town of Alcalá de Henares, the birthplace of Cervantes. On it are the leading clubs, theaters and cafés. It is the main artery to the Plaza de Toros, and on the days of the *corridas* (bullfights) is filled with motor cars and various equipages and people afoot in holiday array on the way to the bull ring. At the right of it is El Retiro, the great park of Madrid. It was a

royal residence from the time of Philip II and the scene of elaborate festivals and royal entertainments. In the Palace of El Retiro lived Philip IV, Philip V, Ferdinand VI and Charles III.

The Puerta del Sol is an irregularly shaped plaza, the center of the life of Madrid. It takes its name from the eastern gate, in the ancient walls, that faced the sun. Madrid dates from the tenth century when it was the Moorish outpost of Madjrît. The fortification occupied a site near the Royal Palace and was captured by Alfonso VI in 1083.

The Royal Palace, high above the river Manzanares, is a huge granite building of six stories erected in 1738–64. From a point south of it one secures extensive views of the snow-capped Guadarrama mountains to the north. The Palace corridors and vast halls are adorned with paintings, frescoes and tapestries by the great masters of Europe. The Throne Room has a painting by Tiepolo. Near by is the Royal Armory, which holds a famous collection of arms and armor.

The Museo del Prado contains one of the finest collections of paintings in the world, largely assembled by the Spanish Kings Charles V, Philip II, Philip IV, Philip V and Ferdinand VII. Here are works of the greatest Italian, Dutch, Flemish, German and French masters, and the leading painters of Spain are represented by their finest works. Particularly notable is the collection of Velázquez. In the gallery devoted to his works, are gathered his greatest masterpieces. Other galleries hold examples of El Greco, Ribera, Murillo and Goya.

The Museo del Prado is on the Paseo del Prado, a

wide tree-lined *Alameda* which is continued northward under the names of Salon del Prado, Paseo de Recoletos and Paseo de la Castellana. These boulevards lined with great mansions and palaces are enhanced by gardens, lawns and shrubbery and form the fashionable promenade and drive.

A short distance from the Puerto del Sol is the Plaza Mayor. It was the center of the early city, and ouside its arcades are ancient streets, little touched by modern influences. It has been the scene of bullfights, tournaments and various ceremonies. During the Inquisition the *"autos de fé"* were held here in the presence of the King, Queen and court, when great numbers were condemned to be burned on the *quemadero*. The site of execution ground, in the northern part of the city, can readily be visited. Near by in the Plaza del Dos de Mayor stands, as a monument, the gateway of the old Artillery Park where the artillery officers Daoiz and Velarde, great national heroes, fell May 2nd, 1808, in leading a charge to expel the French.

From near the Plaza Mayor runs the Calle de Toledo southward to the interesting old Bridge of Toledo, an excellent example of the Baroque style, its nine arches spanning the narrow Manzanares river.

The Escorial

The Escorial is an hour and a half's train journey or a pleasant motor car trip from Madrid.

This vast granite structure on the slopes of the Guadarrama mountains was the creation of Philip II. It was monastery, palace, church and tomb. It is six

CÓRDOBA

A Glimpse into a Sunny Patio

hundred and seventy-five feet by five hundred and thirty feet.

One passes into the entrance court and observes at the opposite end the façade of the *templo* or church. It is flanked by two towers above the corners, between which rises behind the great dome and lantern. The scale of its interior is unusual, the square pillars are massive. Directly below the High Altar is the Panteón de los Reyes or royal burial vaults.

Philip II is quoted as wanting nothing but a "cell." His simple apartments are shown with the writing table, chairs, etc., used by him. In a small room commanding a view of the Grand Chapel he died in 1598, with his gaze fixed on the Main Altar. The palace built by his successors is decorated chiefly with tapestries, some from designs by Teniers, Goya and others. In a small room at the west of the High Choir is a marble crucifix by Benvenuto Cellini.

The small town surrounding the Escorial is a favorite summer resort of the people of Madrid, and in its pleasant small streets, cafés and hotels, one sees smartly dressed women and children and young men engaged in holiday pursuits.

Toledo

Toledo, two hours train journey southwest of Madrid and easily reached by motor car, is regarded as the most picturesque city in Spain. It covers a great rock around which flows the mighty Tagus, spanned by two bridges, the Alcántara and San Martín.

Shortly after leaving the railroad station a turn in

the road discloses a magnificent view of the city, which has inspired artists of all nations. In the foreground is the Puente de Alcántara, so narrow that carts can pass only in one direction at a time. Beyond, the town which terraces up the ledges is dominated by the Alcázar with its four pointed corner towers. It was the Moorish palace and is now used as an infantry school.

Across the bridge, a road to the right leads upward past the Puerta del Sol, a Moorish gate, into the Plaza de Zocodovar. Through an archway of it, is the Posada de la Sangre where Cervantes stopped.

Toletum was taken by the Romans B.C. 192. The city became the capital of the Visigoths and one of the chief Moorish strongholds. After a long siege Alfonso VI of Castile took it in 1085 and it became the capital and a great center of the Church.

The Cathedral was begun in 1227 and construction continued until 1493. Its interior is impressive. The church of San Juan de Los Reyes was founded by the "Catholic Kings." On its outer walls are suspended chains that bound Christian captives in Moorish prisons. Santo Tomé, a mosque, was rebuilt by Count Orgaz. In it hangs a painting by El Greco, "The Burial of Count Orgaz," generally regarded his finest work.

The Casa del Greco was the home of the painter for some years. He came to Toledo in 1575. The house has been restored and near it stands the Greco Museum containing paintings by the master. Among Moorish remains is El Cristo de la Luz, a small mosque near the Puerta del Sol. The Puente de San Martín of five arches is at the western end of the town. Across it a road leads to the Ermita La Virgen del Valle, from

which is a superb view of the city and the sharply sloping banks of the Tagus.

Córdoba

Córdoba, an Iberian city, is famous chiefly as the capital of Moorish Spain. The Moors captured the city in 711, and in 756 Abd-er-Rahmân I proclaimed his independence of the Kaliphate of the East, and Córdoba became one of the wealthiest of cities and a great center of culture. It was captured by Saint Ferdinand in 1236.

Its chief attraction is La Mezquita, the former mosque begun by Abd-er-Rahmân I, and now the Cathedral. It is said to have 860 columns. The huge choir and chancel built by the Church in the middle of the mosque spoil the vistas through long lines of Moorish arches. The Third Mihrâb, or prayer niche, should be visited for the great beauty of its carved ceiling.

The Cathedral overlooks the river Guadalquivir, and near it is the Moorish bridge of sixteen arches built on Roman foundations. On the opposite bank are Moorish water mills.

The narrow streets of Córdoba are filled with interest and afford glimpses into leafy patios of little changed Moorish houses. In the shadows of late afternoon the townspeople stroll in great numbers along the Paseo del Grán Capitán, the leading promenade. The *mercado* or market with its *plaza* is picturesque. The rambling houses that completely surround it have arcades with a variety of tiny shops.

Seville

Three hours below Córdoba is Seville, the great city of Andalucía. When most foreigners think of Spain it is Seville and its life that they visualize.

Few buildings in the world are better known than the Giralda tower. It was a minaret, but is now the bell tower of the Cathedral. The Cathedral is the largest in Spain, being four hundred and fourteen feet long by two hundred and seventy feet wide. The central nave rises one hundred and fifty feet and the *cimborio*, or dome, over the transept one hundred and seventy-one feet. It was begun in 1402 and finished in 1506. The Cathedral contains the Monument of Christopher Columbus, consisting of four bronze figures, representing the Kingdoms of Castile, Aragón, León and Navarre, supporting the Sarcophagus which contains the remains of the discoverer of America.

The church festivals of Seville attract visitors from all over the world, particularly during Holy Week, when statues of saints are carried through the narrow streets by masked members of religious brotherhoods in processions of ten or twelve hours duration.

The annual "*Feria*," or fair, held in April is an occasion of great revelry. It takes place on the Prado de San Sebastián. It includes a cattle fair, with much dancing during the day and night hours. Innumerable *casetas*, or small pavilions, are erected by families or clubs, where the dancing is visible to the public. The costumes are gorgeous and there are fireworks.

The Alcázar, still a royal residence, approached through an archway in the Moorish walls, has walls and

SEVILLE

The Cathedral and Giralda Tower

ceilings of intricate Moorish style. Adjoining it are extensive gardens of semitropical flowers and shrubbery.

One of the most interesting experiences for the traveler is a walk along the Calle de las Sierpes. It is a narrow street which, as its name implies, twists and winds through the center of the town. It is restricted to foot traffic and is lined with big cafés, clubs and shops. Here stood until a few years ago the Novedades, a café-theater in the *patio* of an ancient palace, where one heard the curious *flamenco*, sung to the strumming of guitars, or watched the *Sevillana* or other dances. But to-day in the vicinity of the Alameda de Hércules are small cafés where these may be heard and seen.

Seville has many notable palaces, among them the Casa de Pilatos, the Palacio del Duque de Alba, etc. Murillo was born in Sevilla, and a collection of his paintings are in the Museo Provincial, also many pictures by Zurbarán, Valdés Leal and others.

Past the city flows the river Guadalquivir. On its quay stands the famous Torre del Oro, once a fortification at the angle of the town walls which connected with the Alcázar. Near it is the Plaza de Toros, and across the river is the suburb of Triana, a gypsy quarter, from which come bullfighters and dancing girls. Above Seville, a short distance, is the site of the Roman town of Itálica; the ruins of its amphitheater are worth visiting.

A favorite diversion of the native is to drive in the late afternoon along the Paseo de las Delicias that extends a mile or two southward along the river bank. The visitor, engaging a carriage, perhaps in the Plaza Nueva or in the Plaza de San Fernando, may join the line, drive to the end, and on returning enter the Parque

Mariá Luisa, to stroll along its heavily shaded walks to its lake, and there feed the ducks and swans or watch on the velvet lawns the strutting peacocks. And he will not fail to visit the Fábrica de Tabacos where Carmen was employed. The market square and the quarter round about will also prove interesting.

Granada

No Spanish city so strongly appeals to the imagination as does Granada. This large city, which had in Moorish times five hundred thousand inhabitants, and was capital of the Moorish kingdom, is at the base of the Sierra Nevada.

Here the Moor made his last stand in Spain. Granada fell before Ferdinand and Isabella in 1492. In the Royal Chapel of the Cathedral Ferdinand and Isabella are buried. The royal monuments are of marble, and beyond them, behind an iron *reja* (grill) a short flight of steps leads to the vault containing their plain coffins.

The Alhambra is situated on a plateau about four hundred and fifty feet above the city. The hill rises sharply above the river Darro, whose ravine divides it from the Albaicín, an old quarter of the Moorish town that occupies the opposite slopes. From the higher levels of the Albaicín one secures a comprehensive view of the Alhambra. On the steep sides of its hill are masses of foliage, while the walls, towers and buildings skirt its crest in an east and west direction.

At the tip of the spur at the western end, on the right hand, is the Alcazaba, or citadel. From its massive square watch tower eight-five feet high the pennons of

GRANADA
The Alhambra, with the Sierra Nevada in the Background

Ferdinand and Isabella were first flown, January 2nd, 1492. Other towers of the fortress are at the left, and further along, connected by sturdy walls, is the group of buildings of the Palace of the Kings.

The Alhambra hill, previously devoted to fortifications, was selected by Mohammed I as a place of residence. The palace begun by him was developed by his successors, and to-day its halls, corridors and courtyards, in the richness of their decoration with characteristic intricate ornament, remain striking examples of the highest expression of Moorish art and form the greatest relic of the Moorish domination in Western Europe.

The Alhambra is approached by shaded walks through the extensive Alhambra gardens where the songs of nightingales and other birds and running water is heard. Higher up to the east of the Alhambra hill is the Palacio del Generalife with terraced gardens and clipped hedges, ponds and tiny streams. It was the summer palace of the Moorish kings. From its commanding situation is an extensive view over the Alhambra and the city.

Just outside the Albaicín runs the Sacro Monte Road, the quarter of many gypsies who make their abode in large caves in the hillside, in which they will entertain the visitor with their songs and dances, should he desire.

Valencia

From Granada Valencia may be reached by railway eastward to Murcia and up the coast by Alicante, or

should the traveler return to Madrid, he may go from the capital comfortably by an overnight express.

Valencia, one of the largest of Spanish cities, oriental in appearance with huge tiled domes and towers, is attractively situated near the mouth of the river Turia, and has a mild climate. It exports wines, oil, oranges, etc.

Its history begins 138 B.C. It was taken by the Cid in 1094. Two of its massive gates, the Torres de Serranos of the fourteenth century and the Torres de Cuarte built 1444–90, still stand and also the old Citadel, built to protect the city against the pirate Barbarossa.

Its Gothic cathedral, often called *La Seo*, was founded in 1262 and finished 1482. It is expressive of great age. Its nave and choir walls are covered with paintings, while interesting relics are the bridle and spurs of Don Jaime I that hang over the throne of the Archbishop. Its bell tower El Miguelete was erected in 1381–1418. The bell regulates the irrigation of the *Huerta*, highly fertile fields that reach north, and south and far inland and furnish crops in abundance. The *barracas*, small white cabins, of the farmers, with sharply pitched roofs and bright flowers always at the doors, dot the landscape in all directions.

The *Audiencia* or Palacio de Justicia (courthouse), a sixteenth century Renaissance building, was formerly the Palacio de la Diputación of the Kingdom of Valencia.

The Museo de Pinturas (Museum of Paintings) has a large collection, chiefly of the work of painters of the Valencian school. Sorolla is represented by a half dozen small canvasses. Two galleries filled with notable works by Degrain command attention.

ZARAGOZA

The Church of Nuestra Señora del Pilar, and the Puente de Piedra across the Ebro River

The Lonja de la Seda (Silk Exchange) is a Gothic building of great beauty.

The *Alameda* extends along the generally dry bed of the river Turia toward Grao, the harbor of Valencia, where native feluccas with colored sails contrast with tramp ships from the world's great ports. Beyond is the bathing beach of Cabañal. And to the north is the beach that was the inspiration of Sorolla's paintings. Here one may see the fishing boats drawn by oxen from the water as made familiar by him.

South of Valencia lies the Albufera, a fresh water lagoon. Rice is the chief product of the surrounding lowlands.

Zaragoza

About Midway between Madrid and Barcelona is Zaragoza, the great capital of the province of Aragón. Originally Iberian, it became the Colonia Cæsaraugusta of the Emperor Augustus, from which it takes its name.

In 1808–09 it attained undying fame for its defense against the French. Its defenders offered the most stubborn resistance and inflicted great losses on the invaders, who finally penetrated the city February 21, 1809. Three weeks of terrific fighting followed before the city succumbed, the Spanish losses being more than 54,000 men in six days. This heroic event is recalled by the statue, in the Puerta del Portillo, of Agustina Zaragoza, the "Maid of Saragossa," who in 1808 fought at the side of her lover, an artilleryman. When he fell she continued to work the gun.

Zaragoza is a busy modern city, a center of trade. It is on the Ebro river, here spanned by the old Puente de Piedra of seven huge arches. From the bridge is obtained a fine view of the city and two of its chief attractions, the church of Nuestra Señora del Pilar, or Virgin of the Pillar, on the right, and at the left the Cathedral La Seo.

The church of the Virgin of the Pillar begun in 1681 on the site of an earlier chapel of the Virgin parallels the river bank. Its great central dome is flanked by eight smaller domes of green, white and yellow tiles, giving an unusual effect. Two tall slender towers rise at the corners toward the city. Eventually two others at the corners on the river side will complete the symmetrical design.

The sacred pillar on which the Holy Virgin appeared to Saint James stands in its marble and bronze chapel decorated with sculptures in frescoes. Here daily thousands of the devout come to pray.

La Seo, the first cathedral of Zaragoza, is expressive of great age. It is a Gothic building erected between 1119–1520 on the site of a Moorish mosque. Its octagonal tower rises at its northwest portal on the Plaza de La Seo. Visitors will find much of interest in its interior—its clustered pillars and vaulting are notable. The choir, sacristy and various chapels and retablos will claim attention.

Several other churches continue the Moorish tradition. San Pablo, San Miguel and Santa María Magdalena have brick and tile ornamentation of Moorish character.

Zaragoza has a number of broad streets, boulevards

ZARAGOZA

Towers and Domes of the Church of Nuestra Señora del Pilar

and plazas where life is animated and attractive. It is a bright, cheerful and interesting city for a sojourn.

Barcelona

Barcelona is Spain's largest port and leading commercial center. It has miles of docks, lined with the shipping of the world. In Roman times it was an important trading center. When the seat of the Counts of Barcelona it rivaled Genoa and Venice.

Modern Barcelona, laid out in regular pattern of right angle streets, is a city of wide boulevards and spacious plazas, blocks of tall business and apartment buildings and splendid hotels. These have crowded out many of the relics of the old town, for the city is throbbing with the life of to-day.

On the harbor front in the Plaza de la Paz is the Monumento á Colón, a two hundred foot shaft to Columbus. To the south is seen the Montjuich, a precipitous promontory on the sea, five hundred and seventy-five feet high. Surmounting it is the Castillo de Montjuich, a strongly fortified citadel.

Leading from the Plaza de la Paz is the famous Rambla, lined with plane trees. This main thoroughfare of the old city is perhaps the most distinctive feature of Barcelona. With shops, cafés and hotels it continues under several names as far as the Plaza de Cataluña. Between roadways on either side is a wide *paseo* or alameda. During practically all the hours of the day and night it is alive with people. Here flower girls, their stands ablaze with bright blooms, vie for the patronage of passers-by, and porters and butcher boys

rub elbows with members of the Stock Exchange or of the exclusive *Ateneo*. Sailors bound for the quays, artisans, shopkeepers, priests, dancing girls, attorneys, seamstresses, newsboys with their shrill cries, and people of all walks of life and station pass by.

The Cathedral, begun in 1298, marks the center of the Roman town. It and the Gothic Church of Santa María del Mar, erected 1328–83, are most interesting. The Templo de la Sagrada Familia is a curious building, designed by Gaudi. Its existing towers are but a small part of the projected design.

In the hills in the northwest outskirts, of the city is the Monte Tibidabo, a hill seventeen hundred and forty-five feet high. It is easily reached and affords a view for miles in all directions. One may view Montserrat, and the Pyrenees, and, in clear weather, the Balearic Islands are visible, far off the coast to the southeast.

CHAPTER II

On New Trails

TWO hours after leaving the comforts of one of Barcelona's palatial hotels, I stepped from the train at Manresa and a *mozo* (porter), in a costume that included sandals and a hand-woven cotton sash of gay colors, took my luggage. A moment later I was in a *tartana*, a light cart, with the bags piled about, the *mozo* opposite and the driver, who had descended from his usual place, seated on one of the shafts to balance the load. Suddenly, it seemed, I was back in Old Spain.

The *tartana* crossed the bridge over the Cardonar, from which Manresa's great church, the Colegiata, perched on its high rock, was seen effectively, and ascended the streets to the autobus office. There a dozen men and women with luggage piled about awaited the autobus. When it came and the bags, boxes, crates and packages had been skillfully stowed and tied on the roof, we were off.

The passengers were farmers returning to their homes, traveling merchants bound for small villages to offer their wares, a priest, and a rural policeman, accompanied by his young wife. All sat wedged close together, four on each of the several facing seats. One man proudly displayed photographs of his daughter,

a member of a small theatrical company, and, discoursing on her cleverness and beauty, much impressed his simple hearers.

Cardona

Cardona, to which I was going, lies twenty miles northwest of Manresa. Less than midway is the village of Suria. Beyond it the road proved bad, the mud so deep that the autobus wallowed in it, lurching about in reckless fashion, and once became so embedded as to come to a full stop.

Long lines of carts drawn by strings of four and five mules bringing tall timber from the mountains passed frequently. These were heavily laden and the great sticks protruded far forward over the mules, almost concealing those in the shafts. As the carts swayed on the narrow road they threatened to collide with the autobus and impale us on the pointed timbers.

The road followed closely the course of a stream, and after several hours there was a glimpse of a hilltop, a round tower, stone buildings and old walls, and a moment later a turn in the road disclosed Cardona.

Rising 1475 feet above the river, the hill, crowned by the castle which was once the seat of the Dukes of Cardona, was an impressive sight. Across its face broad masses of olive green and deep red were spread as though by some Gargantuan brush.

As the omnibus sped down the winding road a seven-arch stone bridge came into view, and up on the left houses and a church tower indicated the town. Beyond the bridge began the ancient road leading to it, a much

winding rocky way between the deep furrows of the eroded banks, but fit only for burros and men.

The omnibus turned to the right on the newer road around the base of the hill and in a wide circle began the ascent. Reaching the other side, stone houses were seen high above, grouped irregularly on the northern slopes. Dominating them was a barracklike building on which large letters proclaimed "Posada Bella Vista."

Near by a knot of people looked down as the autobus swung round the sharp turns and with much loud chugging slowly mounted the steep road. Just inside a gateway in the old walls it drew up at the *posada* entrance. There thirty or more people crowded about curiously to regard the arrivals or welcome friends or relatives.

The proprietor led the way to the main floor upstairs, then to the floor above, where a door in thick walls opened into a large, square, stone-paved hall. From it led a wing of the building and on its narrow corridor my room was indicated. It was small, plainly furnished with a bed, table and chair, and had a floor of large red tiles. Its one window faced north over the valley far below to the Pyrenees, on whose peaks snow still shone brightly.

The kitchen proved to be the general meeting room, for it was the only spot in the building having heat, and about its small stove and charcoal *brasero* the guests would cluster with feet and hands extended in an effort to keep warm. It was early April, but there was no suggestion of mounting temperatures. Beyond opened the *comedor* or dining room, with two windows com-

manding the extensive mountain view, and here I had a luncheon of several courses, and afterward started to explore the town.

At the side of the *posada* is the main gate, the Puerta de Mados. It was built in 1851 on the opening of the new road which replaced the older one higher up the castle hill. Lower down the steeply sloping hill is the Puerta de Grielles, an ancient gate in the town walls. On the easterly side of the town is another early gate, the Puerta de Barcelona, and out of it still leads the old road winding down into the valley. On a flat area just alongside, where the crumbling walls begin climbing the castle hill, is a rope walk. There four or five small boys ceaselessly turned great wooden wheels, as the rope makers walked backward feeding the hemp from bunches that encircled their waists into the ever twisting strands.

A short distance inside the Puerta de Mados begins the Calle del Mercado, the main business street. It is narrow, ascends gently and is lined with various small shops. At its far end on the left is the Gothic church, over the main door of which a crude and curious St. George of metal is about to slay an equally curious dragon.

Here the street widened slightly and formed a *plazuela*, a little park or square. An archway leads from it into the spacious Plaza de la Constitución. On the easterly side of the plaza is the *Ayuntamiento* or Town Hall, and in the arcaded houses opposite are the post and telegraph offices. Also under the arcades are several picturesque cafés with enormous stone arches supporting the ceilings. Groups of men, absorbed in cards,

sat about the tables, occasionally refreshing themselves with sips of *jerez* or cognac.

From the plaza terrace one gains extensive panoramas to the east. Far below winds the river with the stone bridge and the jumble of houses of the *barrio* Caromina, while to the south the buildings of the great Salinas mine come into view. This mine, mentioned by Strabo, is one of nature's wonders—a mountain of pure rock salt 500 feet high and several miles in circumference. Formerly the property of the Duke of Medinaceli, it was purchased a few years ago by a Spanish explosives company.

In the plaza small groups of people gather in conversation, while boys indulge in playing ball. One Sunday during the church services an amusing episode occurred. While the sounds of music and singing floated from the church out into the plaza, the loud braying of numbers of mules tied along the terrace wall rose in great volume and well-nigh drowned out the sacred music.

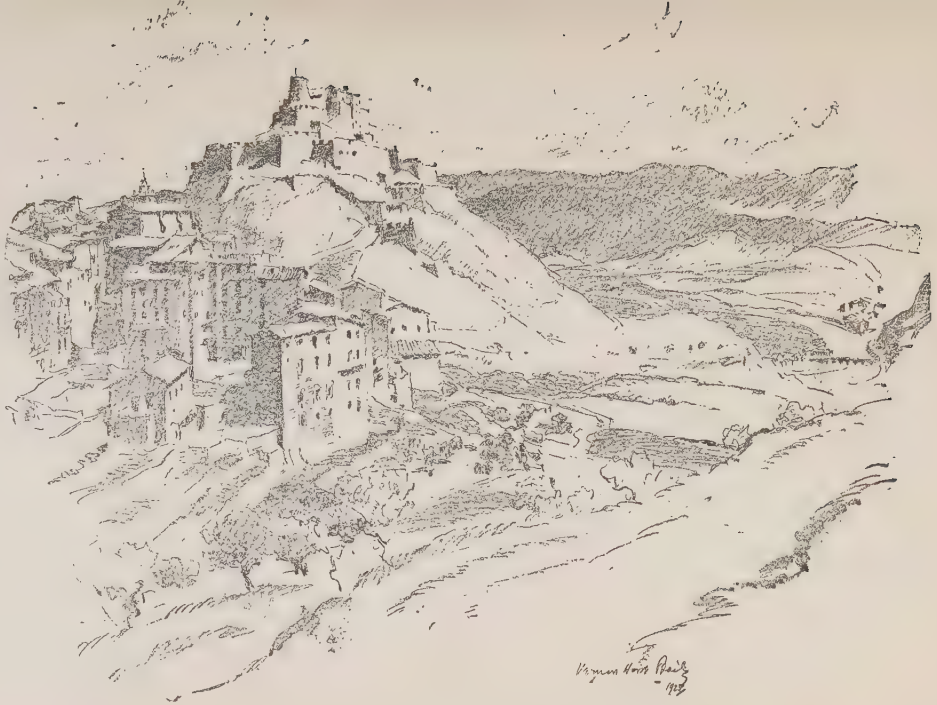
At the *plazuela* where the Calle del Mercado ends, begins the Calle Mayor or main street. It leads to a gate at the southern end of the town over which is one of the characteristic shrines. Out from it a road mounts the hill past a small hermitage that tops the height. From this road there is a superb view. Directly below are the houses huddled about the square church tower, and to the right the great cone-shaped red and green hill, with the straggling walls leading to the compact group of castle buildings on top. In the right foreground are many cultivated terraces, the lines of their banks forming sinuous patterns as they carry the eye

into the heart of the scene. And beyond it all, great ranges of hills of green, lavender and purple form a back drop for what so strikingly suggests a stage picture.

As I sketched, peasants came up the road with their burros, the panniers filled with purchases of the infrequent visit to the town. Some stopped and, at my unfamiliar costume, asked from what province I came. I explained that I came from no Spanish province but from the "*grande capital de Nueva York*" but many had not heard its name before.

Water was needed for my work and this was obligingly supplied by a woman in an isolated house across the road. Despite the labor of bringing it up from the town, she always smilingly responded to my request. One morning a baby with rosy cheeks was singing little songs for her, and I gave him a penny. That evening I stepped into a baker's shop to buy some cakes better to withstand the long wait for dinner, and there was the baby, child of the proprietor. Its father, mother, grandmother and other members of the family, having heard about the penny, welcomed me and offered a chair where several women sat knitting beside the charcoal *brasero*, in which, amid the gray ashes, a few live coals still shone. So, with my feet on the *brasero's* wooden frame, while I consumed the cakes, the usual questions were asked as to my country, and my mention of the *casas de cincuenta pisos* (fifty-story houses) of New York, seemed as incredible there as it proved to be elsewhere later.

In the main street was a tiny *estanco*, or tobacco shop. To several inquiries its proprietor had made interested



CASTLE OF CARDONA

Seat of the Dukes of Cardona

and intelligent responses; so occasionally I would stop for a moment's chat. When I mentioned my wish to visit the castle, he said he would inform the gatekeeper and have him meet me at my inn after luncheon.

On being told the gatekeeper was waiting, I went to the street and found, to my surprise, an attractive young blond-haired girl. She smilingly led the way to where a road started upward. The castle approach was an easy climb, and a few hundred yards brought us to the first gate, which my guide opened with an enormous key. Then the road led to a gate in another wall, the second line of defense, and on to a third, a massive archway of stone.

Each gate was protected by a series of gun ports. Directly alongside were small stone guardhouses, and a glimpse inside told plainly of the manner of life there hundreds of years before. In these 12 x 15 feet rooms two significant objects remained: a sloping wooden bench, which had served as a bed and could have accommodated six guards side by side wrapped in their blankets, and at one end a wide fireplace and chimney, which, in early times, had furnished heat during the long winter days on the bleak hilltop.

A small door opened into the ancient palace and on climbing steep stone steps we emerged into a chamber which led into the former church. This was about a hundred feet long and had a rounding apse, and from the crossing was divided by square pillars into four bays.

Cardona dates from the ninth century and many years after the passing of its illustrious Dukes became a military headquarters, when the church was converted into

a dormitory for soldiers. For this purpose two stories had been introduced, while the spaces between the piers on the first floor had been used for grain storage.

On the side wall at the left of the altar was a finely carved tomb of alabaster, that of the first Duke of Cardona and his wife. Their effigies side by side were slightly tilted so as to be better seen. The figure of the Duchess was in front; behind, and higher up, lay the effigy of the Duke with his dog at his feet.

Below the figures two well-carved angels held a tablet with an inscription and in panels on either side were two saints in relief. The inscription read:

D. O. M.
Ylustres D. Don Juan sum
als Raymunde Folch
us dux Cardonae et
Dona Francesca Munrriquez de Lara
Mulier sua
O bierunt Saeculo XVI

On the opposite wall at the right of the altar is the tomb of the second Duke. It is in the form of an ornamental casket, below which a large tablet enumerates his many titles, which require half a dozen lines. A forbidding black hole under the altar with stone steps leading downward, proved to be the crypt. On its vaulting many faded painted decorations show.

From the church we stepped out into a patio from which the great circular tower thrust upward its rocky walls. A flight of stone steps clinging to them led to the top and mounting these we came out upon a flat roof of about thirty feet radius having a low parapet. From this vantage point the watchers of old had surveyed the deep valleys and mountain sides. In all directions the

view was unobstructed. To the north stretched the Pyrenees with Monte Lina and more eastward Monte San Lorén, while to the southeast over the intervening ranges appeared the tips of curious spiny Montserrat.

In the round tower is a dungeon where important prisoners were confined. They had slight chance of escape, for enormous double doors held them fast, and as there were no windows even a ray of daylight was denied them.

On coming down to the *patio* a number of goats were nibbling the sparse grass between the ledges. Then another *patio* was visited, that of San Raymunde, at one side of which is a recess formed by a huge Gothic arch sheltering a stairway. A stone well marks the center and near by is the small modern chapel, the Iglesia de San Raymunde. It contains a tablet in memory of the second Duke and a *retablo* taken from the ancient church.

When the foot of the hill was reached, my guide protested strongly at accepting payment, and weakened only when a listener to whom I appealed added his influence. Even then she insisted that the three pesetas I gave her was far too much.

In the evenings, except for recourse to the cafés, there was little by way of diversion. On Sundays and holidays movies were given in the basement hall of the *Ayuntamiento;* the pictures were so poorly illuminated as to be nearly illegible, yet this seemed not to affect the attendance, for the place was well filled with a boisterous crowd of young people.

One day, however, some of the travelers at the inn pointed out some recent arrivals as members of an or-

chestra from Barcelona, who that night would give a concert in a café. They invited me to join them, so after dinner I accompanied them along the ill-lit streets. In a big room on the second floor of the café several hundred men and women had already gathered. A large corps of waiters hurried about carrying well-filled trays to meet the demands for refreshment.

As the concert started and progressed, all gave attention to the excellent music and accorded each number pronounced applause. The special attraction of the orchestra meant as much business for the café that night as was ordinarily done in a month, but whether the orchestra was paid for its services or was compensated solely by the collections realized by several of its members who passed about the room and secured hatfuls of coins, I did not learn.

As midnight approached, girls and boys joined hands and formed a large circle, and as the orchestra played in lively manner, the peculiar dance of Cataluña, the *Sardana*, began. The circle of dancers turned rapidly with an undulating motion. Then there would be occasional periods when the steps took an up and down movement, followed again by the rhythmic turning of the circle, which continued for half an hour without stopping. A large crowd of onlookers surrounded the dancers and indulged in a running fire of merry sallies with much laughter.

Solsona

To Solsona the omnibus went but once daily. Leaving Manresa at 10:30 and arriving at Cardona between

12:30 and 1:00, it paused there to enable passengers to lunch and continued to Solsona afterwards.

It was mid afternoon; there would be no omnibus until afternoon of the next day. I was anxious to move onward, so at my request the wife of the proprietor telephoned (telephones are not uncommon in the country districts of progressive Cataluña) to learn the price of a motor car, and informed me it would be twenty pesetas—two dollars and eighty cents. That being entirely moderate the motor was ordered.

When the motor arrived and my many pieces of luggage had been piled into it, I again asked the price so there would be no mistake. "Twenty pesetas," said the driver, but the inn proprietor added "And twenty more for the return trip."

This was plainly an attempt at extortion. I was on the point of ordering all the luggage taken out again, but decided to go ahead, this time, resolving not to be caught again in this manner.

The distance is about fourteen miles. The road passes over heavily wooded hills and leading in a northwesterly direction comes much nearer to the Pyrenees. As the late afternoon came, the mountains to the north took on blue and lavender and purple tints, and above, snowy crests towered pink with the soft touch of the falling sun. The roads skirted great ridges where occasional openings in the trees and underbrush displayed wide vistas of green valley and plain. Behind rose the foothills meeting in the haze of evening the higher distant ranges.

Nearing Solsona two tiny figures appeared in the road far ahead, and as we drew closer an arm was raised as

a signal to stop. Were we being held up? It so appeared, but a closer view showed the men not to be bandits, but *Guárdias Civiles*, or Rural Police, members of that efficient and much-feared organization, the successor of the famous Santa Hermandad (Holy Brotherhood) instituted by Ferdinand and Isabella for the protection of travelers on the roads of Spain.

The Rural Police work in pairs; on duty there are always two together. No passenger train in Spain moves without them taking seats in one of its second-class carriages. In rural districts they are often posted outside the villages to keep vigilant watch on all who pass. If the vehicle is the daily omnibus they stand, on its approach, facing each other ceremoniously on opposite sides of the road, but if the vehicle is not recognized, they step into the middle of the road and give the signal to stop. During the past few years Spain has been active to prevent the Communists from gaining a foothold. And on all express trains two members of Secret Police scan every passenger and, entering the compartment of all foreigners, demand their papers.

As my passport was a joint one for a member of my family and myself, and at the moment of my leaving Barcelona was in use in Italy, I had taken the precaution of securing from the American Consul a paper that I hoped would serve for the short emergency period. It merely stated that I was a holder of a passport of the United States.

However, as we slowed up and the rural police approached in their gray uniforms with shiny yellow belts, cross straps over breasts, patent leather tricorne hats, and the very formidable appearing *carbinas* slung non-

SOLSONA

The Tower of the Eleventh Century Cathedral, the New Cathedral and Other Church Buildings Forming a Compact Group, with the Castle Rising Up Beyond

chalantly across their shoulders, I wondered as to the effectiveness of this substitute.

My driver was questioned, his papers demanded, and he was interrogated regarding me. On my papers being asked for, I produced what first came to hand, my French identification card which, bearing my photograph, proved so satisfactory that the Consular paper remained untouched; and after my luggage had been scrutinized we were permitted to continue toward the town, the flowing line of whose castle hill now appeared off to the left.

Solsona, the Setelix of the Romans, lies on a gentle eminence on the river Negro backed by a hill topped by its ruined castle. Approaching it from the direction of Cardona, the road leads down into a hollow, and the Cathedral with its square tower, the Bishop's residence and other buildings of the town appear in a compact group. Along the narrow stream, which is barely visible in the green meadows which skirt the northern side of the town, stands a long line of tall straight poplars, while a twelve-arch bridge spanning the meadow curves gently, forming a fine contrast to their perpendicular lines. I wondered a moment at the necessity for a twelve-arch bridge over a two foot stream until I remembered the spring freshets, when the stream rises to great width.

The bridge leads directly to the Puerta del Puente, an ancient gate flanked by several narrow buildings, the one on the left bearing a sign "*Fonda Baix*," the one on the right the "*Posada Cataluña*." Disregarding both hostelries the motor dashed under the arch and into the Calle del Puente, only about thirty yards long, which

opens into a small plaza, the "Placa de la Catedral," *Placa* being the Catalan spelling for plaza. At the right a sturdy-looking stone building bore a sign "*Fonda Villa Nova.*" This is the best inn, the station of the Manresa-Cardona-Solsona autobus, and here the motor drew up.

Having been guided by a woman to my comfortable room on the upper floor, I afterward glanced into the kitchen where, before an open fire, a number of men sat smoking and conversing quietly in the Catalan tongue; then I stepped into the street for a brief survey of the town before dinner. Except for the attractive door of the side entrance to the old Gothic Cathedral with its sculptured group of three figures in high relief above, little could be seen on account of the darkness. One of the travelers who had come on the autobus that afternoon from Cardona called out that he and some of his fellows were leaving at once by the motor that had brought me. Not only had the driver received from me double the price at first quoted, but had arranged to pick up some additional money through these fares for the return trip, for which I had already paid him.

The dining room was a spacious one with a long, wide table down its center. Between it and a window facing the plaza was a charcoal brazier around which travelers, waiting for dinner, sat with their feet on its wooden frame, or leaning over, sought to warm their hands by stirring the ashes, hoping to uncover a few live coals. At a desk in the corner a traveler was writing up his orders to mail to his office in Barcelona.

Soon a woman brought in a big tureen of soup and the travelers sat up to the table. As each new arrival

entered he would make the customary salutations, which were always acknowledged by the others. A place at the head of the table remained vacant, but its occupant soon appeared. He was a priest from the Cathedral who greeted everyone cordially and entered heartily into the lively conversation, though deafness made this somewhat difficult for him. It was a pleasure to sit near him and he proved most agreeable and polite. Always he offered the dishes to the others before serving himself. It was a merry board and the travelers meeting again after long periods, recalled former meetings and experiences, or discussed the chances for good business in other towns.

There, for the first time, I saw the Catalan manner of drinking wine. The wine is decanted in a circular cone-shaped glass bottle having a small spout and a large hollow handle. Grasping it by the handle, the drinker, with head thrown far back and mouth wide open, to the startled gaze of the uninitiated, holds the bottle high so that the wine describing a wide graceful arc, falls into his fully-exposed throat. The wine is of the surrounding country, straw-colored, of good quality and not lacking in potency.

Straight ahead from the Plaza de la Catedral the Calle San Miguel Mayor leads but a short block into the Plaza Mayor where, on the left, are several curious arcaded houses, supported on tall slender piers. Massive Gothic arches also span the footwalk. An unusual feature is the nicely turned wooden balconies at windows under the arcade, while the main windows of the house high above the street are encircled by a rich Gothic ornament in relief, and similar houses are just beyond in the Calle del Castillo.

The Calle del Castillo is a long street running the length of the town to the archway, piercing a house now used as a girls' school and bearing the date 1667. Outside it begins a small, pleasant, tree-lined *paseo* at the far end of which is a convent chapel around which the castle road bends to the right.

One steps from the Plaza Mayor to the left and enters the Plaza del Nuncio Monsignor Cretoni and faces on the east the imposing Palacio Episcopal, with a fine pediment, pilasters and windows. The Cathedral adjoins on the left, forming the north side of the plaza, and here is its main façade and entrance with a sculptured figure and ornament. It bears the date of 1768. The Cathedral, however, is of the eleventh century.

From the Plaza Mayor to the left is the Calle de Llavera, which leads to a gate on the south side of the town. Inside, over the gate, is a small altar and balcony, a brightly colored typical shrine. After a short walk to the right of the Plaza Mayor one enters the Plaza de San Juan, which slopes sharply and is surrounded by tall houses over which a slender bell tower adds a touch of pictorial interest. In the middle is a square building, a shrine with columns at the corners and at its base a fountain, where people are constantly filling their jugs.

The children of Solsona have a substitute for the drum. It is a square piece of wood with a wooden hammer attached. When shaken it beats a resounding tattoo and a few children together can nearly split one's eardrums with the racket. In the evenings, outside the *fonda* or inn entrance, I introduced baseball to numbers of small boys, knocking out the ball to them with my

walking stick, the nearest available substitute for a bat, and they had great sport chasing the ball into odd corners.

Then came the morning of departure. As the omnibus left at five o'clock, intending passengers were called at four. A few minutes before the Cathedral bell struck the hour, the doors of the garage, under the *fonda*, were opened. There by a dim light tickets were purchased, the luggage piled aboard, and to the throbbing and snorting of the auto, so characteristic of Spain, where every driver intends that his automobile shall make itself, if not felt, at least heard, getting out of it all the noise possible, even during the night hours, we started.

But there had been no provision for breakfast, not even coffee. In the sharp air of early morning the long journey to Manresa was begun, and it was ten o'clock before a glimpse of Montserrat proclaimed its approach. Arriving there coffee was hurriedly procured.

Montserrat

Later, following a stroll about the town, I returned to the restaurant for lunch. There a mechanical piano, fed by frequent copper pieces, was hammering out some noisy airs, so I asked the waiter who took my order to please play something more beautiful. "With pleasure, sir," he responded, and, selecting a music roll, started it off. "That is '*La Partida*'—('The Parting')" he said as the notes of a very popular sentimental piece filled the room. The waiter was attentive and, with my limited Spanish, I tried to learn from him of any picturesque towns that might be worth a visit before

I turned westward to Lérida. So he told me of Berga and I laid out my maps and studied its location. He informed me that it was easily reached by a branch railway line. Three men lunching at a near-by table showed keen interest in our conversation and presently said they were natives of Berga and offered information and suggestions regarding a visit to it, which they all agreed was very picturesque. It was then about two-thirty, the afternoon train would leave in an hour and reach Berga in four hours. So, wishing to miss nothing important, I decided to take it, and a *mozo*, having piled my numerous pieces of luggage onto a wheelbarrow, pushed it along as I walked beside and kept the luggage from toppling off. Through the Paseo Pedro III we proceeded to the small station, where the train proved so diminutive it might almost have come from a toy-shop, but its simple little compartments were not uncomfortable.

Berga

Except for a picturesque village or two on the way at which stops were made, the journey was uneventful and night had come when it ended. Berga is several miles off the railroad and is reached by a motor bus operated by the railway company. As soon as I was established in the inn I stepped out to see something of the picturesqueness of which I had been told, but my walk failed to disclose streets or buildings of that nature.

True, behind the town great crags piled up, and then I realized, as was confirmed later, that when a Spaniard says a place is picturesque he generally means that it

has a mountain setting, not making the distinction between the picturesqueness of the setting and that of the town itself. Berga, the town, had no subjects of note, but the streets were filled with animated throngs of young people. The girls seemed not at all Spanish. They had none of the dark complexions of the South, but were fair with delicate features of French characteristics. And how smartly they were dressed! It was evident that they cared nothing for perpetuating the costumes of the provinces, for bobbed hair and short skirts were popular and in general they appeared not unlike American college girls. Berga lacked the picturesqueness I sought. Neither in streets, buildings nor people did it exist, so I arranged to return to Manresa by the early train next morning.

Manresa

Two things fix Manresa securely in memory—the cave of Loyola where he wrote his famous "Exercitia Spiritualia" and the *tortillas* of the station restaurant. How good they are, freshly made and hot between the halves of large white rolls! But they have no relation to the Spanish omelette, as they are plain omelettes, *tortillas Francesas*, for the cooking of Cataluña inclines to the French cuisine. As time of arrival of trains approaches a number of *tortillas* are prepared for the demands of many passengers who dash into the restaurant and reappear munching these delicacies. Incidentally, Catalonians have no affection for things Spanish. They regard themselves as a separate people, have a language of their own, and would have a separate

government, the Republic of Catalonia, if they could.

The morning train for Lérida had gone. There would not be another until six in the evening, so I decided to make some drawings, see Loyola's cave, the Colegiata of Santa María de La Seo and as much more of the town as possible. The visitor on leaving the station is struck by the cathedral on the abrupt cliffs above the Cardoner, spanned here by a narrow iron foot bridge leading to the town. Vehicles cross by a stone bridge of five arches higher up the stream, from which the Calle Primo de Rivera, formerly the Calle de Murrallas, running east and west, leads into the town. Along this street portions of the old walls, which mark the northern boundaries of the old town are visible.

Within the old town's precincts is the Plaza Mayor, an irregularly shaped triangle, with the arcaded Casa del Ayuntamiento dominating it on its southern side. Not far distant is the Colegiata, its northern side and main entrance facing a considerable open space. Remains of an earlier church are found on the northern side, but the present structure was begun in 1328 and not completed until the 15th century. It is notable for having sixteen buttresses on either side, partly inside and outside its walls. The interior is divided into seven bays, and five bays are continued in the apse. An enormous Saracen's head, suspended from the ceiling like those of the Barcelona Cathedral, commemorates the Church's conquest of the Moor.

Manresa has several notable churches, including San Miguel, which has been much restored, just off the Plaza del Olmo, and Santo Domingo, the vaulted ceiling of which is supported by four Gothic arches. Its Gothic

LÉRIDA

The Tower of the Old Cathedral

tower is in process of rebuilding. The church faces the plaza bearing its name, which is also applied to the larger plaza at its side, bisected by the Calle de Primo de Rivera.

The latter plaza of Santo Domingo is the heart of the life of the newer town. Here gather the autobuses which run to outlying towns and villages, such as Navarcles, San Fructus, Artes, Avinyo, Sollent, Balsareny, Navas, etc. On it faces the Hotel Santo Domingo and its stables adjoining, with spacious accommodations for mules and carts that pass under the wide entrance arches. Just off the plaza in the Calle de Primo de Rivera is the apse of the Church of San Domingo, and adjoining it is the theater and the conservatory. Directly opposite, at right angles to this street, begins the Paseo Pedro III, lined with newer buildings, including the Casino de Manresa, a handsome modern club of large membership.

Through a narrow alley between the Plaza Mayor and the Calle Primo de Rivera and reached by three flights of stone steps is the Templo de Nuestra Señora del Carmen. It is a basilica of five bays with a choir balcony above the entrance doors and is dated 1353.

A short distance from the Colegiata door we descend a small street to the Torrente de San Ignacio, lined with factories—their power provided by the narrow stream—and many-balconied, scrambling houses. A long gradient leads up to the Iglesia de la Santa Cueva and from the parapet near its entrance an extensive view of Manresa is gained. The Colegiata, a mass of yellow rock, its buttresses catching the sunlight and casting on its walls clear-cut shadows, is in the middle distance

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at the right. To the left flows the river, leading the eye westward between red and yellow banks to distant mountains of deep rich purple. Directly below is the Roman bridge, high pitched above its great middle arch (Maresa was the Roman Munorisa, capital of the Jacetani), while southward to the left is seen Montserrat.

The church was not open, but some boys of twelve or thirteen, playing about, informed me it would be at three-thirty. But that hour passed with no sign of the sacristan, so the boys began yelling through the door "Una peseta, dos pesetas, cinco pesetas, un duro, dos duros for opening the door." While this play was proceeding I noted the signs made of large nails driven into the doors. On one side was "Iglesia de la Santa Cueva" and on the other "San Ignacio de Loyola Escribo." Shortly a priest appeared and gravely threw back the door.

The most notable feature of the church to me is the so-called tribunas placed high on its walls. These, of carved wood, were highly ornamental and resembled the usual lookout *miradores* of house fronts, being heavily screened, thus enabling the occupants to witness or participate in the services without being observed. At the left a narrow corridor leads to the cave. The cave is so covered with bronze and marble sculptured tablets, mosaics and stained glass as to render the original walls and ceiling hardly visible. Had the cave been kept in its original state as when Loyola gazed on Montserrat and made his inspired writings there, it would have been for me far more impressive. Among its relics is Loyola's crucifix. Several boys in vestments

who moved solemnly about I recognized as those who had yelled through the door, in so great contrast to their present sanctimonious behavior. The usual offerings being made, I went outside to pause again upon the parapet for another view, and while there a man astride a burro and accompanied by a small dog drew up and, directing attention to the dog, told me with much pride a long story of its bravery in attacking big rats.

That evening as I entered the first-class section of the corridor coach it was so filled with tobacco smoke that I could hardly see. A number of men smoking cigars had evidently done so during the entire two hour journey from Barcelona. Hoping some of the smoke would pass out, I let down my window a few inches, with the result that, as the train gained speed the smokers complained of the draft, and one man approached and asked me to close the window. I replied that as he and his companions had filled the car with so much smoke that breathing was difficult, I would keep my window open, but reminded him of his privilege of keeping his window closed if he wished. Then he reached out and closed my window, which I immediately opened again. Several ladies were choking for air, but their desire for ventilation was likewise disregarded, as four men sprang toward me and demanded the window be closed.

Not wishing for so unequal a combat, I made no further objection, but an angry discussion ensued and fiery glances were still directed toward me. Shortly a young man entered and sat opposite. Somewhat later, having walked to the door for a glimpse from the rear platform of the train, I turned to find him confronting

me, when he dramatically displayed underneath the lapel of his coat the badge of the secret police. While the smokers watched intently, he demanded my passport. I produced it at once, and on his pronouncing it satisfactory, the man who had closed my window groaned his disappointment and all showed great chagrin. Then I realized that in retaliation, hoping to cause me some difficulty, they had instigated the police agent's action. For the remainder of the journey this man particularly avoided my gaze and when the train stopped at Lérida he beat a hasty retreat, leaving the coach by way of the second-class section to avoid passing me.

Lérida

On securing a seat in the hotel omnibus, I found the police agent facing me, but saying nothing. When the hotel was reached and I got out he followed. As I had no intention of being shadowed so undeservedly, I demanded that he escort me to his local superiors to whom I intended to complain, but he had no wish for anything of that sort and slunk away in the dark streets.

Next morning I was awakened by the rumbling of carts. Looking from my windows, facing east and five stories above the street, a wide landscape spread out. In front was the River Segre, spanned at the left by a big stone bridge over which many carts were coming into the town. Lérida, though picturesque with its tall Moorish tower of the ancient mosque which later became the Cathedral and had been a military post during several hundred years, within the great walls on the hill high above the newer town, is too important and

well known to be included among the unfamiliar towns I sought, so I planned using it merely as a base for excursions.

Balaguer

Balaguer lay off to the north. I would see what it offered, so that first morning went to it by train over a branch line of recent construction. Approached from Lérida it is seen, across a bowl-shaped area, to be situated on hills that rise above the west bank of the River Naguera with the Sierra del Monsech to the north, still capped with snow.

The most striking object that claims attention in Balaguer is the Church of Santa María, rich yellow brown in color, in a lofty situation between two ravines that break the hills. Beyond the northerly one appears the church and long, low white buildings of the monastery of Santo Cristo de Balaguer.

The town is entered across an early stone bridge of six arches, at whose easterly end is the convent of the Dominicans. Across the bridge, one turns abruptly to the left and follows the street along the river bank, where long rows of houses with varied arcades face the parapet opposite. A five-minutes walk bring one into the large plaza surrounded by buildings of three or four stories, each having a single great arch at the base as a feature of its façade. Arcades surround the plaza on all sides. On the west is the Casa del Ayuntamiento, a plain building hardly distinguishable from the adjoining ones. Near it is the office of the autobuses that start from Lérida and run to points north—to Seo de Urgel, Andorra and France across the Pyrenees. Here

in the afternoons busy scenes occur on the meeting of the omnibus that has come down over the mountains and the one from Lérida beginning that journey. As the omnibuses swing into the plaza a man grasps a cord and rings a bell attached to the wall. A moment later passengers are dismounting or climbing aboard and porters are lifting all sorts of luggage and various cargoes to the roof, including many boxes of fish from Barcelona to be transported to Pyrenean towns.

Under the arcades at small tables outside the convenient cafés travelers rest a moment and order drinks, while women with babies in arms and children clutching their skirts regard the omnibus and passengers curiously. Troops of small boys find the arrival of the autobuses a bright spot in their day's activities, and with infrequent copper pieces purchase much soiled and deadly looking candy and knickknacks from several old women whose tiny stocks of confections and penny toys are displayed on small wooden stands under wide spreading umbrellas close by.

On the north side of the plaza is the Fonda de España and on the south side the Fonda la Palma, the two most important inns which the town boasts. In both meals of good quality are served. Small cafés and shops are underneath the arcades and are found also in the narrow streets that branch from the plaza. The houses encircling the plaza are brightly colored. Pinks, yellows and blues abound, and above this array of varied color the Church of Santa María adds its huge mass of yellow brown, and appears to stand almost on the house tops.

A street at the northwest corner of the plaza leads

BALAGUER

The Church of Santa María, above the Town

upward to a gate in the wall and onto a path in the southerly ravine that winds up the hill. Here the crumbling walls built of big brown stone blocks are seen to advantage. At the top of the hill a gate in the wall is passed and opens onto a considerable plateau from which there is a wide mountain view to the north. At the right is the Cemetery of Santa María, and beyond it the church. In a few minutes the plateau is traversed and one overlooks the northerly ravine and its squalid ancient stone houses and the convent of Santa Cristo beyond.

Turning eastward there is a view over the river and a wide plain broken only by the near-by Castillo de la Rapita on a small hill. A path leads down and then upward again around the east side of the church to its main door, passing a row of houses built against the apse, on which a big sign indicates that one is used as a prison. A small boy had followed me up the hill and now evidently feeling that he had walked far enough without recompense held out a significant hand. "Porqué?" I asked, and, so that he might perform some service before being rewarded, ordered him off to bring the *sacristán* to open the church; so presently a woman, bearing a big key, with two small children and a girl of twelve following, came up the path.

The interior of the church is of little interest, and almost entirely bare. The simple Gothic wood altar piece has in a niche a large figure of the Virgin. The altar is flanked by stone screens about six feet high each with two large figures of saints and panels, but badly marred by a thorough coat of whitewash. From in front of the church one looks down over the jumble of

brown-tiled roofs of houses that stretch along the narrow space between the hill and river. Descending into the plaza we follow from the southwest corner the Calle del Barrio Nuevo, passing the small church of San José on the way to the Convento de San Francisco which marks the southern extremity of the town. In this street is the municipal hospital and adjoining it the public school for girls.

Some boys in the plaza had mentioned Camarrasa as being "*muy pintoresco*." I decided to see it and hired a motor to go to it. There was little time before the omnibus would depart for Lérida, but the youth who appeared in the small Citroën said he would get me back in time. Speeding north over an excellent road Camarrasa was reached in twenty minutes. It stands on a hill surrounded by big mountains with a simple boxlike church, while at the left the river, with ruined arches of a bridge, forms an impressive sight for anybody and a fine subject for the artist. Past the town the road plunges northward and is swallowed up in a great canyon. Balaguer proved highly interesting and I returned to it during four or five days, going by the omnibus from Lérida at eight o'clock in the morning and returning at four in the afternoon, covering the distance in an hour's time—always a very dusty trip.

CHAPTER III

Young Spain and Old

Monzón

IT WAS on Easter Sunday afternoon that I started for Monzón. Across the great treeless plains of Aragón the train ran northwestward. After two hours Monzón appeared and my first glimpse showed it to be a good subject, for on a long barren hill stood the gaunt castle high above the town, where a Moorish tower added just the right note for a perfect composition.

Monzón was the meeting place of the *Cortes*, or Royal Courts, of Aragón and Cataluña, and familiar ground to Don Jaime I—James the Conqueror. In 1143 Ramón Berenguer IV assigned the castle to the Knights Templars. On the death of his father before Murat in 1213, the education of James the Conqueror, then but six years old, was intrusted to the grand master of the Templars, and the government of the country during his minority, given to his uncle Sancho, who endeavored to claim the kingdom for himself. Three years later Don Jaime escaped from the castle and took his place at the head of the loyal barons.

It being Easter Sunday the town was enjoying the *fiesta*, and there were no coaches at the station; perhaps there never are, but I found a man who piled my things

onto a wheelbarrow and, following my usual custom of walking alongside to keep them from falling off, I entered the town.

In five minutes I was established at the Fonda de Alcober and out studying the castle and town. After exploring the streets in general, I noticed on the outskirts a square area enclosed by canvas walls, and learned it was the improvised football field where a match was in progress. This was evidence of the inroads football was making in the popularity of the bullfight. The Aragonese are, it seems, as progressive as the Catalonians. The young people also followed the usual European fashions in dress, though a few old men were about in short jackets, knickerbockers and leggings and wearing handkerchiefs for a head covering. A crowd was entering a small theater so I bought a ticket, but before going in returned to the *fonda* to learn the hour for dinner. There I met the young proprietor, who wished to show me at once, the palace where, in the time of Jaime I, the *Cortes* met. Coming back the theater was reached and I told him I had a ticket and asked him to join me, and there while watching the performance together he proved very intelligent and furnished me much information.

The theater was small and square in form with a balcony, decorated tastefully in bright colors and intimate and attractive. The special performance for the Easter festivities was given by a man and his wife, she being young and blonde and of fine figure. They performed magic in the first part, gave dances in the second and illusions in the third, which made a highly diverting program. The audience was dressed surprisingly

MONZÓN
The Moorish Tower of the Church

in the mode, and groups of young women, some with bobbed hair, looked no different from those of Paris or New York.

Next morning I was awakened by the church bells and wondered why they must ring at five o'clock. I made several drawings, one necessitating a long walk eastward along the railway embankment. There an elevated field offering a fine viewpoint, I climbed up into it, when a man with a dog, at some distance, shouted at me in such manner as to cause me to seek another spot. Entering the dining room that night, I discovered the visiting football eleven at dinner. Its members occupied a long table and the whole scene was as nearly a reproduction of an American eleven under similar circumstances as could well be imagined. Every one talked at once, there was constant joking and loud laughter and as much noise as was ever heard at a gathering of college boys anywhere.

That afternoon I went on to Barbastro. On leaving Monzón the view of an arrangement of the castle and hills, church tower and town was so remarkable that I decided to return to draw it, and next morning did so. Seated in a vegetable garden and also on the railway embankment in the face of heavy gales that swept over the plains and continually shook my drawing board, I made two large drawings between 12:15 and 3:15, when it was necessary to leave for the return train to Barbastro, the last there was that day.

Barbastro

The Fonda San Ramón, my stopping place in Barbastro, is at one end of the Coso, the main *paseo*. From

its door that evening I saw a crowd, and a band playing very lively music, coming down the Coso. It preceded a bishop and other high churchmen who were accompanied by a number of candle bearers. Ahead of the clergy walked a man bearing a great cross, and behind them three men wearing wigs which, like their crimson robes which nearly touched the ground, were frayed and soiled from long usage. Thus the bishop moved about in state.

A block distant in a side street is the *Ayuntamiento*, and there at 10 o'clock that night I heard the call of the *serenos*, or municipal night watchmen, and went nearer to investigate. There are three *serenos* who begin at ten o'clock calling the hours together. Then they separate, each going in the direction of his quarter while repeating the call as he passes along the street. This continues for fifteen minutes. One had so musical a voice that I followed him to hear his melodious call. After the hour was announced the state of the weather was proclaimed by a simple "*Bueno*."

Next morning the sun was dazzling as I started a drawing at the far end of the *Coso*, where a man approached and asked if I had permission, any *documentos*. I replied that none being necessary, I had no special permission. He expostulated angrily and disappeared into a house but presently reappeared, having hastily donned a police uniform, thinking to impress me; but his quick change of costume only caused me to restrain a smile with difficulty. Then in the habiliments of authority he demanded my passport. I informed him that it was at my hotel, but showed him at once my French identity card, which considerably cooled him off.

While working there a young man addressed me, attempting a little English, and later we met at the inn where he gave me his card. He was an attorney and invited me to his club, La Peña, for coffee, where he told me much about Barbastro and its history and made many notes in Spanish for my reference. Next day, having made the necessary arrangements he escorted me to the Bishop's residence. There among its treasures a Flemish tapestry was particularly notable. Then we strolled to one of the most important of the town's old palaces—the house of General Ribera. It backs on the river, but is now a slum where in the vestibule at the foot of the grand staircase, several burros were tethered.

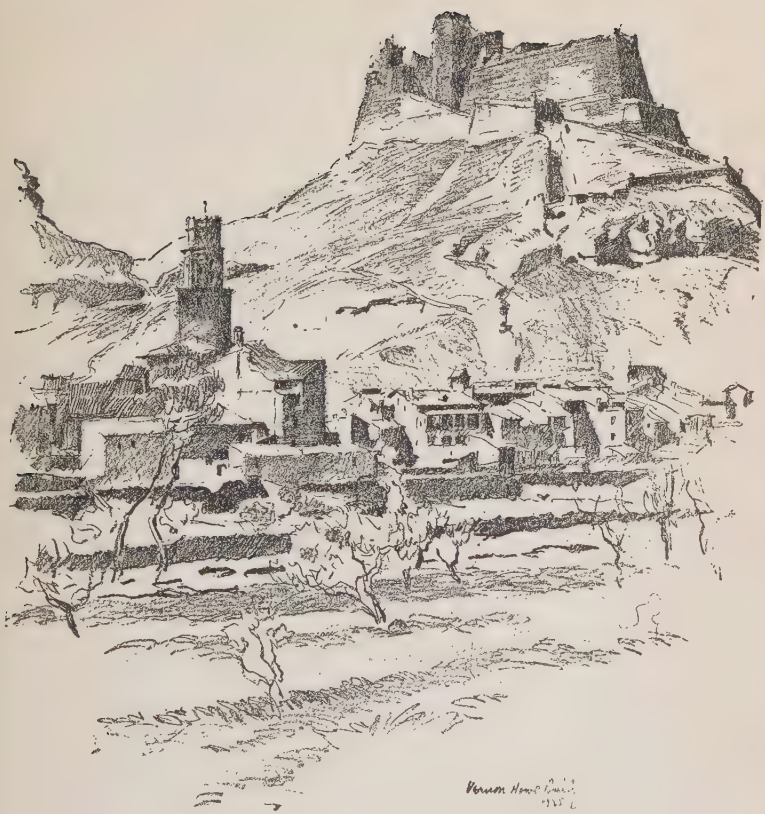
Against the river bank near the Puente de San Francisco is a Renaissance fountain. Though much worn by time, its graceful ornament and two angels make it still very beautiful. Near by, farther upstream, are two similar fountains, though less attractive. Here is one of the best views of the town. Above the bend in the river with the arches of the Puente Portillo is the Cathedral tower, the Bishop's residence, the Torre Amistad, the leading club, and in the foreground below the dam women are generally washing clothes in the stream.

One morning people under the Puente San Francisco and others who looked down from the bridge parapet attracted my attention. More people came and there was considerable excitement, especially when one of the *Guardia Civiles* and a town policeman appeared. The discovery of a safe under the bridge was the cause. It had been stolen from a shop during the night hours and the robbers, deciding to get rid of it, had dropped it over

the railing. The Plaza del Mercado is a fine example of Spanish plaza, though some modern stone buildings have marred one side of it. About it were men in short jackets, short trousers split at the knees, long stockings and purple sashes, which fall low down over trouser seats, and wearing handkerchiefs for head coverings or flat-crowned, wide-brimmed black or gray hats. There I was sketching, when a little man with a gray, pointed beard approached and turned back the lapel of his coat to display, not a metal badge but the equivalent, a miniature *bastón de mando*, the official "staff" of police authority. This is a slender, polished walking stick with small cords wound about its head, which, suspended on a button, is concealed under the coat. Thus I realized the law was again upon my trail. The man informed me, as had the other one, that I could not proceed without permission and that I must call on the *Alcalde* at one o'clock.

Knowing no special permission was required, that one's passport enabled the visitor to engage in such pursuits, I considered ignoring this injunction, but thinking that if I attempted to leave town my sketches of Barbastro might be confiscated, and wishing to avoid any unpleasantness, I decided to make the call. The *Alcalde* and his staff received me with marked cordiality and appeared surprised at the whole business, but I made it clear that if there was objection to having Barbastro included among the many towns I was picturing for publication in America, it would be simple to leave it out. But they expressed keen interest in having it represented. "*Mucho gusto*," said the *Alcalde*.

On leaving the *Alcalde's* office, I saw the little gray-



MONZÓN
The Castle and the Town

whiskered policeman who had interfered with me so unnecessarily and caused the loss of valuable time. I pointed him out to the *Alcalde's* secretary and referred to him inadvertently as "*este hombre*" instead of "*este Señor*," the more polite form, which caused him to retort "*Yo no soy hombre, soy un chico*"—"I am no man, I am a boy."

Barbastro is picturesque and along the Vero are good subjects, especially in its five bridges—Puente Santa Fé, Puente Amparo, Puente Nuevo, Puente San Francisco and Puente Portilla—and in a plaza between the Puente San Francisco and Puente Nuevo, where are *posadas*, and many mule carts and mule clippers at work, they never forgetting to introduce bits of ornament and decoration on the mules' flanks or tails with the facile touch of their scissors. But the spell of Barbastro had been spoiled for me—Morella, the magic town on a mountain top, was calling and I departed to the polite attentions of the delightful *abogado* who came to the station to see me off.

Poblet, Espluga

There were towns on my list nearer than Morella, but had I gone from Barbastro to them a lot of doubling on my route would have resulted, while by going to Morella a continuous line, zigzagging though it was, would be maintained. No town had so spurred my imagination and I was eager to see it. For Morella I must make the long trip to Tarragona on the Mediterranean and down to Tortosa and on to Vinaroz and there strike inland. I had heard that Vimbodí between

Lérida and Tarragona was picturesque and decided to stop off there. It was late afternoon when I climbed down from the express carrying a big suit case, two leather material bags on shoulder straps, one brief case stuffed with guide books and maps and a huge portfolio wrapped in oilcloth to which had been added sundry wearing apparel.

One glance showed the place not picturesque and too unimportant; an insignificant village where the inn, if any, would be frightful. The train had departed. "Could a motor car be hired to Espluga del Francolí?" I asked the station master. "No automobiles here," he said, but he informed me that a third-class train was due to leave at that moment. I demanded a ticket, presented a twenty-five peseta bill to pay the fare of two or three pesetas, and rushed for the train. As it pulled out and I experienced again the hard benches of a third-class *coche*, I realized I had forgotten my change.

Soon the ruins of the monastery of Poblet appeared on the right. We were nearing Espluga, where I was to alight. As I did so, a trainman rushed up and handed me the change which had been entrusted to him to deliver to me, and I had the pleasure of sending back by him a *duro* for the honest station master. The *fonda* at Espluga was clean, and before dinner I strolled about the little town which, except for two churches on a small plaza, has little of interest. In the morning I drove to Poblet and saw the ruins of that formerly luxurious establishment, and continued to Tarragona, passing the picturesque town of La Riba with its paper mills terracing from the river.

MORELLA

Crowning a Mountain Peak of Northern Valencia

Tarragona, Tortosa, Vinaroz

At Tarragona I spent a day or two resting in this pleasant town high above the Mediterranean, visited the cathedral, made a complete circuit of the Roman walls, built of cyclopean blocks, enjoyed the warm sunshine while seated in the chairs along the *Alameda*, attended an amusing vaudeville performance, and found my hotel to be an excellent one. It was being completely modernized and its proprietor took great pride in its transformation. Its meals were splendid and abundant, and with a well-appointed room cost fifteen pesetas a day.

But Morella was the objective. My maps indicated that it was best reached from Vinaroz, but, wishing to make sure, "a man who knew all about it," as I was informed, said that the best way was by an autobus that left Tortosa daily. By the late afternoon train Tortosa was reached, where I learned at once that my Tarragona informant was as wrong as "people who know it all" frequently are—there was no bus from Tortosa to Morella. The next morning I strolled about the town, visited the interesting patio of the *Colegio* with cloisters decorated with medallions of royal personages, made a color sketch, from the bridge, of the houses along the river, and then took the Valencia Express about noon for Vinaroz, which was reached about two o'clock.

The station lies about a mile inland from the town on the sea. I did not go to the town but at once made inquiries about the Morella omnibus. The *despacho* was at a café near the station. There I had a lunch of coffee and bread and oranges. The room was filled with

travelers, and among those who had arrived by train were two young girls and their father who were met by several young men, a glance showing them all to be *aristocráticos*. From their comments, overheard, they found some diversion in regarding me, whom they put down as "Inglés."

When the bus, which was to leave at three-thirty, came and I climbed to the roof seat for an unhampered view, the driver said "You like it fresh," but the full significance of his remark I did not realize until later. There two others joined me, one a *Guardia Civil* who, seeing me studying our progress on a large scale map, started a conversation, and liked the map so well that he expressed a wish to buy it. But I saw no reason for giving up what I needed and which I would be unable to duplicate for some time. Perhaps I might have made him a gift of it, as Spaniards are said to do of anything that is admired by another. But this idea may be a tradition lacking the foundation of actuality.

Several villages were passed with the usual scenes of the rush of people to the *despacho* as the bus pulled up. As the road mounted higher and higher great mountains raised a seeming barrier ahead. About halfway is the monastery of Vallivona. The road runs through its grounds, passing under one archway and out under another. Just beyond the farther one is a *posada*. There the bus stopped and everyone stepped down for refreshments. It had become very cold. Now I understood the driver's reference to my liking fresh air, and here took an inside seat. In ten minutes we were off again and more serious climbing began. The road ascended at sharp angles, and a number of times gained the

heights only by a series of many loops with acute turns. Always upward the road led, skirting ridges or above canyons of dizzy depth, while mountain peaks and ranges were all about. It was nearly sunset as a black mountain terracing to a point appeared dramatically. It was Morella. Soon darkness shut out all view and little was seen, but I was aware of nearing the town, for high above, its lights appeared as if mingling with the stars.

MORELLA

A Small Street in the Heart of the Town

Morella

Through a gateway we passed and into a big shed where hundreds of people were waiting. Apparently all Morella's inhabitants had come for this daily event. A man asked me if I wished to go to the *fonda* and guided me up a wide way—the Grán Via—over innumerable steps. It seemed an endless climb. At the top there were glimpses of tiny streets leading still higher, then the narrow stair of the *fonda* was climbed, and I was soon installed. It seemed as if the top of the world had been reached. Morella was the Roman Castria Ælia, winter quarters of Sertorius. Being on the frontier of *Aragón* and *Valencia* it has been an important military position in war times. During the Carlist struggle it was the stronghold of *Cabrera*.

The whistling of the wind woke me next day. It blew at a terrific rate and the temperature was frigid. I ordered breakfast and found their idea of coffee and mine did not agree. A half inch of coffee, with a glass filled up with goat's milk and a cake like a lady finger, would not sufficiently fortify me for a morning's work. I called for more coffee and another half inch was brought. Evidently the equal of a cup of coffee, as understood elsewhere, was to be divided among all the guests. Having supplemented my meager portion with some bread which I demanded, I was off.

I walked past the walls and far down out of the town to the base of the mountain for a view of it. Against the town the sky was deep ultramarine, but leaden elsewhere. The wind behind me I didn't feel much, but on the return with it coming straight ahead

from the north in strong gusts, I decided it no day for work out in the hills, so began work in the small streets. It was biting cold and pencils and brushes were held with difficulty. It was a day I'll remember. Never had I experienced such wind of hurricane force. Even the people said it was very bad, yet it was perfectly fair and the sun shone brightly. I considered leaving Morella to return at a more favorable season, but, knowing how mixed my itinerary would become if diverted from the continuous line laid down, and the fact that having attained Morella I might not get back to it, I decided to stick and make a big effort to secure some good sketches.

Down from the town to the base of the hill I went again the next morning. There, in the middle of the road, I began. The wind was terrific. I sought shelter in an inn. Its keeper suggested I could get the view from a second story window. I must get Morella, I reasoned, and so I tried it, though I never could work successfully through glass. The innkeeper's children and some friends stood about as I worked. He called my attention to the table where a large plate of cakes and several bottles were set out, and asked me to have some. I declined with thanks. Then he explained that it was his birthday, so I drank his health and joined in the festivities.

My drawing through the window, which was hardly begun, did not go well. Again into the middle of the road I went. There the full force of the wind struck me. My drawing board wobbled continually and with greatest difficulty I worked. The drawing lacked nicety of treatment, but the lines being put down in opposition

to a hurricane, had a certain character. There was force in them—there had to be.

Then I climbed back to lunch. Afterward, feeling refreshed, I climbed down again and walked four miles through the great hills to get that first view of Morella from the eastward as I saw it from the omnibus. The wind blew me along and when I arrived at the spot, I crouched behind a stone wall for protection from it, steadying my drawing board on the wall. But it was a hard fight getting back in the face of the gale.

The well-known poem on Carcassonne had a great subject to inspire it, but Morella seemed a greater one, not that it has as many towers, for now there are but few on its Moorish walls and gates, but its situation is much more striking. Carcassonne is probably the greatest relic of a medieval fortress, with its towers and battlements, in Europe, but Morella, in crowing the very top of a mountain peak, made on me a much greater impression.

On arriving at the bottom of the hill the old mule trail, a rough, rocky road, still used by burros, leads straight up to the main gate, but it seemed incredible that a wheeled vehicle ever went over it. The newer road swings from one side to the other across the eastern face of the mountain to the same gate. The town is all above and to it the Grán Via leads. It has, by actual count, two hundred and twenty terraces or steps, and at its top is the Calle del Mercado, the main street. The Iglesia de Santa María la Mayor is a further climb, and the castle, on a big hill still higher than the church, forms a finial to it all. To the left of the Grán Via runs the Calle del Mercado, just wide enough for a

MORELLA

A Mule Team Outside the Church Door

single cart to pass between the houses, the arcades of which are supported by great square piers. Along the arcades are various shops and a few cafés, and its easterly side is the recognized *paseo* where young men and women walk in the evenings before dinner, on Sundays, and fiesta days. At its far end is the Plaza Consistorial from which a small street leads to the Puerta Cuartel. Directly adjoining the Plaza Consistorial is Plaza Estudios with a row of houses with many wooden balconies.

To the right of the Grán Via is the Avenida de las Calle Hereresii. Following it the Iglesia San Miguel is reached. At its left side is the Puerta Alameda and

on its right at a short distance pile up the two huge towers of the Puerta San Miguel.

Monday was market day and on Sunday afternoon people in their mule carts began to arrive, coming long distances, some from Benicarló below Vinaroz more than fifty miles. About the market place, amid the piers of its arcaded houses carts were parked in readiness for next day.

It was discouraging to hear the *sereno* as he passed under my windows at the back of the house the next morning and called "las tres y lloviendo," as it was raining hard. Still it was pleasant to hear his voice during the night hours, and this one had the most musical voice of any I had heard. He announced that the streets were quite without excitement by a long-drawn-out "*sereno-o-o-o-o.*" But there is one drawback about the *sereno* in that if one becomes used to hearing him one is apt to lie awake waiting to hear his call.

When I tried to work from the protection of the arcades, which did not give the view wanted, a shopkeeper with whom I had talked the day before explained that a corner window of his shop commanded the market place, and invited me in. So climbing into the window and surrounded by piles of boxes of all sorts of dry goods in a space so cramped that there was little elbow room, I started a general scene of the street, people and all, while small boys outside exercised their ingenuity in attempts to climb up for a look.

The costumes were as much of the old Spain as one could wish. The men were mostly in knickerbockers with black handkerchiefs twisted about their heads, and

some wore black velvet suits and elaborately pleated white shirts generally with no collar or neckwear. All carried the folded blankets over the shoulders, the black and white checked ones being a prevailing effective pattern. A feature of the women's costumes is the large black handkerchief worn as a bonnet. Their clothing is mostly black and all wear steel-gray aprons.

The church of Santa María la Mayor, which was built in 1317, has an unusual and attractive feature in the choir supported by arches and pillars and reached by an elaborately carved staircase which completely encircles a column. Once every six years, in May, a religious procession to the Virgen de Vallivona winds through the narrow streets and attracts people from all over the province.

I tried for something of the church, but the rain fell heavily, and also my three-legged stool snapped, which I didn't regret, for the slightest breeze had always toppled it over and my rising from it was enough to cause it to fall, meaning much time lost in standing it up. Fortunately, the day before I had ordered made by a chairmaker, who specializes in the little chairs for church use, a small four-legged stool. From his shop window he saw my mishap and brought out the new one, which I had not expected was ready. The innkeeper sent his *mozo* to tell me lunch was waiting, which I knew, but considered my sketch more important, so told him "*mañana*" to his amazement, for he could not understand how anyone would deliberately miss his meals. But the meals weren't much to miss, and later I had lunch in a café.

Morella encircles the southern side of the mountain,

built there for protection from north winds and to gain the sun. There is hardly a house on the northern side. About halfway round it ends abruptly at the gates of Puerta Hermanos Gallien and Puerta Alameda, and these extremities are connected by the Avenida, a walk lined with trees which encircles the northern side. I walked around it one evening about sundown, and had a hard fight with the wind, for the walk being entirely exposed there was nothing to break its force. The walk being high up has marvelous views, and below the hills appear much confused and are further broken by the lines of many terraces.

A feature frequently met are the shrines on the house-fronts, consisting generally of paintings on tiles of saints, or the scene of a miracle. A lamp raised or lowered by a cord hangs in front. One, a saint performing a miracle painted on about twenty tiles, I would have liked to possess, but this would have undoubtedly presented great difficulties, for on it, like others, an inscription recounted how the Bishop of Tortosa had granted forty days indulgence because of the erection of the shrine.

Wishing to do a general picture of Morella on its mountain top from out in the hills, and needing a companion to explain to the farmers, if necessary, my purpose in climbing about over their fields and pastures, I spoke to the shopkeeper who had been so helpful the day before. He appointed his brother to accompany me, and at one o'clock we started, he carrying some of my things. It took some searching to find the composition wanted, and much climbing over hillsides and up rocky ravines, caused him many times to enquire "*aquí?*" as I

ALCAÑIZ

The Palace-castle Dominating the Town, with the Great Church, the Ex Colegiata, at the Right

stopped for a look before finding what I sought. When we got back I tried to pay him, but he would not accept a *céntimo*. I had led him some stiff climbing, sent him for water and five hours of his time had been consumed, yet I could not press him to accept several *duros* or anything, for this little shopkeeper had given his services to oblige a visitor who admired his country.

Sunday night I attended the movies. It was a curious experience, for, as each title appeared, the entire audience, it seemed, read it aloud like a school class reciting in unison. But what really happened, was that one-third of the audience read the captions for the two-thirds who could not read.

The little Ford omnibus, scheduled to leave at eight o'clock next morning, did so a half hour later, passed through the Puerta San Miguel and along the pointed arches of the ruined Moorish aqueduct and climbed higher into the hills, as I had a last look at Morella. For about an hour the road continued upward. I had thought that Morella marked the top, but north of it was the Sierra San Marcos, and this we crossed.

The wind had ended, the sun was bright and the air of agreeable coolness; so the journey started pleasantly. The small car heavily laden with merchandise had a hard time negotiating the hills. The view in all directions reached for miles—just hills of brown earth with sparse vegetation and a few cultivated fields of the mountain farms, where plowing was in progress. We passed many flocks of sheep tended by shepherds and dogs, the latter often neglecting their charges to test their speed with the automobile. Stops were made at small villages, or at an occasional *posada* where people

were waiting to ask the driver to execute various small commissions for them in the town. He told me that with his two brothers connected with the little autobus line he had spent several years in Los Angeles, hence his English, which he liked to display, to the wonderment of the natives.

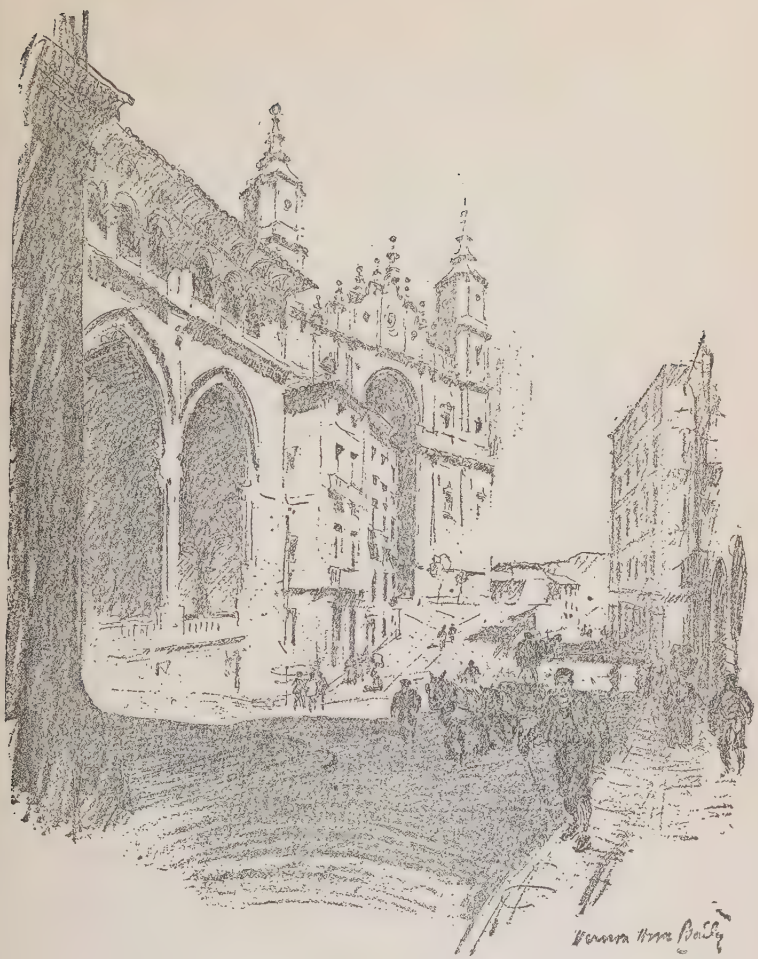
At about eleven-thirty I had lunch of a small loaf of bread purchased as a precaution at a bakeshop in Morella, very convenient for an excursion, while a fellow traveler, who shared the seat, and wore a handkerchief around his head, consumed his at the same time, neither forgetting to offer in Spanish fashion some to each other and both likewise declining.

Alcañiz

The elevation gradually grew less, and after five and a half hours Alcañiz appeared. It could not have been better; it was dust-covered and crumbling, its hill, its castle, the great Church and all, the color of the brown earth of the surrounding country. The inn seemed excellent, my little room and bed clean and attractive, birds were singing outside the window, and the first luncheon showed the meals to be good.

Afterward I walked about the small streets where women in groups sat sewing in little chairs at their doors, while others were having their hair braided and dressed. Hearing music, I turned the corner, and there, while a group of women sewed, another who was blind played a guitar and sang plaintively. Then I knew I was back in the Old Spain.

Alcañiz is in a circular bend of the river Guadalupe, which sweeps around its castle hill which piles up sev-



ALCAÑIZ

The Plaza Mayor: The Gothic Lonja at the Left, and the Church, the Ex Colegiata, Beyond

eral hundred feet. In 1179 Alfonso II endowed the order of the *Calatrava* with the city of Alcañiz, and its Convent was established on top of the hill. Alcañiz was the Iberian Anitorgis, and Alcanit of the Moors. Here in 212 B.C. the Carthaginians, under Hasdrubal Barca, defeated the Roman army and killed its leaders, Gnæus and Publius Cornelius Scipio. In 1760 the convent became a military headquarters, and for several years has been used as barracks by the *Guardia Civil*. The palace faces south, and from outside the Puerta de la Herrería, Gate of the Smithy, can be seen effectively. The hill is brown and barren and at its base, on either side of the gate, are a number of ancient houses, while at the left flows the river.

The palace is best reached from the other side by a street from the Plaza Mayor to the path, which proves not an easy climb. Two gates of the old fortifications are passed and the main portal is entered. Through this passage is the patio, and on its far side the remains of the church of the old convent, with its small *patio* attached, having two Gothic arches on each side—all that remains of that former important establishment.

Running almost north and south at the easterly side of the castle hill, the Calle Alexander leads from the Gate of the Smithy to the Plaza Mayor. And in line with it beyond the Plaza Mayor the Calle Mayor slopes to the river, and the Puente de Hierro. In the small Plaza Mayor is the Renaissance *Ayuntamiento*, and adjoining it the ancient *Lonja*, or Exchange, with an interesting arcade of three enormous Gothic arches that reach to the roof. It is now used as a prison.

The Ex Colegiata, or Iglesia Mayor, has a striking

façade, its feature being a highly ornamented high arch flanked by two towers. Its square bell tower was the minaret of a mosque. From the Puente de Hierro its great dome and many towers are impressive. There are several interesting minor churches—Carmen, of four bays, vaulted ceiling and gilt *retablo*, great piers and side aisles, and a particularly fine Renaissance door with a figure of the Saint; the Church of San Francisco having two small towers and two figures in niches on either side the main door and a single figure above it, and the old church of Santo Domingo, across the river at the end of the Puente de Hierro but now used as a *posada*.

The Zaragoza road starts from this end of the bridge, and at the right, on a lower level reached by a wide stairway, is the Glorieta, a pleasant park with trees, along the river. In it is a remarkable fountain. It has seventy spigots, thirty-five on either side, so there is practically no waiting in turn to fill the water jugs. The fountain is a favorite gathering place of old men. There in the shade, numbers of them sit and talk the afternoon hours away. From the embankment of the park is a notable view of the castle hill, above, the three arches of the Puente de Hierro (Iron Bridge).

At the foot of the Calle Mayor stands a small square arcade building with a small cupola, shrine of the Virgen Del Pilar. It suggested that it had once been a gate of a bridge. But there was no evidence of an ancient bridge and the people said it had always been a shrine as at present. In its shadow, and resting against the railings of the bridge, were always groups of men, and here were to be seen the old costumes, some of black velvet with double-breasted waistcoat with metal but-

ALCAÑIZ

View of the Church, the Ex Colegiata, from the Puente de Hierro

tons and a gray silk short blouse over it, elaborately frilled white shirts and black velvet breeches, white stockings having no feet, *alpargatas* (woven tape sandals) with wide black tapes tied around the ankles, and, for a touch of color, a purple *faja* or sash, and on the head brilliant silk handkerchiefs of yellow, crimson, blue or green, always knotted on the right side, and having the effect of the Moorish turbans from which they were derived. Some wore no stockings, but generally in that case, long trousers. Others wore wide-brimmed gray felt hats, but those who favored the twisted handkerchiefs apparently preferred them to be red. Many suggested stage pirates, a fierce-looking lot, while the women resemble American Indians and are of especially dark complexion.

The women carry everything on their heads. The water carriers were active all day balancing the jugs with hardly a touch of the hand. One carried a big basket of dishes that had been washed in the stream and all carry the heavy loads with no apparent effort, and walk very erect with elastic step even when nothing is carried. They wear immaculate white waists and rather short skirts, and the rather rough nature of their work made the smart costumes seem inappropriate. All have high cheek bones, broad flat faces and part their hair in the middle, draw it severely back and twist it into a flat coil behind; and they affect huge pendant eardrops of gold and large stones, some of them very attractive.

On Sunday the town is very animated. The plaza is filled with people and crowds enter the big church—dazzling sunlight made it a brilliant scene. In the after-

noon there is a great outpouring of women, their typical holiday costume being an elaborately figured wide skirt and a shawl folded simply around the shoulders. The shawl is also figured and has well-defined parallel bands of contrasting color. One woman's color combination was unusually attractive—a delicate soft green dress, a light lavender apron and a pineapple color shawl. They wear no hats, but a small bouquet decorates the left side of the waist and a single flower is carried coquettisly in the corner of the mouth. During the time I was there pansies were most popular. Their shoes are of gray linen with white leather toe caps and a leather strip at the back and are tied with a large gray bow.

One afternoon, as I worked near the Church of San Francisco, a thunderstorm arose suddenly and I was invited into a large vestibule for shelter. There many women and children waited, and as the lightning flashed all spoke the name of San Pedro and made the sign of the cross. Their earrings interested me. One young woman, a fine, Moorish type, wore a particularly attractive pair. Mostly they are heavy with large stones. These were delicate like spray. I asked her where they came from—her "mother" had given them to her was all she knew.

There are a number of old palaces, two notable ones being about halfway down the Calle Mayor. One, the Palacio Maynar, has an unusual vestibule. A great arch spreads the entire width of the vestibule, which an iron grill tipped with gilt with a large gate in the middle and smaller gates at either side divides from the patio. Abovè each gate are iron lamps. In the patio tall col-

ALCAÑIZ

The Shepherd of Alcañiz

umns support the gallery above, reached by the main staircase at the right.

To the east of the town in the Plaza de Toros, and passing it one morning I went on to the river, where I found a group of young women washing clothes in the stream. They laughingly suggested that I draw their portraits.

The people in general proved quite bothersome and when I began to sketch would surround me. They pushed each other and me and stood in front obstructing the view. All were most curious, but always there was some one who explained every stroke, recording every window, chimney or door indicated on the paper. "That's the church," they would explain, though it seemed obvious enough to me. When I put in a figure of a passer-by, there was great excitement, and if he was known to those present, they'd call out and inform him and he would approach to see what I had done.

Near the Glorieta one afternoon an old shepherd in a colorful costume passed with his flock. I followed him, and on the outskirts of the town told him as best I could my wish to sketch him. He declined politely, but I learned he thought I wanted to do his portrait for payment. Some women understanding my wish explained it to him, when he gladly posed very well, and received a peseta on finishing. The news that I was paying money for such light work spread rapidly about, and several others offered their services.

In the plaza in front of the church a long wooden covered stand was erected with a canvas screen in front, and was for several nights the town's chief diversion. When the canvas was rolled back its many shelves were

seen to be stocked with a vast array of articles of useful and ornamental nature. Several nimble-witted and fast-talking young men sold chances and every few minutes spun a great wheel that denoted the winner. They did a thriving business, but the hundreds of townspeople who gathered about seemed to regard it in the nature of a free entertainment.

Alcañiz seemed to exhale the atmosphere of Old Spain. It had all one might wish to find in a Spanish town—a castle on a hill, a great church, a picturesque plaza, a curious *Casa Consistorial* and *Lonja* and a main street connecting an old gate and a picturesque bridge at its extremities. The open plain as seen through the Gate of the Smithy is green and beautiful with blue and purple mountains in the far distance.

But it's the dustiest place imaginable. Dust lies thick in the streets and every mule team stirs it up. The winds blow it in great clouds. It covers the buildings and the people, and it almost smothered me. It could be easily cleaned up, but to do so would not be the Old Spain, and Alcañiz is that.

After a week's visit the *vigilante* early one morning came in from patrolling the streets and pounded on my door, and I said "good-by" to this ancient, crumbling, fascinating place.

Puebla de Híjar

Puebla de Híjar is the station where the Alcañiz branch joins the main Barcelona-Zaragoza railway line, but it was to Hijar that I wished to go. It lies several miles farther south. The autobus would not start

for an hour, so I considered how to use the time. Mule teams bringing material to a factory near the station suggested an opportunity and I set to work on a color sketch of a cart and its string of four mules. As was to be expected, a crowd, mostly of the drivers whose teams were waiting their turn to unload, gathered around me and evinced the liveliest interest.

When the small autobus started, it took but a few minutes to reach the plaza of Puebla de Híjar, where ancient houses with arcades were a fine subject, but I continued to Híjar, a rambling town on a hill dominated by its church. The autobus rumbled over a bridge and drew up in the plaza. I at once sought the *fonda*, where I left my bags, telling the woman in charge that I would return for lunch, and making known my wish for a companion, or guide. The inn servant was delegated for that job, his impression being that I was a traveling salesman who wished to make a tour of the shops to sell goods. When he learned that my walk was not to be confined to the radius of the few streets of the town, but that I wished to find an elevation giving a view at some distance, his interest cooled perceptibly. I indicated some table lands as being probably what I wished, and onward reluctantly he went. Either his lack of interest or unfamiliarity with the paths made it necessary for me to indicate the route, and after some hard climbing the top of the plateau was reached and a drawing was made. Another point to the north seemed good and to this my companion was as reluctant to go as before. Skirting the edge of the cliffs, we swung round in a wide circle and gained a position where I worked from a cave in the face of the hill. The approach of the noon hour

made the man restless. His thoughts seemed on anything but the business for which he was engaged, but I made no sign to move until my work was completed. When I returned to the inn, luncheon was ready. I had scarcely time to enjoy the food, when I was informed that the omnibus was waiting. I picked up my belongings and hurried to the Plaza, where I found the bus surrounded by villagers. I mounted and took a seat on the roof.

CHAPTER IV

To the Winding Trail

Tudela

TARAZONA, my next objective, is in the western part of the Province of Zaragoza, and best reached by train to Tudela in the Province of Navarra from which a tiny branch railway runs to it. On the arrival of the Zaragoza express at Tudela, I decided to spend the night instead of continuing. I thought Tudela might have something of interest in addition to its bridge across the Ebro, which I wished to see. It is unusual in forming a curving line to the course of the stream. Ten minutes walk brought me to it and its pronounced arc proved all I hoped for. It has 17 arches and was formerly fortified by three towers, which are featured on the coat of arms of the town.

The *fonda* just off the Plaza Mayor was very comfortable, the dinner excellent and the bed clean. In the morning I saw something of the town and found the Cathedral worth much study. It is the earliest fine church of the transition from Romanesque to Gothic and considered one of the best in Spain. It was begun in 1135.

There was a morning train to Tarazona, but learning

of an autobus, I preferred the latter as by such rides across country, through small villages, it is possible to see much more interesting things, though the little train, of amusing miniature proportions, would have had its attractions also.

Great respect for the automobiles is everywhere shown by mule drivers and people riding mules. They fear them and on their approach get quickly out of the way. The carriers are often awakened from slumber, for they depend on the mules to keep to the road. At the blast of the horn they spring down and grasp the head of the mule in the shafts; for while the mules in front may swing round as the motor passes, by keeping the one in the shafts in the road, cart and cargo are saved from being toppled into the ditch. Many people mounted ride into the fields, for mules are highly nervous and frequently bolt. Only the burros seem undisturbed. They stand quietly as the motor goes by, seemingly oblivious of its existence.

As we went on the chauffeur tooted his horn sharply, for up ahead appeared a rider on a horse, with a load of grass. As soon as the man heard the horn he thrust up a warning arm, but too late, for the young horse, seeing the motor approach, wheeled sharply and bolted down the road, while the young man flew off into the air and landed in a sitting position at the side of the road.

Tarazona

I did not wait for lunch, but on arriving at the *Casa de Viajeros* went out at once to investigate Tarazona.

TARAZONA

The Town above the Ravine of the River Quailes

It proved to be another remarkable place, for from the Puente de San Francisco near the church of that name over the river Queiles it piled up on sharp bluffs forming terraces for the houses above, all dominated by the slender tower of La Magdalena, a former mosque. Adjoining it stands the huge palace of the archbishop, once the Alcázar of the Moorish kings, while across the narrow river spring two bridges, and high in the background is the Convento de la Concepción.

With the thrill of anticipation I had a hasty luncheon and started out to take advantage of a fine afternoon, for it was May and the sun shone brightly. Across the Puente de San Francisco a brightly painted cart of yellow, green and red and its five mules attracted me. It proved my first subject. The buildings of Tarazona would remain, but the mules might move off at any moment, so while their owner stopped in the adjoining café I fell to work. Word of my activities was carried inside, a number of men came out to watch and when the color sketch was finished, the little owner, in a blue smock, appeared and admired it so much that he asked its price and, being told it was not for sale, asked if I would make another he might purchase, but on learning there was to be only that one for "*exhibición sólo en America*" showed keen disappointment. He was from the Province of Burgos, a long distance across the Province of Soria, which adjoins that of Zaragoza on the west.

On entering the telegraph office to send a message, my attempts at Spanish proved so amusing to a young man and a woman clerk that they laughed loudly and became so unrestrained that I informed the manager

that I considered my lack of the knowledge of Spanish no cause for such behavior, also, having come there to transact business, it should be possible to attend to it without being made the butt of amusement for employees. His stammered apologies, "Sorry, sorry, sorry," and attempts at English I felt were even funnier than mine at his language.

Tarazona, the Turiaso of the Romans, runs chiefly north and south above the Queiles, but across the river to the east is a lower section where is the Cathedral with a tower and cupola, both of most interesting *Mudéjar* brickwork but having an interior of Gothic style. It was founded in the thirteenth century and restored by Alonzo I, King of Aragón. The cupola of the tower was erected by Canon Juan Muñoz in the sixteenth century, and is an elaborate arrangement of little turrets and towers and finials with glazed green, blue and white tile on which the sun flashed. The Little Chapel of San Andres projecting from the rear of the apse, has a fine *retablo* with pairs of twisted columns on either side, and two paintings, one above the other, and others on the side walls. In the apse are the tombs of the first Cardinal and the first Bishop. The choir has a fine wrought-iron grill and an ornate carved stone doorway leads to the cloisters built at the beginning of the sixteenth century and remarkable for the richness and delicacy of their brickwork.

The Plaza del Mercado, the main plaza, is on the heights and here is the town hall, having probably one of the most unusual façades in Spain. Huge figures of giants or prehistoric men a dozen feet high stand in relief while enormous scrolls whirl about, and above a

frieze of innumerable small figures, in color, form a procession across the full width of the building. Such diverse ornament produced bad architecture, but a most curious effect.

When I began work it was at once plain that I would have difficulty. Idlers on the bridge derived much amusement at my expense and boys followed me for blocks. One afternoon as I sat in the plaza a crowd of small boys and girls became so troublesome and deliberately annoying, their elders doing nothing to restrain them, that I walked into the amusing old Town Hall and told the police that of the fifty towns visited in Spain Tarazona was the first to accord me such treatment. While not literally true, it proved effective. I demanded a guard for whose services I would pay. Showing my passport, a little policeman was appointed and bearing his cane of authority, went out with me. How the crowd scampered! And how quickly one particularly bad little girl disappeared around the corner.

The policeman accompanied me each day and enabled the work to proceed well. His regular duties were not of such pressing nature that he could not easily be spared, and the *duros* I paid him for several days work, probably as much as his month's salary, were gladly accepted. Noting my interest in antique furniture he told me of some and of a splendid wrought-iron balcony which I went to see and which I intend to return to purchase.

With him I spent a pleasant morning in the shade of the trees on the bank of the stream painting the Alcázar. Its main wall is buttressed by six heavy square pillars and tall arches against the cliffs and its huge mass is

imposing. Many evidences of its Moorish origin remain in the brickwork and the form of its windows, and in general it is one of the most impressive buildings of that period in Spain.

In the afternoon, accompanied by my guardian, I went to the terrace near the Church of La Magdalena, which has a superb view across the ravine to the Cathedral and country beyond. From there a large building caught my attention. It was octagonal in form and had a patio which suggested a bull ring. I saw that it was used as habitations. I believed I had discovered an early apartment house, but inquiry showed it to be the old bull ring converted into living quarters. The sun was very hot alongside the parapet, and I looked about for a place in the shade. Above, a terrace of the church was in shadow. I asked my policeman if he could arrange it so that I could work there. He presently returned, opened a small door in the wall, and I mounted to it. Below was the tree-lined ravine of the river with an old church, the Sanctuario de Nuestra Señora del Río on its bank, then the old bull ring and beyond the Cathedral with great masses of foliage and the plains stretching to low reddish hills on the horizon. While I worked and the policeman dozed in the shade, two priests came out and displayed friendly interest. As I turned toward the south I received a surprise. A great snow-capped mountain which I had not previously noticed, rose near by, seemingly almost in the town's back yard. This was the great Moncayo, seven thousand six hundred and ninety-six feet high, whose icy blasts are feared throughout that region even to Calatayud far to the eastward.

TEAM OF MULES

Sketched While Waiting for the Diligence

One evening I walked into the higher parts of the town along the Calle Mayor, which, starting at the Plaza del Mercado, runs into the Calle Wilson past the Church of San Antilano which leads to the Plaza Castelar. Beyond this plaza is the Church of San Miguel. About is an entirely different sort of town, the aspect of streets and little plazas being that of a small village. It is the quarter of the farmers and laborers; into it at nightfall come men and mules returning from the field, and with the long poles of the plows lashed to the mules' backs, they suggest American Indians on the march.

There are several churches, including the Iglesia de

la Merced, just off the market place, and some are entirely abandoned. What the town was in its great days, and what Spain formerly was, can easily be imagined in the evidences of great wealth in richness of carving and other embellishments now sadly neglected and crumbled away. Churches and convents in ruins, each have their story, or rather thousands of stories of great events.

The Sunday I arrived I noticed some people not usually found in the back country, and learned they were of a theatrical company who for several days would give two performances daily—afternoon at six thirty, evening at ten o'clock. I attended an earlier performance and found the theater new and well appointed. The company played a sprightly comedy very well and, though I could understand little, I enjoyed the diversion, but was glad when they left town, for on returning to the inn at one or two o'clock they were noisy and disturbed my slumber.

My plan now was to swing around another loop and start southward with Soria, a mere stopping place en route to Almazán. The bus left at two o'clock, and seeing it would be crowded I climbed to the front seat on top and had a last look at the mule shoers and clippers at work in front of their wide doorway under the *fonda*. The day was perfect; the sun bright, the air cool, and despite the difficulties encountered with the people, I had the satisfaction of a successful visit. Tarazona was after all one of my pleasantest experiences, and now the open road ahead gave opportunity for imaginative flights and speculation as to where it might lead.

En Route to Soria

Soria lies to the southwest roughly forty miles and the time is four hours. On gaining the outskirts of the town the great snow-capped Moncayo loomed to the southeast and remained in sight most of the afternoon. The road was an excellent one and lined much of the way with tall trees. South of the Sierra de Moncayo great undulating plains, in which no house or tree was visible, extended to pale blue mountain ranges that formed the horizon. The bus halted at the town of Agreda, charmingly situated on the edge of the cliffs above the River Queiles and having an interesting two-towered church. Passengers dismounted and others took their places, the bundle of morning papers from Zaragoza was here distributed, while a sandal maker, seated outside his door, worked at his board, never losing a moment in molding the fiber tape into footwear. At one of the villages en route I entered the inn and stood under the broad circular chimney opening. Around its curving sides was the long bench where, during winter evenings, the inhabitants would gather about the fire built in the middle of the stone floor.

Soria

Soria is beautifully situated among the hills of the upper Duero. As there were no compelling subjects, I enjoyed it quietly in visiting a few churches and going five miles north to the site of the pre-Roman town of Numantia, celebrated for its long and heroic struggles with the Romans. It was destroyed 133 B.C. by Publius Cornelius Scipio Æmilianus. Numantia covers the top of a big hill, a splendid town site, with extensive

panoramas, and there the air was pleasantly cool. The ruins consist chiefly of fragments of house walls, the former streets, a few wells, a column or two, and are impressive in extent, covering many acres. These are not of the earliest Numantia, but of the second or even third town built on its ruins. It is a "National Monument."

Soria's most important church is the Iglesia de Santo Domingo, chiefly interesting because it is a splendid example of Romanesque architecture. The Church of San Pablo is also remarkable. It is of unusual width for its length, its aisles almost equaling the width of the nave, and great columns, spread fanlike into the groined ceiling, and daylight fills its every corner. Its greatest treasure is a "Descent from the Cross" by Titian. It is signed "Titianus" plainly enough and is an excellent picture broadly conceived, composed and painted.

The sacristan showed me into the pleasant and very early cloister, where were the usual sepulchers. One had a hinged front which he unlocked and let down, exposing what was almost a mummy. It was believed to be, he said, the son of Pedro the Cruel, but on what authority he did not know. After these hundreds of years, small shreds of cloth, which the sacristan called *damasco*, were still visible, with touches of red color plainly evident.

Soria is the terminus of a branch railway from the Madrid-Barcelona line, and I continued by it next morning southward to Almazán, a town situated where the River Duero, coming from the north, turns sharply to the west on its way toward Portugal and to the Atlantic.

Almazán

On climbing down from the train with my many pieces of luggage, a crowd of boys immediately surrounded me and offered their services, but I looked for a public vehicle of some sort. There was none. A man informed me that he would transport my things into the town whose towers rose suggestively a half mile distant, and after a few minutes he carried them to a cart that had been loaded from freight cars. The load proved to be bags of fertilizer, and on top of them my things were placed and taken to the *fonda* at the entrance of the town, reached by the Calle de la Merced. At right angles to this street to the left is the Calle del General Martínez and to the right the Puente de Piedra, of thirteen arches, leading northward.

On the plaza at the south end of the bridge is an unusual hexagonal building of yellow stone called the Cuesta de Sisus. Its high pitched roof and cupola are painted blue and a carved Renaissance entrance faces west. Past it the Calle de la Merced leads up a slight grade to the Arco de la Villa, an ancient gate remodeled in 1886, now the town's clock tower, which stands at the southeast corner of the Plaza Mayor, surrounded by arcaded buildings in which are shops. On its west side the Plaza is dominated by the ancient palace of the Conde de Altamira, a large brown stone building of noble proportions, now used for the Provincial offices and the telegraph bureau, which, when I tried to send a telegram, I learned was closed from noon till four o'clock daily. The palace has an extensive *patio*, and

its river side, high above the stream, commands a sweeping view northward from its second story loggia of eleven rounded arches. Below this, on the first floor, is a loggia of three large pointed arches.

On the east side of the Plaza is the Iglesia de San Miguel, having an unusual portico of double arcades of three arches each with iron grills and a main gate. Seen from the river its large octagonal cupola is an impressive mass in the town's sky line. Adjoining it is the Casa Consistorial, housing the courts and jail, a building of red brick and stone trimmings, but an inharmonious reconstruction in the middle of the uniform block of buildings.

I walked across the Puente de Piedra and from it obtained an effective view of the town, particularly as from here seven towers and domes almost equidistant are visible. They are the Convento de Las Mujeres, San Vincente, San Miguel, San Pedro, Santa María, Arco de la Villa and the Cuesta de Sisus. There are other churches: San Esteban, Santa Clara and the Convento del Campanario.

From the west side of the Plaza three streets lead. The middle one is the Calle de Diego Laines, leading to the Church of San Pedro, where the street divides into two; the one to the right is the Calle del Campanario at the end of which is the convent of that name. Just beyond the convent are the ruins of the old walls and the ancient gate, the Puerta del Mercado. The street at the side of the Palacio de Altamira is the Calle del Palacio, which runs to San Vincente. Beyond, it is called the Calle de las Mujeres from the convent at its end. In the Calle del General Martínez, on the

TARAZONA

The Palacio Episcopal, the Former Moorish Palace, and the Tower of La Magdalena, above the River Quailes

easternly side of the town, stands the two round towers of the Puerta de Herreros.

Water for household purposes, as everywhere in Spain, is carried in great jugs, but here chiefly from the river, and at the end of the bridge steps lead down to the water level where women and girls are always filling the jugs. And the animals are driven to the river to drink. In the early morning large herds of cattle and goats and numbers of big black bulls passed over the bridge to drink on the northern shore, and mules also quenched their thirst in the shallow but rapidly flowing stream, while goats and oxen grazed on the islands, or on the sparse vegetation of the river's dry bed.

Hearing music I discovered near the bridge entrance two pipers and a drummer playing for a number of girls and boys dancing on the rough stones. Musicians and dancers seemed never to tire, and continued all that afternoon and evening. This proved only preliminary to the *fiesta* of the next day, Sunday, when not only did the dancing go on ceaselessly in the section along the river, but, after nightfall, was transferred to a little public square in the western precincts of the town where several hundred young people danced, while as many others looked on.

During the afternoon there had been an outpouring of people, and many strolled along the *Arboleda*, a pleasant grassy walk on the river's northern bank. From the Puente de Piedra it extends westward about three-fourths of a mile and is about forty feet wide, lined with trees and provided with many stone benches and rustic seats. Near its entrance a number of men were at play. At first I thought it quoits, but found that

the game consisted of tossing large stones in attempts to dislodge a block of wood balanced on top of a larger stone—a source of great excitement. Across the road a café was tightly filled with townspeople and soldiers seeking refreshments.

Almazán seemed quite undiscovered so far as artists are concerned, at least the curiosity of the people suggested it, for they appeared entirely strange to my sketching in the street. When I attempted to work from the vantage point of the bridge fifteen or twenty young men crowded about, making progress difficult. Among those who appeared inquisitive I noticed a number of times a tall, lanky Spaniard with thin, dark face, black hair and long mustache who seemed always snooping about—a perfect type of stage villain. Several days following my arrival I was in a barbershop in the Plaza being shaved, with my face covered with lather. Suddenly he appeared and began interrogating me as to my business in that town, how long I intended to stay, etc. He had waited until I was at a disadvantage before accosting me. But I did not intend to answer under such circumstances nor in a semireclining position, and anyway the shave was none too comfortable; so I wiped my face free of soap and told him to come along to the inn, where I left him waiting outside and got my passport. First I showed that to him, then my French identity card and important letters to high government officials and others of distinction in Madrid, many more than he found pleasant. "Do you wish to see more?" I asked, but he was satisfied, rather embarrassed and eager to be relieved from seeing others. He did not again appear during my stay. Perhaps he went into tem-

porary retirement, though, had he been about one afternoon, he would have found real opportunity for the exercise of his authority. I was being greatly annoyed, while working, by a crowd of young men; then a man, the worse for wine, came along, and the crowd, ever ready for something new, turned its attention to him. I was entirely delighted to relinquish the spotlight. The crowd jeered the drunken man so that he chased people about yelling wildly at the top of his voice, and throwing at them a heavy club he carried. It was not a calm environment, but, while the crowd's attention was thus diverted, I took advantage of it and pushed my drawings to completion. Later he entered the Plaza and continued his misbehavior in front of the police station, where, possibly because it was the hour of the siesta, no policeman appeared to interfere with him.

In the river are islands reached by jumping narrow water courses. As they provided a good point of view, I crossed to them, but was observed from the bridge at some distance and immediately a crowd of boys swept in my direction. The river that day was unusually high, however, and they could not make the jumps to where I was, but coming as close as possible on the opposite bank, they kept up a flow of abuse and tossed stones into the water in an effort to splash me. One finally turned up his trousers and waded across, but my threatening attitude on his approach, not displayed until then, prevented him from mounting the bank. However, the fellow travelers I met in the inn were quite different and several offered valuable information and were as helpful as possible. South of the town is another rail-

way line, that between Vallodolid and Ariza and by it I left, en route for Medinaceli.

Medinaceli

A small photograph of an old plaza with a church tower above the houses was my first knowledge of Medinaceli, and there I was looking out into that plaza, which proved all I had hoped for, for its buildings have arcades supported by columns and pillars, while others have an arcade above as well, and at one side is the Palace of the Duke of Medinaceli, the seat of the celebrated family for centuries.

How many travelers by railway between Madrid and Zaragoza have seen the ruins of a Roman arch standing clear against the sky at the top of Medinaceli's great hill, 3,800 feet above sea level? But how seldom has one alighted and climbed up to investigate it? An Iberian town of great importance in early times, a Moorish fortress to check the advance of Spaniards from the north, it is now nothing but an almost deserted village with a handful of inhabitants, though the present Duke, who lives mostly in Madrid, still keeps up the palace of his ancestors, whose tombs are in the church.

It was a bleak afternoon when I arrived at the station of Salinas de Medinaceli and in a cart made the long tedious journey by the widely winding road to the hill top, where the driver drew up in front of a stone house in a corner of the plaza. The infrequent visitor is accommodated here, and from the windows of a large room on its second floor I gained first impressions. The plaza at the moment appeared most desolate and dreary,

for rain was falling heavily and night approaching fast. Though I understood it to be a small town I was unprepared to find it a mere shell.

I had sent a small boy to the railway station at the foot of the hill with a telegram and, making myself comfortable at a table, looked through a large package of mail that awaited me. As I was finishing the boy got back from the station soaking wet and said it was impossible to send a telegram there as the office was for railway business only, and that the nearest public telegraph office was more than twenty miles distant. It caused a distinct feeling of remoteness. Afterwards, being interested to find a Spanish table, I asked the woman about one, but none of the type wanted was available, but she showed me in the parlor the grand set of ancient furniture of the house. It consisted of a sofa, two large arm chairs and four small chairs upholstered and covered with yellow satin beautifully figured with quaint little bright-colored flowers. I asked its history, but she could tell little. It had been in the family always. Then I said I'd buy it. The money was paid, but as she couldn't write, the receipts were drawn up by her son, who promised to get a carpenter to make the crates.

The storm increased, the rain fell in torrents, the wind raged and, as the room had become cold, I sought a more comfortable one. The kitchen was the only room that met that condition; the woman piled brush onto the fire, which burned up very quickly but gave off great heat. Though I had dinner in the usual room, it was more comfortable to return for coffee to the kitchen fireplace, around which other guests gathered while the women attended to their household duties.

Next day the carpenter came early and I explained what I wanted—the furniture completely covered in sacking and thoroughly crated. At noon he informed me it was finished. I found it covered with sacking as ordered, but without crates; there was nothing to prevent the legs being knocked off in transit. As the crates had to be made and the cart to take them to the station had been ordered for four o'clock, I awoke him to activity, and had a busy time of it trying to get my drawings and also to see that the packing was properly done. Not until five-fifteen was the work finished; then the six chairs, packed in pairs, and the sofa, making four pieces, were loaded onto the cart, beside which I walked several miles down the circuitous road to the station in fear of not reaching it before closing time at six o'clock. But I arrived just in time to have it accepted, then climbed back up the hill alone as night came on rapidly.

That evening, escorted by two young men, I walked about a few streets, saw the gate of the Romans and noted its three arches, a small one on either side of the main one having been for the pedestrians. It is of the first century A.D. and stands alone, for the walls have fallen or, as is so frequently the case, have been converted into house fronts and punctured with windows.

Next morning I was called at five-thirty and at six-thirty, the appointed hour, the cart, which had come up from the station, arrived to take me to the train. The train was mixed, a freight train with two third-class passenger coaches attached, so I experienced their hard board seats during a journey of more than four hours, for the train stopped at every station; but there being so much to see I did not especially mind it.

CHAPTER V

The Mountains of Spain

Calatayud

CALATAYUD is a jumble of small streets and *plazuelas* with no dominating or focal point, for its Plaza del Mercado is insignificant. Its chief feature is the *Alameda* which is arched over completely by three lines of large trees, providing grateful shade. The main driveway of the *Alameda* is a part of the Madrid-Zaragoza road.

The castle of Ayub was built here by the Moors in the eighth century. Alfonso I of Aragón took the city from them in 1119.

The several important churches are mostly former mosques. Their towers, ancient minarets decorated by characteristic brickwork, stand in strong contrast against the line of sandstone hills, curiously formed through erosion, below which the town is built. The hilltops have castles and *ermitas* standing white against the sky, but their sides are filled with caves, many still inhabited as before and during the time of the Moors. Some high up have no visible means of access, but were perhaps reached by ladder as were those of the cliff dwellers of the southwestern United States. Other cliffs are dotted with small houses built against them with rooms leading off behind. The whole town, distinctly Moorish

in character, has an aspect of great age and of crumbling by the weight of centuries.

Calatayud, next in size in the Province of Aragón to Zaragoza, has flour mills and factories, but outside it are miles of richly cultivated fields highly irrigated. The irrigation of this region is quite different from that of southern Spain, where water is raised by water mills and mule power. Here it is led from the mountain streams into the ditches and furrows. One morning workers in the fields brought planks so that I could cross the wide irrigation ditches too broad to leap over. The flow of water was rapid and the volume great as it came in from the river Jalón. The Jalón runs north and south on the easterly side of the town proper. Crossing the bridge the *Alameda* parallels the river, and across the *Alameda* is the Plaza del Fuerte, faced by a tall iron fence and gates. Above its trees appears the Moorish tower of the Church of San Juan. At the left of the Plaza is a large ancient palace now used as a military barracks, and alongside it a busy rope walk such as is seen so frequently in Spain.

At the Plaza begins the Calle Edouardo Dato. Off from it at the left is the Church of Santa María with one of the most important towers and a Moorish entrance with wide eaves and carved figures of later periods. At the northern side of the town is the Colegiata del Santo Sepulcro, a big church with two towers and dome. Just beyond it leading out from the Calle Sancho y Gil is the Puerta de Zaragoza. From this gate runs the road to the site of Bibilis, about two miles distant, the stones from which were largely used in the building of Calatayud. Bibilis, like Numantia in Soria, was one of the

earliest settlements in the Iberian peninsula. Across the Jalón on the way to the railway station is a monumental fountain bearing the name "Bibilis" and the date "1598"—perhaps a memorial of the ancient city, erected in that year—which still furnishes water for women washing clothes in the moat adjoining it. The moat surrounds a hollow square planted with grass and trees and is long enough to accommodate several hundred women. Bibilis was founded by Italic colonists and is the birthplace of Martial.

One afternoon a church procession of double lines of people carrying candles passed along the *Alameda*, though the rain had transformed it into mud, nor did the mud interfere with the usual evening walk before dinner in which thousands participated.

As for leaning towers, Calatayud has one, that of San Pedro, a former mosque. It does not lean from the ground up, owing to the settling of the foundations, as does that of Pisa, but bends sharply well above the street, and at an angle so great as to appear to be on the point of pitching into the roadway at any moment.

Opposite San Pedro is a big palace, the birthplace of one of the town's chief heroes, Don José de L'Hotellerie Fernández de Heredia, who, as a tablet on its wall recounts, "died at Zaragoza in defense of its Puente de Piedra."

The hotel where I stayed, on the *Alameda*, proved to be an excellent one. My room was spacious and clean and the cooking of remarkable quality, all for ten pesetas ($1.40) per day. In front of it about the seats under the trees, bootblacks noisily pursued their calling. They all proved to be as precocious and agile witted as

any to be found in New York. I engaged one of them several times to accompany me to subjects in the town or fields.

The Calle Edouardo Dato has several large cafés, and in one a blind man played the piano. Thinking it would prove interesting, I went there several times but he played so infrequently that I never heard him. It reminded me of the long intervals between music in Spanish light opera.

At a garage on the *Alameda* I engaged a motor to go to the ruins of Bibilis. The driver designated didn't like making the trip, which is over a very poor and little-used road, and on arriving at a railroad crossing at the bottom of the hill on which Bibilis stood, was in a worse humor. There he stopped.

"This is the place," he said.

"Where are the ruins?" I asked.

"On top of the hill," he replied.

"Well," said I, "I hired the motor to go to them. Go ahead."

"No, the motor stays here. It cannot climb the hill. You must now walk."

"But the garage proprietor agreed to transport me to the ruins of Bibilis. This is not Bibilis. He did not inform me the motor could go only part way."

Believing the driver's statement might be due to his ill humor, I ordered him to drive back to the town. At the garage I reminded the proprietor that his agreement was to take me to the ruins of Bibilis. His driver had not done so, but had stopped at the railway crossing. The agreement had not been fulfilled. If a motor could not climb the hill, he should not have agreed to drive

me to the ruins. Its inability to reach them was his responsibility. The service for which I had agreed to pay had not been performed. All this I told him, but, to avoid complications, paid, deciding that next time the service agreed upon should be stated plainly in writing.

Teruel

Towers, domes, minarets and cupolas of brick with tiles of green and white glistening in the sunlight is the first impression of Teruel. On a ridge above the fertile valley of the River Turia it stands in citadel fashion, though little remains of the walls that once made it a stronghold.

The capital of the province of Teruel, the southernmost of the greater province of Aragón, Teruel appears a busy town. There is much movement and bustle, yet with all the resulting feeling of modernity expressed, its setting remains that of past centuries.

Few livelier plazas there are in Spain than its irregular-shaped one lined with old houses with the inevitable arcades. It is dominated by a circular fountain fed by the old aqueduct, and is the center of constant activity, being surrounded by many women filling water jugs, which they load onto patient burros. Under the arcades are the shops and in early morning the whole plaza is covered with tables and stalls of provisions and garden things, and young pigs, rabbits and chickens in crates are about, for every day is market day in Teruel. The market activities cease about noon, but a few stands always remain, over which wide umbrellas spread and

protect from the sun the varied stocks and the men and women who attend them.

The women wear small woolen shawls, of orange, yellow or brown, around the shoulders. White waists predominate and long wide skirts with white aprons over them. White canvas sandals and black stockings complete the costume.

From the station in the valley the visitor mounts a monumental stairway, completed in 1924—of brick and stone in the Mudéjar style and ornamented with green and white tiles derived from the Mudéjar towers. At the top a large panel depicted in relief a scene from the "Lovers of Teruel." I determined to learn more of this legend. At the top is the Paseo del Ovalo, a street and wide terrace facing south and overlooking the wide green valley of the river.

Teruel is a rough oval in form and across the Paseo del Ovalo begins the main street, which bisects it almost equally. It leads to the Plaza Mayor in the middle of the town and continues to the Paseo de Agosta on its northern side, where, a short distance from it, is the aqueduct, *Los Arcos*, designed by a French engineer and built 1537-58. It has two rows of superimposed arches and a foot bridge incorporated in it. Beyond the aqueduct is the modern Puente de la Reina Victoria over which passes the road to Alcañiz, spanning the ravine.

The tall square Mudéjar towers of brick and tile are the dominating feature of the town. There are three which served as gates in the ancient walls and lookouts for the guards in time of war. Down the street on the left of the plaza past the Plaza de la Constitución one comes to the Torre San Martín and, just off the plaza

TERUEL

The Torre de San Martín, One of Its Great Mudéjar Towers, and the Church of Santiago

to the south is the Torre San Salvador while to the right is the Torre San Pedro adjoining the Church of San Pedro. It is a copy of the Mudéjar ones and was built in 1795.

The Cathedral with tower and cupola in Mudéjar style is at the left of the plaza, down the Calle del Venerable Francisco de Aranda. Its modern entrance with iron grills clashes with the older buildings. An archway through its tower passes to the Plaza del 29 Septiembre with a statue of Aranda, who was a monk and statesman. On the right of this plaza is the *Palacio Episcopal*, and opposite it a convent.

Near the Torre San Martín is the Seminary and the Seminary Church with two small pointed towers of white and yellow stone. Along the Calle del Seminario is the Convento de Santa Clara, Iglesia de Santiago and Convento de Santa Teresa, all forming an imposing group, especially when seen from below. Here where is now an open space stood the old theater which on being demolished was replaced by the present one.

From the end of the Paseo de Ovalo at the head of the grand staircase the Calle de San Francisco leads down a long incline past the infantry barracks on the left to the Calatayud road and the bridge over the Turia.

Among the great houses the palace at No. 3 Calle del Rubio is noteworthy. Its façade is handsome, being finely proportioned with three large windows, surrounded by pilasters and pediments on its principal floor, with iron balconies, and at the top there is a loggia of eight arches. In the Plaza de la Libertad, facing it, is a monument in memory of those who fell in the Carlist War of 1874. Farther down the street is the

Church of San Miguel, whose slender Mudéjar minaret is topped by green tiles.

With the approach of the annual fair the town filled up and during its progress the plaza became crowded and great throngs surged along the walks under the arcade, while at the side of the fountain on an especially erected stand, a military band played at certain hours the stirring music of Spain; and the tables on the sidewalks in front of the cafés failed to accommodate all who wished to stop for refreshments.

Along the Ronda de D. Victor Pruneda, skirting the east side of the hill on the line of the old walls, where several crumbling towers remain, booths were set up; merry-go-rounds uncovered their rearing horses and fierce-looking wooden lions; and circuses unlimbered from wagon trains their menageries and tents. Farther along toward the north side the Plaza de Domingo Gascón was lined with many booths specializing in marvelous arrays of small articles and cheap jewelry. In the shadow of the aqueduct match games of *pelota* were played against the ancient walls while enthusiastic adherents urged on their respective teams. Refreshments were peddled or sold from stands about, and two young men secured a full share of attention by their spectacular methods of selling cloth for the making of pantaloons or coats to the people from country districts or small villages.

One of them, having mounted a table, kept up an unceasing flow of talk while a bolt of cloth he held was drawn out to its full length by his partner, who grasped its other end. With acrobatic gesticulations and the most rapid Spanish I had ever heard he proclaimed the

virtues of the materials, which he frequently shook into crackling undulations. The dimensions of the cloth were stated and its alleged low price blaringly announced, while the simple country people, much diverted by the amusing talk and antics, were cajoled into much purchasing. At times, when the response was slow, bids were asked, and one man followed his by tossing, with a flourish, the equivalent in *duros* onto the ground. The money was immediately gathered up. But the amount was not satisfactory to the seller, who quickly produced a handy pair of large scissors and snipped off a yard or two of the cloth. The purchaser, seeing his money out of reach, accepted the remainder.

As usual, a bullfight was to mark the high spot in the several days' celebration, and the afternoon before the *Corrida* many people passed through the Barrio de las Cuevas to the Plaza de Toros (Bull Ring). The old building, with a single balcony, was weatherworn and dilapidated. The people hurried expectantly through its corridors and up uneven steps to the higher floor, seeking advantageous spots for viewing the darkened bull pen with its six ferocious captives. There were a few narrow windows, and about them men and boys, women and children, crowded, pushing and pulling in an effort to get within range of the windows, at best only large enough to provide a glimpse for two or three at a time. And when success was finally attained, how different from what imagination had pictured, for the bulls, in the shade of their prison walls, were calmly chewing their cuds. Their relative merits, however, were feverishly discussed.

In the arena preparations for the great event were in progress. The barrier encircling it, with its little trick apertures, through which, when closely pressed by the bulls, the *toreros* so agilely slip, to the mystification of their pursuers, were being strengthened. The big gates of the bull pen and those through which the procession of *matadores* and their *cuadrillas*, with the *picadores* on horseback, all in flashing, tinseled uniforms, enter at the opening of the performance, were also being reinforced.

A lean mule, attached to an old water cart, a large cask on wheels, having started at the barrier, drew it round and round the arena in ever lessening spirals, moistening the hard sun-baked earth; four priests watched it intently. Perhaps they envisioned that great moment next day when, with the gates of the bull pen thrown open, the audience, in high expectancy and excitement, would watch the first bull dash forth.

At night the circuses filled their tents to overcrowding, while performances of the specially engaged dramatic company at the theater provided the élite with appropriate entertainment. Religious processions had their place as well, and one afternoon two lines of people carrying candles preceded by cross-bearers, entered the plaza and circled its fountain. At the rear a figure of Santa Teresa was borne on the shoulders of eight men, followed by three of the clergy in robes of gold cloth, a large military band forming the rear. On the procession's approach the people decorated their balconies, flinging to the breeze mostly great squares of white, though some used rich blue brocades.

Teruel was proving to be one of the most pleasant and interesting towns I had visited, and the hotel, which had undergone a rapid development from its former state of country simplicity, was most comfortable, with food of an exceptional quality. It had a superb location on the terrace and my windows commanded views far across the green plain southward and up and down the valley, beyond, lay the mountains, a delicate lavender in the haze; and all this for twelve pesetas—one dollar and sixty-eight cents—a day. Would that other *posadas* undergo a like transformation!

But I had not seen the "Lovers of Teruel," so to the Church of San Pedro one bright morning that quest took me. Some boys, noticing that my knocking failed to arouse the sacristan, presently brought a woman who guided me into the small room of the church in which the lovers lay. Here I learned their story.

Isabel de Segura and Juan Diego Martínez de Marcilla were of noble families which, at the end of the twelfth century, lived in Teruel in mansions almost adjoining. These young people fell in love with each other at an early age, and when twenty-two Marcilla asked Isabel to become his wife. She told him how happy she would be to marry him, but, as a dutiful daughter, she could not marry without her father's consent. Marcilla thereupon visited her father, who informed him that he had no personal objection to him but desired a rich marriage for his daughter. Marcilla and Isabel, seeing that it was only a question of money between them, made a solemn compact that they would be true to each other for a period of five years in which he would strive to make a competence.

These were the times of the Moorish invasion, and Marcilla entered the service of the King of Navarra and distinguished himself in many engagments, winning great renown as a warrior and a share of the spoils amounting to one hundred thousand crowns, and after his five years' service returned homeward. Meanwhile Isabel received no news from him, for her father, having a rich suitor named Azagra for her, intercepted Marcilla's letters and, leading her to believe that he had forgotten her, induced her to consent to marry Azagra.

Marcilla, hastening as fast as his horse could carry him, learned on the way of the approaching marriage and increased his speed, only to learn in passing through the Puerta de San Martín that it was the day of the wedding. Here he pulled up and said to his attendant "Too late. I am lost." Stunned by this terrible blow, he nevertheless entered the Segura's mansion, where the wedding festivities were proceeding, and when he saw Isabel dancing with the guests, it was, as an old chronicle records, "like a knife at his throat." He slipped quietly away without being seen by her and, knowing the house very well, concealed himself in the bridal chamber. Later he succeeded in attracting her attention, and, in the adjoining room, whispered to her the story that she had so longed to know. He told her how he had fought and suffered for her and had come back at last, only to find her another's bride. It was killing him, he said. He begged for a kiss. "If I were single and free, with all my heart," Isabel replied. "But now I am another's." "Not one kiss?" he pleaded. "No," she answered. His form relaxed; he grew cold; he was

dead. Isabel screamed, awakening her husband, to whom she explained fully. Azagra, fearing that he might be suspected of killing Marcilla, carried the body to the door of the house of Marcella's father where at daybreak it was found.

A great funeral procession was arranged and Isabel was so overcome on seeing the cortège that she changed her fine garments for a simple gown and veil and followed the bier to the church. There she approached the coffin and implanted a kiss on the lips of the corpse. Believing her a relative, the attendants did not interfere. Later they approached to remove her from the coffin and found her dead.

It was arranged that the lovers be buried together, and this was done, in an alabaster coffin, in the year 1219. In 1555 the coffin was accidentally discovered with the bodies in almost perfect state of preservation. They were reinterred, but again dug up in 1619, when they were taken to the Church of San Pedro, where they remain to this day, quite mummified, for all who care to see. Isabel is on the left and inclines her head toward Juan, while his inclines toward her, as they might have done in life.

Albarracín

The mountain stream under my windows made itself heard, and I was conscious of it most of the night. The room had been bare on my arrival, but was soon transformed by the introduction of a bed and table and chairs, for all rooms in the inn were occupied and I did not take kindly to the suggestion that I share a room with another guest. So there was no alternative but to

utilize this room in a stone building opposite which served as a garage for the autobus.

Albarracín, the city of Aben Rázan has a wonderful situation in the heart of the Sierra de Albarracín, with fertile meadows and gardens along the stream between the great hills. Here the river Guadalaviar describes a double loop and almost surrounds the rock on which Albarracín stands. Formerly it was necessary to climb laboriously over the ridge, but the road now passes by a tunnel straight through it. At the side of this opening a flight of many stone steps leads to the town.

On arrival the innkeeper, with the best intentions, thinking to make it easier for me, said that some of his guests spoke English, and brought two of them to me. At once I saw they were Germans, who probably felt as great a revulsion to meeting me as I felt to meeting them. They denied that they spoke English, and the proprietor's effort proved as unhappy a beginning as it was unnecessary, as all I wanted was a room and meals—a desire I was entirely capable of making known.

Believing me an Englishman, the atmosphere was frigid when I entered the small dining room for dinner, where four Germans sat on friendliest terms with several Spaniards. So, to the accompaniment of guttural explosions of the German tongue, I dined, ignoring them as they did me.

The balconied houses of Albarracín's plaza have marked distinction, for they are beautifully carved, turned and joined, and have an elaboration and richness of effect that is pleasing and picturesque.

ALBARRACÍN

The Church of Santa Maria, on the Brink of the Ravine

There I started to record them early that first morning and afterward made a general view from the balcony of the Casino on the edge of the cliff; there is a splendid view of the town and gorge between rocky walls, also of the gigantic piers and buttresses that support the *Ayuntamiento*, which on this side is many stories high, though only two on the plaza. Beneath me it was a straight drop to the river.

In the afternoon a view of the town much in shadow, with its Moorish walls and towers mounting the hills, engaged me, followed by some sketches of the small church of Santa Maria on the very brink of a precipice above the stream. Finishing them, I entered the Casino for refreshments, but through the window the church still attracted me, as the sun, dropping lower, cast broad shadows across the hillsides and against the walls of the gorge, proving irresistible and necessitating another sketch.

Having produced a water color, two large black and whites and four small ones that day, and feeling that I had secured something characteristic, I regarded my visit as successful, and returned to Teruel on the omnibus next morning.

"Three" was the hour marked opposite my room number on the call board, for I had been told the omnibus would leave at four o'clock, and the hotel servant *(mozo)* had been engaged to transport my belongings to its starting place. As the hour of four approached, he disappeared in the darkness with half of my luggage. The clerk had informed me that the omnibus left from the end of the *paseo*, but there I found no sign of it nor of waiting passengers, so I decided to intercept the *mozo*

on his way back. When he came he said the starting place was a garage at the foot of the Calle de San Francisco, but even this was not accurate for, after some searching, I found it in an obscure corner in another street, just as the first signs of day were visible.

Shadowy forms of passengers moved about and a number of young country women brought their belongings from a *posada*. And very proud they were of the new trunks they had purchased in the town—brightly painted, of the same pattern and bound with shining metal bands. Then the big doors opened, the autobus backed out and at four-thirty, to the accompaniment of the usual snorting, the journey to Cuenca began.

Valley of the Turia; Sierra

As the towers of Teruel were left well behind the day came rapidly. The valley of the Turia was entered and the course of the river followed. It is a region of great richness and fertility. The mountains added their color to green meadows and gardens. The bus sped rapidly over the level road and passed many people in carts or mounted on burros or mules headed for the fair of the provincial capital. The Turia follows an almost southerly course until Torre Baja is reached, then turns southeastward to its outlet in the Mediterranean, but our road here turned sharply westward and began climbing into the foothills of the *Sierra*, always turning and twisting and mounting higher. Off to the north I caught a glimpse of a hill that dropped abruptly on one side as if to a tremendous gorge. On it a castle and town appeared delicate and dreamlike, and, noting its name on

my maps, it joined others on a list for future investigation.

At one of the small towns the interest of the journey was heightened by some additional passengers, among them a prominent man, his wife, their several children and nurse. He held high position of some sort and was bound for Cañete, where a celebration was to be held that day. His young wife, being an unusual type, very blonde and beautiful, attracted much attention.

After the *Sierra* and Cañete were passed the road began to descend through mountain ravines of much wildness and here the driver greatly increased speed, dashing along and making sharp turns with meager margins between wheels and brink, causing the bus to sway from side to side and bounce about over the road. This rough handling caused two blowouts; tires were changed and to make up time lost the speed was again increased. To the few farmers aboard, to whom the omnibus journey to town was an infrequent experience, this seemed great sport. They appeared entirely oblivious to the danger. As the speed continued and the wheels spun but a few inches from the cañon's edge I could stand it no longer. Rather would I be set down in the wilderness than take further chance on death at the bottom of the gorge.

I leaned forward and shouted to the driver that if he would slacken speed I would pay him two *duros* on arriving at Cuenca. What an insult! How terrible a reflection to suggest that he was driving regardless of safety. He glared at me and talked excitedly to the mail carrier who sat next him. His face grew crimson and white by turns—he seemed ready to attack, aided

by the mail clerk. Some desperate action was evidently afoot in retaliation for my insult. Perhaps they would toss me over the cliff anyway, but on we went and presently a level road and safer going was reached where at a small village a priest came aboard and shortly engaged me in conversation. This fact undoubtedly saved me from some highly unpleasant action on the part of the driver. At eleven o'clock Cuenca was entered and grateful I was to have reached it.

CHAPTER VI

Cuenca and Huete

Cuenca

A YOUTH jumped forward for my luggage and carried it to the hotel omnibus, and from its window a moment later I saw that Cuenca was all I had hoped for. From the new or lower town, ancient Cuenca on its narrow ridge with three adjacent mountain peaks forming a triangle was a thrilling picture. The hotel is in the main street of the lower town and occupies two floors of the building over street-level shops. In response to my request for "*una habitación*" the proprietor directed the *mozo* to escort me, and going through a long passageway, we emerged into a rear street, crossing to a building where, on the second floor, I was shown some small rooms. After noticing that the first floor of this annex was the stable of the omnibus horses, I declined them. I returned to the *fonda*, where rooms overlooking the main street were offered me. As these were the only available ones, they were accepted, and I went out for a glimpse of the town before dinner.

The narrow ridge on which ancient Cuenca is situated projects from Monte San Cristóbal and below it, on the right, is the ravine of the Rio Huécar, and across it Monte Socorro, while on the left is that of the Río

Júcar with Monte del Rey de la Majestad beyond it—and into the ravine of the Huécar I walked for my first view of Cuenca's amazing landscape. Women were washing clothes in the stream, and it was shady and cool. Great cypresses lined its banks, and a road followed close by. Above were the cliffs and along their edge houses showed, and a bell tower or two, and where the cliffs were not entirely perpendicular grassy banks sloped sharply; high up, amid trees, were pleasant walks and fountains playing, where sat townsfolk and many priests, with the great mountain tops behind it all. Not only did the houses come to the edge, but some projected beyond the gigantic cliffs. Who would wish to live in a house above an abyss supported only by a few wooden props I cannot imagine, but as these houses date from 1400 or earlier, there have been many who did not hesitate.

In 1106, Ben Abet, King of Seville, gave Cuenca as a marriage part portion to Zaida, his daughter, on her marriage to Alonzo VI. The inhabitants rebelled at the transfer and the city was retaken by Alonzo VIII, in 1177.

Alonzo VIII, in distress and want, at a critical moment was saved by the stratagem devised by a Christian slave, Martin Alhaga, within the walls. He let out the sheep of his Moorish master as if to pasture and gave them to his hungry countrymen. Having feasted upon the sheep, they wrapped the skins about themselves and, crawling on hands and knees, entered the city.

During the evening walk in the *paseo* there was a mingling of the townspeople and those of the country districts. The former were on parade in their finery

CUENCA

Ancient Cuenca on Its Ridge, and Its Mountain Setting

accompanied by nursemaids with babies. The age of the child did not seem to be considered, for some were only several days old, but they were carried back and forth until nine o'clock.

There were men in the throng wearing black scarfs tied about their heads, the ends hanging over the neck as protection from the sun; they wore pantaloons to the knees, and blue half hose, over which were worn another pair less high, so that both colors showed. The women's costumes fitted tightly about their waists, rounded out decidedly over the hips, and were very full in the skirts. They also wore black kerchiefs for the head. It seemed remarkable how untouched by modern influences was Spain, and I thought of its hundreds of towns of great picturesqueness, possessing the finest art treasures, which no stranger ever heard the name of, and which often remain unknown even to the natives of a near-by province. There was a prominent resident of a town in a province adjoining Madrid on the north who said he had never heard the name of Toledo, which touches it on the south.

Spanish towns are noisy places, and Cuenca proved no exception. The people seemed never to sleep. They talked outside my window during all the hours of the night, and were at it early in the mornings, and I was awakened nearly every night, once by a heavy motor truck rumbling past and tooting its horn, another time at five in the morning by the frightful popping of a motorcycle. The people are as unrestrained as birds, and the several police forces evidently imposed no restrictions on motors with exhaust barking, and of course, being Spain, it could not be expected that lusty bands of

troubadors would be asked to hush their voices and the strumming of guitars. Some singing was entrancing, but it was no joke to be awakened at two-fifteen, again at three o'clock, and at five, when the church bells began ringing, in honor of some holiday. And this happened often.

Of all the disturbances of the night, the most surprising was a large band which passed my window at two-thirty in the morning, going to the end of the street, and then back again, playing madly. Though sorely in need of sleep, and greatly disturbed, the music it played was so thrilling that I was on the point of donning some bit of clothing to run after it and learn its name.

The arrival of a telegram caused great excitement, and several times I was aroused in the early morning hours by poundings on my door to receive one, so that orders were given at the telegraph office that none were to be delivered between eleven P.M., and eight A.M. Though the telegrams were in English, they were plainly printed in the same Roman characters of the Spanish language. Yet they often came in such garbled form as to be amusing, as the following: "Clad to sabe good unday letter hard none Monday and Tuesday finishing here but wandt hfend feck days visiting wonderful tows near—think of fou all the tig," which had been written thus: "Glad to have good Sunday letter. Had none Monday and Tuesday. Finishing here, but want to spend few days visiting wonderful towns near. Think of you all the time."

The morning following my arrival the heat was intense, dry and exhausting, and having had no occasion for an umbrella previously, I realized one could no

longer be dispensed with, as being without such protection would have incurred serious results. So the *mozo* guided me to a shop where one was procured for nine pesetas, a huge one such as the country people use, and a youth having been engaged, at four pesetas a day, to hold it over me, I began a general drawing of the town. At lunch time the youth offered reasons for not continuing longer, so another was secured for the afternoon, he also resigning the job, evidently finding it dull compared with his regular one of carrying luggage at the railroad station. The second day a small boy who, I was assured, would prove reliable took up the task and did well enough until during a rest he strolled off without a word, and I only learned of his desertion on seeing him far down the road making rapid strides into the town. Had he remained a short time longer he would have received payment for the afternoon, but to escape from what was apparently an exacting labor he chose to forego this. Finishing the drawing while holding the umbrella proved difficult, but having done so I returned to the hotel resolved to find someone who cared enough about four pesetas a day to stick to his job. I informed the proprietor of this need and that evening a man was brought to me with the assurance that he was dependable; he agreed to be waiting at nine the next morning.

José was a lank Spaniard whose badly worn clothing hung about him in loose folds, suggesting that he was little more than bones. His complexion was very dark and his cheeks and chin covered with a black beard long and unkempt. Had he been fiercer looking, he would have suggested a pirate bold. As it was he appeared not incapable of dark deeds. However, during the period

of his service he proved docile enough and was always prompt, waiting at the appointed hour. I made a practice of paying him at lunch time and again at the close of the afternoon session, so this regularity may have explained his responsiveness.

Coming down the ridge of Cuenca one afternoon, and passing under the arch of the Casa del Ayuntamiento, we took a new route that led through small streets and steep, roughly paved alleys. In front of a small stone house José stopped and with a pronounced gesture said, with evident pride, "*Esta es mi casa*" ("This is my house")—a statement there was no reason for questioning. However, evidently thinking I was doubtful and wishing to convince me that he was an established citizen, actually having a roof over his head, he drew from an inside pocket a ponderous key which he fitted into the lock, flinging the door open wide.

After breakfast or luncheon on descending the stairs of the hotel, the first thing I would see through the wide open door was José's feet and legs in the much wrinkled trousers. Then he would take my sketching kit and umbrella under his arm, and we would be off. Not wishing to lose any time, I disregarded entirely the *siesta;* but to start work at two o'clock, directly after luncheon, was a new experience for José and a difficult arrangement to adjust himself to. Generally as we sat on the ledges looking over the town and the tremendous gorge of the Huécar far below, the umbrella would drop lower and lower and presently obscure my view, and José would be found with eyes closed, napping. Rousing him, there would a responsive groan, the umbrella would be held steadily for five or ten minutes,

when its bobbing this way or that would indicate that José was dozing again, showing the difficulty of overcoming a habit and a national custom of ages.

While I had refrained from acquiring antiques because of the difficulty of carrying or shipping them, my resolution was violently shaken one afternoon, for having avoided adding even small articles to my luggage I seriously considered securing some large ones, though their size would have necessitated special shipping arrangements. In a street near the Cathedral a house was being demolished, and so seldom does an ancient house meet this fate, it was an unusual opportunity to secure the great wrought-iron grilles of its two main windows. The house had been built about 1400 and the grilles, about ten feet high by six wide, had been installed at that time.

José hunted up the man who owned them and he took us inside to see the heavy panelled wood shutters that were a part of the window fittings. For the grilles and the accompanying shutters the owner asked the equivalent of $120, and I at once had pleasant visions of their handsome appearance on my house in New York should I build one around them, as I then considered doing, or of the thousands of dollars they would bring there should I decide to sell them. But how to transport their several tons to the railway was the puzzling question. An ox team would be required to get them down from Cuenca's high ridge, and what difficulties of loading on trains and shipment to a distant port, of their journey across the seas and arrival in America; so finally this flight of fancy was dispelled.

There were always interesting sights in the main

street, and there I would stroll in the late afternoon or stop for a *cerveza* at a sidewalk table of a near-by café or walk outside the town to investigate a subject. One early evening I went into the cañon of the Júcar for the first time. The rocks were weird in form but the town appeared less effective than from the Huécar side, though this view was delightful—with tall trees lining the stream and the cliffs and with the town on top standing up quite straight. It was a holiday and there were many picnickers having fine times at boating and simple sports and pastimes along the river bank.

I climbed a hill believing there was a good view from it, and so it proved—a two arch bridge, and by it an ancient church; beyond, trees along the river; then the cliffs topped by the town, and behind it the mountain surmounted by a small chapel on its very peak.

While working here several afternoons the daily omnibus for Priego was seen coming over the bridge and speeding along the road away below at the base of the hill, the people waving their arms and cheering, while to the right the mixed train for Madrid would be leaving, and I thought of the travelers reaching the capital at midnight, quite exhausted by the long hot journey.

Several times from a convenient bench near the *despacho* I watched the bus depart, always an interesting scene, as young men perched on top waved good-by; and in the evenings the omnibus from Teruel draw up, depositing passengers who had left far Valencia on the coast, by train, early that morning.

One day I saw outside a wineshop a small baby tied on top of a load of miscellaneous things on the back of a burro. A water jug became dislodged, fell to the

CUENCA

Overlooking the Gorge of the River Huéscar

ground and broke with a crash, whereupon out from the shop came a tall, lank Spaniard from the outlying country. With arms outstretched and his every movement indicating anxiety and fear, he touched first the burro, then reached the baby, clasped it, and held it close. I then saw that he was blind. Hearing the crash of the water jug, he feared for the baby's safety, and finding it uninjured expressed the greatest joy, in fondling it and in a flow of endearing words. A moment of this and back into the wineshop he went.

The general room or office of the hotel was a square, simply furnished one with a few tables and chairs and a solitary writing desk, where in the evening the two persons it accommodated, lucky enough to have secured it, wrote letters or cast up results of their day's business. Here the men guests, mostly small commercial travelers would await the announcement of dinner, which was made by the manager, who, stopping a moment at the door, would call out "*Señores*," and then lead the way to the dining room followed by the line of ready diners. I found some difficulty in adjusting myself to the late dinner hour, which was generally about nine-fifteen.

Meals were served by two young men, who with great agility passed the courses rapidly about, and always returned, offering a second helping, asking "*Más, más?*" The salad was passed in an enormous bowl, holding enough for all, but as the lettuce was saturated in olive oil, in a sea of which it floated (this also entered into the preparation of other cooking), I invariably declined it. The excessive use of olive oil seriously affected my appetite. Once, having eaten practically no dinner, I spied in a pastry-shop window some appetizing looking

cakes which were irresistible. But one taste showed that they too were prepared in the inevitable oil.

About the hotel I had noticed during several days a little old man very slight of figure. He wore a thin pointed gray beard and his cheeks were drawn and colorless. He appeared to be ill and moved about with difficulty, in a slow, shuffling gait, pushing his feet forward a few inches at a time by aid of a stick grasped in bony fingers. One morning as I breakfasted in the general room he entered and by great effort reached the desk and dropped into a chair. He was breathing audibly, gasping in a quick labored manner and was plainly in great distress. Raising his right arm with great effort he drew from his inside coat pocket a packet of papers which he handled convulsively, evidently seeking one in particular. His whole body was writhing and his breathing rapid. Not being able to address him I called in one of the waiters to whose questions he was barely able to reply. As he made continued efforts to find the desired paper a look of terror came into his face. The waiter then took the packet and rapidly separated the papers until the old man indicated one which the waiter placed on the desk before him. His agitation now increased, his breathing quickened, his face contorted, and his fingers twitched as he sought to grasp the pen the waiter had placed in them. The paper must be signed, that was evident, and the old man was straining every nerve and muscle to do it, summoning all his strength that remained. His chances of success seemed slight. Finally there was a supreme movement, the pen touched the paper for a brief moment, and moved—and with a violent tremor his wilted body sank back into the chair.

One morning I climbed the mountain with José, hoping for a good view of Cuenca. However, the mountain was directly over the town, making the scene look as flat as a map, so I remained only long enough for a rest. The climb led, first, along a road cut in the side of the cliff, with huge rocks jutting overhead; then higher, past two small farms away up on the mountain side where the road became a trail, very steep and rough with small stones that rolled a good deal and made climbing difficult. The trail was marked every few hundred yards by wrought-iron signposts bearing the name of the chapel and indicating its direction, each being numbered so there was no missing the way.

Coming back, José talked of small towns, very old and very picturesque, which particularly interested me. And he told of villages ancient and picturesque within reach by mule-cart, so I ordered him to secure one for a journey to them, but his efforts at several stables where I accompanied him were unsuccessful—no mules, no burros could be hired, so that project was abandoned.

But José had another suggestion. There was to the south a village, Mohorte, very ancient, to be reached by a diligence, so deciding to go to it I told him to be waiting next morning at the starting place.

I was called at three. The diligence was to leave at four, but there was no means of getting coffee or even hot water for making the prepared coffee, so I had none before starting. As a precaution, I had filled an enveloped with some of the prepared coffee, and glad I was to have done so. Letting myself out the door the watchman came up to investigate, and the old part of the town looked weirdly beautiful—a deep purple silhouette pil-

ing up, its tall clock tower with illuminated dial and a few points of light from street lamps on the hill in close company with the stars and a perfect moon, a slightest suggestion of the glow of the approaching dawn showing behind.

The diligence left from a starting place a block away, and there was my companion awaiting me. Imagine the picture! A dozen men sleeping on the earthen floor beside their wagons, or in such corners as could be found and in the little office on a low step a young man and a woman side by side sleeping—and I discovered that under her cloak was a small baby slumbering also. Another diligence left shortly before mine and after the innkeeper had figured up the respective accounts of his departing guests, and they had boarded the rickety vehicle, the four horses sprang forward and disappeared.

These diligences are small affairs seating six close together inside and two with the driver. Mine soon got under way, a white mule and a small black horse being at the pole, and a big bay horse as leader. It was all decidedly interesting. As we got into the country and daylight came, the people were already at work in the fields reaping the grain with hand sickles and tying the sheaves, women working along with the men. The country was pleasant, and to the low hills on either side the first rays of sun gave much color, as we rumbled along the road lined by double rows of great Lombardy poplars planted many years ago. A small village was passed with the inevitable church on a hill, and the next was my stop. At each a man awaited the diligence for the few letters the townspeople received, which were taken singly from the pouch carried by the driver.

Mohorte

The village was nothing more than a huddle of very ancient, crude and primitive stone houses. I soon saw it offered nothing in particular, but my immediate interest was breakfast. I had understood there was a small inn, but that proved erroneous, so my companion approached the people and asked if coffee could be secured. All replied with a decisive "no." They were plainly suspicious of strangers arriving at six in the morning, and had, I suppose, never seen so queer a looking one as I appeared to them. Then they were asked if hot water could be had for making my coffee but with the same result. The people apparently were hardly more advanced than those who preceded them hundreds of years ago in that same place. Visitors such as I were most unusual, and it was not surprising that they were suspicious.

Having been spurned by practically the entire population, one woman with bright eyes and an alert expression responded favorably, and into her house we went. The main room was about eight feet square and half of its ceiling space was devoted to the chimney opening, for underneath on the stone floor, against the rude stone wall was the fire. Eggs were sent out for making a *tortilla*, also potatoes and milk, and I watched the details of its preparation. The bread was a huge brown, flat, circular loaf. Some boiling water transformed the prepared coffee, and so we had breakfast.

We went into the church, small but remarkable for the beauty of its decorations, and noticed a woman

at the confessional, having seen the padre enter the little box a moment before and draw its curtains.

As subjects were not to be had, I planned to return. The diligence would not make the trip back until afternoon, so to the main road we walked with the hope of something turning up, passing on the way sheep being sheared most expertly by two men, and near a small bridge over a fast running stream, a woman on the bank, with her burro relieved of his heavy load, was washing the wool.

At the main road a man with a burro was met, so I engaged the burro, privately reflecting that I had tried the mixed trains, the expresses, the motor car, the autobus, horse diligences, burro carts, and now burro back, and that appeared to be all.

After a few miles the burro was abandoned, and I took to the dusty road, but the heat was so severe, and, the pangs of indigestion caused by the potato omelette increasing, I made but indifferent progress. At a wayside inn we stopped for a rest and a drink, and noticed in the yard a great gate, much dilapidated, studded with splendid wrought-iron bosses or nail heads, causing me to inform the innkeeper's wife that I would like to buy them all. But she replied they were not her property, and the owner was away. Still, after some persuasion, she allowed us to detach several good specimens, for which I paid her a small sum. The indigestion had now become so acute that it seriously hampered my walking, making it necessary to consider other means of getting back. As none was available, I was forced to keep on, though the pain and intense heat almost prevented my taking another step. It was encouraging to

see at last the chapel on Monte Socorro, indicating the approach to the town. So, redoubling my exertions to reach the hotel, in ten minutes more the main street was entered and I soon arrived at my rooms where remedies that had fortunately been brought along ended an agonizing hour.

This experience, coupled with the exhausting heat during the period at Cuenca, and the obstacles to sufficient sleep, brought my visit to an end, and I decided to leave by the next morning's train, stopping at Huete to make a drawing, continuing to Aranjuez by the afternoon train. Wishing José to accompany me to Huete, I told him to be ready.

That evening, when paying my bill, I made the proprietor understand I was leaving an amount to be used as gratuities among the employees who had served me, in accordance with Spanish custom, and following my suggestion he named the sum he regarded adequate. After dinner while I was enjoying a last look at the passers-by in the *paseo*, the two waiters approached me, and with much politeness, smilingly informed me that the amount handed them by the proprietor was not commensurate with their services, so I very willingly gave each several additional pesetas, which they accepted, bowing low, with many thanks.

The *mozo* called me at five o'clock to take the station omnibus for the six o'clock train. At the station were a few sleepy travelers partaking of coffee and cognac, and I invited José to do likewise, which he appreciated so much that the offer was repeated.

He had great fun telling his acquaintances that he was bound for America with me, which was regarded

skeptically until, as the train started, he climbed into my first-class compartment and was actually carried off. Their open-mouthed astonishment was amusing to witness, but they were unaware that in the evening he would return, not on the cushioned seats of a first-class carriage, but on the hard boards of a third-class one. Almost the entire distance he stood at the open window regarding the landscape, uttering no sound. That the train ride was unusual for him was evident, and traveling first class no doubt his first experience.

Huete

At Huete I found a good spot for a general drawing of it and its hill, on which a few fragments of a castle and fortifications remained. On finishing it, I went into the town and made some sketches of a towered gateway, and the near-by fountain where villagers filled jugs and brought horses and mules to water. Completing these, we looked about for a place to lunch, and entering a café, climbed a narrow stair to a long room and ordered the best the place afforded—coffee and a large round loaf of bread, from which each cut sections as wanted. While seated at a marble table in this cool retreat, outside the window the sun's rays seethed on varitinted house walls and the rough paving blocks of the street below. In the corner, an automatic piano, responding to the impulse of the coins I fed into it, played in somewhat halting, though noisy fashion, its entire repertory of popular tunes.

At the station people were already awaiting trains in either direction. José's, which would take him back to

Cuenca, was due before mine, so his ticket being bought, his services paid for, with a tip added, José said, for the last time, "*Muchas gracias, señor, adiós*"; and at my suggestion wrote on a slip of paper, still in my possession, "Josebio de la Torre Martínez."

On the way to Aranjuez, reached that evening, there were busy scenes of harvesting on every hand. The people all day long under the torrid sun drove horses and mules over the stone or hard-baked earthen threshing floors, dragging round and round heavy plank "sleds," to the undersides of which hundreds of tiny sharp edged flints were attached. When the grain was sufficiently threshed, men tossed it into the air, winnowed the wheat and gathered it into piles.

CHAPTER VII

Castles in Spain

ASTLES in Spain! I was in quest of castles and, having learned of several in western Toledo province, had come to Toledo to begin the journey. But there were no motor cars to be hired, and when I asked for a horse and carriage there were none either, which also proved true of mules and burros. Though mules and burros are seen constantly, it is with greatest difficulty that one can be hired, as nearly all are engaged in regular daily tasks.

Navahermosa

The Castle of Montalbán was my chief objective, and the best suggestion offered was that I go by the autobus, that left at 4 P.M., to Navahermosa, a village some distance south of it, where further arrangements for reaching it might be made. Shortly before it was to leave I walked down the narrow streets leading from the Plaza de Zocodovar and, with the hotel *mozo* carrying my bags and painting kit, soon arrived at the office near the Puerta del Sol.

The usual assortment of passengers were mounting the steps of the diligence, or having places inside were busily engaged in stowing away their small baggage, while others, with the aid of the *mozos*, clambered up

the ladder to the roof onto which the larger pieces were being securely tied.

I had reserved a place in the *berlina*, the first class compartment, and promptly on the hour a few horn blasts proclaimed our departure. Following the road paralleling the old walls we soon crossed the Puente San Martín and began to climb the sharply ascending roads that wound about through the hills beyond the Tagus.

It was a hot afternoon and, as there were no window curtains, the sun, being low down, shot torrid beams into my face. Occasional glimpses from the windows showed wide spreading plains, and on the far horizon a suggestion of purple mountains, which I sought to locate as I followed our route on the map I had spread upon my knees; whereupon a gentleman at my side addressed me in English and offered his assistance, stating that he was a native of Toledo engaged in the woolen business in Barcelona, en route to Galvez, a small village on the near side of my destination, to purchase wool from the provincial sheep raisers. He entertained me with much information about Spain in general and the country through which we were passing.

Wishing to assist me, he instructed the *cobrador* before getting out to look out for me and to put me in touch with the keeper of the *parador*, or inn, at Navahermosa, who he said would probably be waiting on the arrival of the omnibus.

After several hours the gray walls and red-tiled roofs of the village were seen through the gathering mists of evening. On reaching its outskirts, the chauffeur put on an extra spurt and the diligence dashed through the

A TYPICAL MULE TEAM OF SPAIN

main street as the inhabitants rushed to open their doors and windows on either side of the street to see us pass.

Up ahead a knot of people awaited us; it was all very like American small towns when the train arrives or the daily steamboat comes in.

As I got down, the keeper of the *parador*, who was a short, round, red-faced man, welcomed me smilingly and led the way to his establishment for the entertainment of man and beast. Passing through the wide door over which a sign proclaimed "*Parador de Obelar*," I entered a large irregularly shaped room, with cobbled floor, dusty walls, and stone columns supporting a heavily beamed ceiling. Mule carts stood about and a doorway opened into the mule and burro stalls; beside this was a winding stair, and up it the innkeeper led me to the room I was to occupy; below, I noticed the muleteers wrapped up and sleeping in their great carts.

Having rid myself of the journey's dust, I signified that I was ready for dinner, and while waiting for it, stepped outside into an irregular, roughly paved plaza bordered by low buildings, behind which appeared a range of hills, the Montes de Toledo. Opposite was another *parador*, and at the right hand, a two-storied, red brick building, the Casa Consistorial, housing the village and provincial offices, over the entrance of which was the large, heavily barred window of the town jail. As I looked, several prisoners appeared and gazed into the plaza, and one grasped the stout bars, looking heavenward with an expression of hopelessness and utter dejection. Just at this moment I heard a chant, and from a side street appeared a man bearing aloft a cross,

flanked by two small acolytes, preceding a priest—then four men bearing on their shoulders a rude casket. A Sister of Charity and several mourners completed the pathetic procession. A Spaniard standing near me, by way of explanation, said, "*El pobre.*"

Presently dinner was announced by the innkeeper's wife, who had prepared it on the stone range in the patio open to the skies, and I was shown into a small room just within the entrance. On entering, I observed the table had been set for another beside myself.

Hardly had one of the daughters served me the first dish when the door opened and a young man entered.

"Buenas tardes, Señor," said he.

"Buenas tardes, Señor," I repeated.

Taking the seat opposite, he at once rolled back the sleeves of his coat, the novelty of which action interested and amused me. Whipping out a knife with a long, wicked-appearing blade, he seized a circular bread loaf the size of a mill wheel. Clutching its edge with the fingers of his left hand, he placed it in the crook of his elbow, drew it close to his chest, and sliced off a long piece. This he took in his left hand, held it aloft, studying it minutely, as a sculptor might the form of a new creation; running his eyes over it and turning it about, again he applied the knife and cut it into smaller pieces, which he proceeded to consume.

To some remarks he made I could only reply, "*no habla Español.*" Realizing that conversation with me was impossible, he devoted himself to his dinner, the long knife continuing an active part; especially when the cheese was reached, it took on the functions of a combined spear and hoisting apparatus of marked effi-

ciency. My dinner finished, I said, "*Adios*," and stepped outside, intending to effect at once arrangements for my trip to the castle next day, but the innkeeper to whom I endeavored to make clear my purpose only smiled and I saw he did not understand.

Then I thought of my dinner companion, so I re-entered the room where he, having finished dinner, was just lighting a cigarette. Laying my maps upon the table, I indicated the relative locations of the village we were in and that of the castle to which I wished to go, and by signs and quickly jotted diagrams—my best substitute for Spanish—made clear my purpose. How could I get to the Castle of Montalbán? Was there a burro to be had with a cart and driver?

Arising, his hand described several circles, and cocking his thumb over his shoulder he said something about *paseo*, which to my meager understanding of the language seemed to mean that I accompany him outside—an idea that did not appeal to me. Would it be wise, I wondered, in this strange village where I knew no one. However, into the plaza we went, and passed through the narrow streets lighted only by the fitful rays of antiquated lamps or where occasional beams of light from barred windows cast striking gridiron patterns on street and house fronts.

Turning a corner, my companion pushed open a door and entered a small passage where he talked with a man the fierce effect of whose swarthy face was heightened by a scrubby black beard, which for several days had gone untended.

What they discussed I, of course, did not know, but a return to the *parador* was indicated and there I again

laid out my maps, explaining for the newcomer my wishes as best I could.

Said I, "*mula carro y hombre*"—mule cart and man. Much talk between them followed and my newer acquaintance asked the name of my country and why I visited this village; I explained that I was a painter, and named the widely scattered cities and towns that I had visited. This brought on a discussion of the large amount of money such a tour required, their conclusion being that my extensive travels were convincing evidence that I was well supplied with it.

"*Mucho dinero*," they said in unison and repeating it many times with marked emphasis, invited me to accompany them outside, which I did with much misgiving. As we passed through the dark streets, their references to *mucho dinero* constantly recurred and caused me marked concern. Was I being lured to some remote section to be beaten and robbed, perhaps with the aid of confederates, who even then, appraised of my coming, were lurking in the shadows to fall upon me?

They stopped in the darkness. There were two resounding knocks. I started nervously. A door opened, disclosing a dimly lighted room in which were a number of men and women. This undoubtedly was the den of thieves and no doubt in a moment I would be attacked; rapid talk that followed did not help to calm my fears, but as I prepared to defend myself, my companions, much to my surprise, suddenly bade the others, "*Buenos noches, adios*," and we left the house.

"*Al Casino*," they said, to which cheering suggestion I eagerly assented with profound relief, and in the small

patio of what was a simple *venta* coffee and cognac was served us at a small table.

Then the swarthy one spoke and what he said, freely translated, was as follows: "I am Juan Utera, the carpenter of the village. If the señor desires I will be his guide and *compañero* to the Castle of Montalbán. My friend, who keeps a shop, and I learn that no mule cart can be secured, but the diligence, leaving at eight in the morning, will take us part way, to where the road diverges. There, perhaps, we must walk some leagues to the village where, if fortune smiles, a cart and burro or burros to ride, at least, may be engaged. I, Juan Utera, am your friend," he emphasized.

So across the little table the details were arranged and the next morning the diligence had Juan Utera and myself among its passengers.

The Castle of Montalbán

In an hour's time the junction of the road leading north to San Martín de Montalbán was reached, and there we found the burro cart of the mail carrier, who already had two passengers, but consented to take us also, though the small cart provided but cramped accommodations.

The five miles to Montalbán were covered in due course, the burro with its heavy load necessarily walking the entire distance, and through streets of primitive adobe houses we drew up at a *parador* where Juan entered and made known our wish for burros. The proprietor said he could supply two and would accompany us. Though recalling the discomforts of a former

burro ride, this being the only means of making the trip, I mounted one, raising my umbrella, and Juan, having taken my sketching kit under his arm, climbed upon the other; the expedition, headed by the muleteer, afoot, in costume of knee breeches, short jacket and broad-brimmed, comical black hat, was soon in the open country. The sun beat down so ferociously that the umbrella afforded but slight protection.

The country was barren, and now became wilder as we turned onto a little-used road, hardly more than a trail, leading after another hour or so to a point where the mighty walls of the castle appeared, in whose shadow we drew up and sought protection from the terrific heat.

The *Castillo* of Montalbán is now a tremendous ruin. It must have been of vast size, for its much crumbled outer walls enclose several acres filled with a mass of broken stone and débris, the sole remains of the great buildings which once stood there. A square tower having a few loop holes and a tall Moorish arched gateway of gigantic proportions are the only constructions of magnitude remaining. It is situated on the crest of a deep valley, whose rocky sides were dotted with sparse growths, withering in the violent sun, which caused my drawing to be a brief one.

In the shadows of the great gateway we spread the lunch we brought with us; then after a cigarette or two, preparations to return were made. Before starting we entered the house of the caretaker in charge of the surrounding hay fields, then being harvested. We found him with his wife and a number of slightly clothed small children squatting about a *brasero*, all eating from a great dish of stew. Poor as they were, but true to

native politeness, they ceremoniously invited us to join the circle; we declined with like ceremony, while a none too friendly dog eyed us savagely.

Back to Navahermosa

When the long journey back to the village was over, we rested at the *parador* and in the shaded *patio* had refreshing drinks; here was paid the cost of the day's expedition: the two burros, the services of their owner and our luncheon came to nine and a half pesetas, then about one dollar and twenty cents.

While waiting for the mail cart, which was to take us back to the main road to connect with the diligence from Toledo, we went with the *sacristán* into the church. Its high altar reaching to the ceiling, carved in elaborate fashion and richly gilded, is such as is not to be expected in a poor village, yet such relics of an age of great prosperity are found in practically every town in Spain, however primitive.

On the diligence trip back that evening Juan Utera told me of himself and family. There had been nine children—now there were six, the eldest a boy of sixteen, who with some of the others worked regularly in the shop.

"You must see my shop, señor," he said, so one day returning from another expedition under his guidance be begged me to stop at his house. There was his eldest boy, applying himself at the bench where his father had left him in the morning, the others also giving their tasks the same earnest attention. With what pride he showed me about, indicating the features of his shop,

its simple woodworking machinery, the great saws, planes, and chisels and specimens of his handiwork.

"I build houses," he said, "or a fine cabinet or table," and as proof of his ability he displayed a table of delicate design and workmanship and other pieces of perfect joinery and cabinet maker's art.

"Come up," he invited, as he mounted a ladder. I followed, and he showed me a number of great chests in the attic. These he opened and displayed innumerable tools of great variety and quality, beautifully kept. "All mine," said Juan Utera with natural pride.

As we turned to leave he indicated in a corner a pile of what appeared to me as small crude boxes. "For little children," he explained. Then I understood—the caskets for the infant dead. "For, too, I keep the *funeraria*," he observed.

In the *patio* the heat was intense, so one of the boys was sent to the *Casino* to order refreshments. This was served by the maid of the inn, and the small daughter sprinkled water on the stones of the pavement for its cooling effect. Having quaffed the beer, Juan Utera spoke.

"I am an able carpenter, the carpenter of Navahermosa, but my work brings me but six pesetas a day. This is little for my family, but I try not to complain."

"How much do carpenters receive in your country?" he inquired curiously; and I told him that to my best recollection, they were paid eight dollars, or the equivalent of forty pesetas, a day.

"Forty pesetas a day!" he exclaimed. "Then to America I must go!" he said with determination.

"America is a long way, the journey is expensive, and

the cost of living high," I warned him, and tried to show him that as compared to being one of many thousand carpenters in America, perhaps being the carpenter of Navahermosa was preferable.

But the lure of America was upon him.

"How much would it cost for living?" he retorted. "Here I spend daily for living four of the six pesetas I make."

"Perhaps twenty pesetas," I ventured.

"Well, then," said Juan Utera instantly, "I could put twenty pesetas each day into the *banco*," which argument demolished my warning injunctions.

The next day Juan Utera, with one of his sons, led the way eastward, to a striking, high, conical granite peak that rose abruptly from the plain where, on its top, stood the ruins of the Castle of Navahermosa. We reached it after a walk of several miles over rough and rocky ground; and as I sketched a little girl of about twelve, her face very pretty, framed in a wide poke bonnet, came up the hill and watched intently, while her father, engaged in making bricks, laid the squares of fresh clay in long rows, on a flattened area before his house, where the sun soon baked them hard.

During our early attempts at communication with Juan Utera I several times had turned the pages of an English-Spanish phrase book, in which I pointed out the Spanish words I would have said. The corresponding English ones interested him, and these he attempted to pronounce, with a somewhat weird effect. "I must learn English for America," he observed.

On the evening before my departure I stepped again into Juan Utera's *patio*. His sons were still at their

tasks; his wife, seated in the shade, was sewing, and a small daughter clung to her skirts.

"I return to Toledo in the morning," I told him.

"Do not go," he enjoined. "If you will stay I will show you still more castles—but if you must—" and out from his pocket he drew the small phrase book. "show me," he said, "the English for '*adios mi amigo*.'" Like most phrase books, this did not contain the needed phrase, so I told him the words "good-by, my friend," which he repeated a number of times; then he said, "I shall be at the diligence in the morning to see you depart. I shall say 'good-by, my friend,' and the people of the village will think that Juan Utera speaks English."

And Juan Utera was there. His attempts at "good-by, my friend" in English were not very successful and failed to impress the villagers, but the fire of ambition illumined his face.

Guadamur

Dropping off the diligence when it stopped near the road that led to Guadamur, I walked toward the castle, in the great heat, and on selecting a point of view in a field, looked about for some one to hold my umbrella. I asked a man working near by if a small boy was available. "*No hay chico*," said he, "*una chica*." "*Bueno*," I replied, and presently his small daughter, of about eleven, was doing her best at the task. As the work proceeded, several people gathered about, and a woman who relieved the small girl proved, when the drawing was completed and the pesetas were bestowed, to be the child's mother. The Castle of Guadamur was the

seat of Pedro Lape de Ayala, first Count of Huen-Salida, favorite of Enrique IV. Near Guadamur were found in 1858 the Visigothic gold votive crowns, now in the Museé de Cluny, Paris, and the Armeria, Madrid.

Hastening to get out of the sun, I sought refuge in the *Venta*, on the main road, where a simple luncheon was ordered and hot water was called for to be used in making the prepared coffee I had brought in an envelope. The quick conversion of the powder into a cup of coffee interested the keeper of the *Venta* and his wife, as well as several young men who had been threshing in a field near by. I offered some to all, also some cakes I had brought with me. So we became friendly, and I told them the usual things about the *casas de cincuenta pisos* (fifty-story houses) of New York.

Because of the intensity of the heat, these people shut themselves in their rude stone homes, closing all doors and windows, as though to resist an invader. There being no diligence until next morning I discussed with them my chances of getting back to Toledo, I was anxious, because of my exhaustion, to return that night to the comparative comfort of my hotel. They suggested that no doubt some carrier would take me as a passenger in his great cart, but as the hours passed and I occasionally braved the heat for a moment to scan the road, and only two appeared, both so heavily laden they could not accommodate me, the outlook appeared unfavorable. I then asked the proprietor if he would not provide transportation with the mules used in the threshing. This he agreed to do, asking twenty pesetas, which I willingly enough paid him. So in a rickety, two-wheeled open cart, across which a piece of canvas was

slung for protection from the sun—supplemented by my umbrella—we started.

Rural Travel in Spain

The mules walked all the way, and to divert my mind from the discomfort of this slow journey, I occupied myself in calculating the point where the diligence leaving Toledo at four-thirty would pass us on its way westward. Knowing the hour it was due at Polán, the village beyond Guadamur, and its distance, and having noted the progress of the mule team by my watch and the *kilómetro* posts by the roadside, I estimated it would be between posts eight and nine that this would occur, and was able to communicate this belief to the driver.

After passing post number 9 I kept a sharp lookout ahead, believing that at any moment the diligence would come into view; a few seconds later, a cloud of dust appeared, and from around a bend in the road, the diligence dashed and passed us almost at the point I had indicated, much to the mystification of my driver as to the means by which I foretold it.

The sight of the Alcázar towers as we approached was a cheering one and soon I arrived in the heart of Toledo, dusty and bedraggled.

A Journey by "Mixto"

As I came down the stairs into the Ritz foyer, the scrub-women were busily preparing for the new day, and one of them, answering my inquiry for the door-keeper, stepped into the ladies' parlor and roused him

TOLEDO

Plaza de Zocodovar

from a Louis XV divan, on which he had been napping, to unlock the big grill and let me out. I had been called at six and coffee, ordered the night before, had been served in my room, and thus the experience anticipated for sometime—a journey by mixed freight and passenger train—was about to begin. Trains in Spain seem disposed to leave at inconvenient hours—very early or very late. There was one that departed in the late afternoon, a mail train, making the distance in six hours, but though the morning train required two and a half hours more the prospect of a long journey did not deter me, for I wished to see the countryside by daylight.

At the Mediodia *cantina* I stopped for provisions for the journey. My hotel would have provided delicate viands, but I preferred to follow native custom. So far I had not carried a paper luncheon bag with two strings for holding it, with the name of the restaurant emblazoned on its sides in heavy-faced black type, and here was an opportunity to begin. Sandwiches I ordered were quickly made, and the agua Solares put in; I hesitated over the bananas, for they were typical Spanish bananas, small green and mottled brown affairs. I said, "*malo—malo—*" but the proprietor answered "*muy bueno*" and into the bag, without more ado, they went.

Though it was forty minutes before departure the *Mixto* (mixed train) was ready; in accordance with the usual custom the passengers arrived thirty minutes to an hour in advance of leaving time, the better to secure seats and dispose of their belongings. The platform was alive with passengers and *mozos* carrying a variety of luggage. One had under his arm a large wooden

horse having very starey glass eyes, a present to some youngster in the remote districts. Several convicts in charge of heavily armed keepers came down the platform, chained together, and had difficulty because of the leg irons in stepping onto the narrow running board and into the cars.

At one side newspaper wagons were unloading bundles of papers; the recollection of special newspaper trains at home, dashing off into the night at 2 or 3 A.M. bearing papers hot off the press so they might be read at breakfast tables in distant cities and remote countrysides, came to me and contrasted sharply with this more leisurely distribution of the news. But I wanted to see my train, which a glance showed to be a varied one. It was made up of twenty-three coaches of all heights and sizes, in first, second, and third class, painted in many colors and drawn by a large modern American locomotive. In reality it was two trains which at the junction point of Aranjuez some thirty miles distant would be divided and go their separate ways, one to the southward, and the other to the eastward, 125 miles, to my objective at the end of the line.

Then came many affecting good-bys and resounding osculations; one old woman bestowed upon a young man so many kisses that counting them became tedious. The men exchanged kisses on both cheeks. With the ringing of the station master's bell, the closing of the carriage doors and the shrill whistle of the engine, we were under way at last. Presently from the windows appeared the capital on its high situation, with pale gray-blue mountain background, and this was soon lost to view.

After an hour and three quarters' journey the junction point was reached. There my coach and several others were switched to adjoining tracks, and there we remained forty-five minutes until the station bell announced our impending departure. All was ready except that our train was minus an engine. Presently a car moved toward us and I assumed the engine was behind it pushing but discovered that several men furnished the motive power. A moment later the engine appeared swinging onto the line and soon we were a train again. This time it was composed of baggage car, six coaches, and many freight cars. The engine was French, a Creusot, and, as the oval plate on its side showed, was built in 1859; one of the familiar low Continental type, with one large pair of wheels, and one small pair, also a tall, slender smoke stack.

As the train ambled along I studied my fellow passengers. One young man, well dressed in smart gray clothes and cap, on entering the compartment had rolled up one end of the seat cushion, fashioning a sort of pillow, and immediately stretched at full length and dropped into slumber. He was awakened only on stopping at a small station, by a porter or servant who had come to meet him, and who hailed him with a hearty "*Buenos días, Señor!*" One man having occupied a seat to Aranjuez, and vanished there, reappeared after a long time, and claiming his packages and walking stick, made elaborate explanations which I accepted politely, though without the faintest idea, what he was talking about. He then entered a second class coach toward the rear. Another, with closely cropped hair and keen eyes behind thick glasses, had the look of a

professor of sciences as he sat wrapped in a linen duster intent on a pile of papers and books.

At one large town, the train stopped thirty minutes for luncheon. Having brought mine, I contented myself in watching the people on the platform. Along with the women water sellers were several beggars, one a man on crutches who carried a small dog tucked in his broad sash. Another, frightfully crippled and held upright by being strapped into a metal frame on three wheels propelled himself along the platform by means of a stout stick. A young couple who alighted here suggested a return from a honeymoon; the very pretty girl, though struggling with her share of luggage, clutched tightly a large bouquet.

As the train continued its journey I again marveled at the agility of the conductor in passing on the running board from coach to coach, as the danger of this method of collecting tickets on even a slow train is great.

As distant mountain ranges appeared, the intervening hillsides were squared off in fields of different colors, broken at times by large areas of brilliant poppies; the roads, over which passed great carts of merchandise drawn by three or four mules, were like lines of white powder. Scattered about were the familiar water wheels, ceaselessly turned by blindfolded mules, and in the wheat fields were a few workers harvesting it with hand sickles, which, in view of the areas to be covered, seemed an appalling undertaking.

Approaching one station I noticed a rapidly moving cloud of dust rolling up from the road in the middle distance; this proved to be a small bright yellow diligence, which bounded over the road as the driver excit-

edly leaned forward and lashed its two horses to a full gallop, in an attempt to reach the station by the time the train drew in.

As we stopped at the small stations, the water sellers with their cries of "*agua fresca*" ("fresh water!") and women bearing little "*churros calientes*," or spiral doughnuts suspended on long sticks, passed beneath the windows, doing a thriving business. Some one always appeared to claim the mail bag; once a boy of about fourteen carrying a letter case suspended by a strap about his neck, accompanied by a youth of the same age, looked over the letters, reading the addresses and perhaps the post card messages, as American country postmasters are said to do in leisure moments.

As the train was due to depart, the station master would grasp the rope attached to the bell on the wall of the station building, and jerk it convulsively several times. The resultant jangle was followed by notes of a hand bell carried by a blue-smocked porter who looked into odd corners for any passengers. Having assured himself that all were rounded up, he would walk the length of the train, closing doors. This operation performed, there would be a long blast of the whistle, and on we would go again.

I occasionally refreshed myself by raising the *Solares* bottle to my lips, and once as I did so, the train swerved, causing the bottle to strike a corner of a front tooth and neatly crack it off; which decided me to master the native fashion of drinking by directing a small stream from a jug held aloft, without spilling a drop.

CHAPTER VIII

Over the Roads

AS a visit to Madrid, which followed, was drawing to a close, I began planning to return to Cuenca to continue from it the interrupted tour. As the railway journey of 125 miles was a tedious one of eight and a half or nine hours, which I had experienced twice before, I decided to return by another route which at least would increase my acquaintance with Spanish towns and country.

I knew that an omnibus ran daily between Cuenca and Priego to the north, and understood that Priego could be reached by way of Sacedón from Guadalajara, which could be reached by train. Though nothing definite could be learned regarding the frequency of the omnibus connections between Guadalajara and Priego I decided to start and continue as best I could. So I reached Guadalajara early one Sunday afternoon.

Guadalajara

Guadalajara is a well-known town whose chief interest for the visitor lies in the palace of the Duque del Infantado, built in 1461, an admirable example of Mudéjar architecture. The Mendozas were feudal lords of Guadalajara. The great Cardinal Mendoza Sex Tertius, died in the palace. At the *fonda* where I

lunched and left my things I learned that the Sacedón bus would depart at ten-thirty that night, and the palace of the Duque del Infantado being the monument I wished most to see, I went to it after luncheon. The *patio* is famous and its most interesting feature, with curious carved lions above its pointed arches differing widely in character, being the varied conceptions of the sculptors employed.

The building is used as a school for the daughters of officers and, wishing to see the remarkable Mudéjar ceilings, it was necessary to join a party of sightseers being shown through the building under the guidance of some of the Sisters. The Sisters, noticing that I knew little Spanish, delegated one of the visitors, a cadet of the Toledo Infantry Academy in uniform, to explain the various rooms to me, but his English was very meager. He proved especially amusing on accompanying me through a long dormitory between two rows of students' cots, broken at regular intervals by the beds of the Sisters, which were indicated by canopies. As these were passed he pointed to them and uttered the single word "teacher." "Teacher" he exclaimed impressively, then passed a succession of cots, said "teacher" again and so on until he had announced "teacher" a half dozen times—not particularly interesting but making up somewhat for that deficiency in point of amusement.

The intricate heavy gilded geometric wooden ceilings in the Mudéjar style, and other ceilings elaborately painted with frames and cartouches in relief, gave an excellent idea of the former elaborate nature of the palace. The attitude of the Sisters was friendly and

one who smiled and talked constantly kept patting me on the back. Had she playfully touched me in the ribs it would not have surprised me.

Sacedón

The bus for Sacedón started at ten-thirty, picked up some mail pouches at the post office and had reached the edge of the town when its lights failed. To attempt mountain roads without lights was unthinkable, so the mail carrier was dispatched back to the town to bring help from a garage. Following a considerable wait he returned with a mechanic, who, after some tinkering by aid of candle light, restored the lights, and after more than an hour's delay the journey was resumed. The bus continually turned to right and left but nothing could be seen and the knowledge that it was traversing narrow mountain roads and skirting ravines created a none-too-pleasant realization of danger. In one village we passed not even a light showed through a window and there was no sign of life except the muffled form of its *sereno* standing motionless, wrapped in his great cloak.

Sacedón, whose warm baths, the ancient Thermida, are popular in the season, June to September, was reached at 1:30 and on stepping down the driver called "*fonda*" and two hazy figures advanced and relieved me of my luggage and I followed them a long block down the main street. There a big door was pushed back, a house entered and stone steps climbed to the top floor, where a room was opened and the luggage laid down. To each, as they started down the stairs,

I handed a two-peseta piece (28 cents), and a moment later roars of laughter burst forth, for these burly *mozos* of Sacedón, who greet the traveler on arrival by omnibus, escort him to the *fonda* and install him in a room, were unused to tips of such magnitude, and this evidence of my being "easy" and squandering money so lavishly afforded them more amusement than they could withstand.

Priego

Next morning voices awoke me and looking from my windows I saw that it was market day. At breakfast I learned that Priego was reached by the bus that runs between it and Madrid but once a week, and it being at the moment bound for Madrid would not make the return trip for several days. Sacedón, though having a church of some importance, was not particularly inspiring; as I was anxious to move onward to Cuenca I sought an automobile, and one driven by a young man was engaged. Dipping into a wide, deep valley great hills were surmounted and Sacedón soon lost to sight, and most of the morning had sped when Priego was entered. Priego is a small town in a wild situation surrounded by mountains and standing high on the edge of a precipice above the River Escabas.

The *fonda* was of the most primitive nature. When luncheon was announced I discovered my chauffeur comfortably seated at the table, evidently feeling quite prosperous because of the amount he had charged me for the trip. He had found some old friends, or made some new ones, and had decided to have a holiday with them.

Into the deep gorge of the river I looked and watched many men engaged in floating logs down the stream. Carrying long poles, they disengaged the logs from the jams and started them onward and with the dexterity for which they are famous balanced themselves on their uncertain footholds. For a nearer view I later walked far out from the town and descended into the gorge by a path along the river's bank and there saw numerous *largartos*. These large green lizards usually scurried into the bushes on my approach, but an unusually large one at which I threw a stone, on gaining a knoll, stopped, looked back and regarded me as if considering whether to return. In view of his most unpleasant aspect I was glad that he did not.

That night after disturbed slumbers I was awakened about 12 o'clock. I thought my restlessness probably due to skin irritation caused by the return to olive-oil cooking, but the cause proved quite different. I sent for the proprietress and when she came I was shown to another bed, "an iron one," she emphasized, but at two o'clock I woke again from the same cause and then dressed and sat up until five-thirty when I was able to get coffee, as the bus was to start at six.

En route to Cuenca the town of Torralba proved unusual, for, as it was approached from the north it suggested a huge honey comb. A slender tower rose from its hill, completely punctured by many arching caves side by side in row upon row. Of the many cave villages of Spain it is an especially good example of these primitive habitations.

Toledo has often been called the most picturesque town in Spain, largely because, it was said, it was prac-

tically surrounded by the River Tagus, but reference to a map of Toledo would show that the river does not nearly surround it. On learning of a town in Spain much more nearly surrounded by a river, my interest was aroused and its name was added to my list. All available maps did not show it, but I learned its location. Its situation, which is quite as unique in its way as Morella's on its mountain peak, caused me pleasurable anticipation.

Alarcón

Almost due south from Cuenca lies this marvelous place—Alarcón, City of Alaric the Goth. To Motilla del Palancar I could go by omnibus, and what arrangements would be possible from there only arrival would disclose. Leaving Cuenca at seven o'clock by the omnibus for Utiel the journey proved a pleasant one over a wide-spread panorama of plains and great hills. Next to me sat a man who, after some conversation, asked, "Where do you go?" "To Alarcón," I replied. "Ah, I know the *Secretario* of Alarcón, and will give you a card to him. He may be of service to you." So his card was gladly accepted and carefully put away.

At Motilla del Palancar the omnibus turns eastward for the long journey to Utiel, but Alarcón lies in the opposite direction. At the *despacho* I asked about means of reaching it. My unusual dress and little Spanish caused comment, and a crowd of boys were soon filling the doorway staring at me. The man in charge had difficulty in understanding my needs, but after some effort did so and, in a half hour, a Ford car, driven by one of his sons, drew up, my luggage was

ALARCÓN

Alarcón, in Its Unique Situation in the Loop of the River Jucar, Once Impregnable

placed in it and away we went bound for the town that had so greatly stirred my imagination. The country was slightly undulating, the road excellent and the motor made good speed. After some miles the driver pointed toward the left where far distant towers and spires appeared rising above the wide spreading fields. A sudden turn off the main road, and the motor entered a narrow one over which we rapidly drew nearer.

Approached from the east Alarcón's great rock arches up and is seen to lie within one of a series of loops of the River Júcar, its natural moat. A narrow neck of rock only wide enough for the road scaling its top is the only approach to the town and made this great Moorish stronghold almost impregnable. A tall tower rises on a rocky hill and was its outer defense. The small area surrounding its base is still called Plaza de Armas, and here is the Puerta del Campo, the first gate.

Passing to the left the road crosses the top of the ridge and one looks down the sloping ledges to the river and its bridges on either side, on the right the Puente del Camino Canla, on the left the Puente del Picaso. Across this ridge the castle of yellow stone, rises in bulky fashion in contrast to the gray of the rocky hill. It is four-sided, with high walls flaring from its angle which faces the approach, where a round tower stands. Its main tower behind has a crenelated balcony near its top supported by corbels, and the wall above has crenelations also. Before it is reached there is a sturdy five-sided tower, the Puerta del Medio, the middle gate. Its archway is at the left, and passing under it an irregular triangular area is entered beyond which rises the castle. At the right of the castle the

Puerta de Falset leads out to a road along the cliffs; a gate to the left, the Puerta del Bordigán leads to the road, along the southern edge into the town, whose streets are lined with ancient stone houses generally not more than two stories high.

We passed the Iglesia Santa María, having a fine arched portico with columns and sculptured panels, the only church now in use, for Alarcón is pathetic. Once a town of importance and considerable population it has dwindled to a few hundred persons. Its several churches, except Santa María, are in ruins, it has no telegraph, nor telephones, and its mail carrier, with his donkey, walks eleven miles to Motilla daily in all weathers.

Behind the Iglesia Santa María to the north are the ruins of the Church of Santo Domingo with a square tower. A little further on the plaza is entered, a plain area lacking architectural embellishment with an ordinary fountain in the center. On its northern side is the ruined Church of San Juan with bell tower at its westerly end and main door facing the plaza. Its roof has fallen in. The ancient palace now used as the *Ayuntamiento* is at the westerly side of the plaza showing but slight evidences of its former important character. A few steps south is the Iglesia de la Trinidad with a fine square tower pierced by the archway of a small street and surmounted by a notable weather vane, —a wrought iron ship,—but its roof has fallen in. Beyond, toward the west, nothing but fragments of an apse, an arch with a buttress or two, remains of the Iglesia de Santiago.

On the approach of the motor, heads were stuck from

windows and doors, for a motor is not common in Alarcón, and as we stopped at the *Ayuntamiento* great curiosity was shown by the villagers who gathered about. I climbed the short flight of stone steps and burst directly into a large room where a meeting of the town council was in session. On asking for the *Secretario*, a youngish man at the desk at the side of the *Alcalde* rose, and I presented the card given me, explaining that I was a painter and had come to record some of the beauties of Alarcón, but that my first concern was to find a stopping place. Then the *Alcalde* adjourned the meeting and bowing to him and his councilors, I accompanied the *Secretario* from the building. He led the way down a small street to a one and a half story stone house, shut up to keep out the heat. To an old man who opened the door he made known my wants. Then a good-sized square room off the stone-paved vestibule was entered. It was the only available one, and though it lacked a bed, one would be installed; so it was engaged.

As the shutters of the room were opened slightly so that the accommodations offered could be better seen, the light flickering in disclosed in a corner an object that aroused my interest. I caught the gleam of burnished gold and closer inspection showed it to be from the ornamental scrolls of the elaborately curving back of a seat with arms. The back was dull red in color, enriched by quaint painted floral designs surrounded by the golden scrolls. The acquisition of antiques was not my object; my purpose was sufficiently engrossing, and required full attention to overcome ever arising obstacles to its attainment without assuming other activities; but

this seat was of such a character as not to be ignored, so I casually inquired the value of such a piece, resolving to pursue the matter later.

Then I asked for a man to accompany me in seeking a favorable point of view for a general view of the town. Soon one came and down we went over the precipitous rough trail leading over the cliffs to the bottom of the cañon and crossed the single arched bridge and up the mountain opposite. It proved a stiff climb, and after reaching the top we followed its crest for a mile or two until the town on its rock, with the river below, took shape as a picture composition. After an hour's work the route was retraced and we made the difficult climb into the town. Good results were hard to obtain. Scaling these heights and walking long distances with considerable exertion before an acceptable situation was reached were in themselves difficult. The changeable weather also troubled me. There were flitting moments of sunlight and shadow and always great heat, frequent thunderstorms and strong winds which followed each other in rapid succession. However, I managed a picture.

Late that afternoon I again referred to the seat, and was told that it could be purchased. In the meantime the old man, who had at first mentioned seven duros ($4.90) as the price, having since consulted his wife, informed me its price was eleven *duros* ($7.70), but I did not haggle over it. Seeing that I was interested in old furniture they told me of a bed and led the way up stone steps to a room above. A first glimpse showed it to be of rare beauty. It was cerulean blue in color, and its curving head board was elaborately decorated in

harmony with the seat, with painted flowers enclosed in scrolls of burnished gold. That I also bought for fifteen *duros*, the equivalent of $10.50.

Arrangements for transporting these pieces to a railway had then to be made, and in this the *Secretario* kindly lent his services and escorted me to the house of a muleteer who agreed to transport them to Utiel for fifteen *duros*. A carpenter also was visited and the making of crates arranged for. After dinner the old man and his wife, the *Secretario* and myself, with a neighbor or two looking on, gathered around the table in my room while the *Secretario* drew up in formal fashion the receipts for the money I paid for the furniture. He included the amounts left in his charge for the payment of the carpenter and the muleteer on the completion of their respective tasks, the total cost of furniture, carpenter and several days journey of the muleteer fifty-five miles to the railway and return being $30.50.

Next day the weather interfered greatly with my activities, but I made some drawings, explored the castle and climbed the rocky heights where the Moorish tower rose above the Plaza de Armas. From here a fine panorama of Alarcón, the many loops of the Júcar, and of the supplementary forts and walls across the river spread out. Below, on the sharply sloping ledges, flocks of goats moved slowly while boys attending them showed themselves equally sure-footed.

The fronts of all the houses were spattered with great arcs of red paint as if applied from some sort of gun or thrown with a swing of the whole arm. It seemed curious and I wondered if it was some sort of preventative

against epidemic, but learned that it occurs on April 30th, a sort of Hispanic Hallowe'en, when the boys of Alarcón disport themselves much as do American boys on their similar festival. It was they who had decorated every house in Alarcón with red paint, but I noticed that the Town Hall, the seat of police authority, was evidently exempt.

Having planned to leave the next morning, the *Secretario* dispatched a letter to Motilla del Palancar by the mail carrier, ordering the Ford car to come for me at eight o'clock; while I did not regard my visit as a success, except for the acquisition of the furniture, I was not sorry to leave. The curious nature of the food offered made a change desirable. At dinner the night before departure, some uncooked green peas in the pod were brought as a great delicacy.

It was with a feeling of great dissatisfaction that I drove out of the town, for my sketches made after tremendous climbing up and down the cliffs of this wild place lacked anything vital. Alarcón I knew had great possibilities but the subject I had searched for had been missed. With this dreary thought I turned for a last look, and then saw exactly the picture arrangement I had visualized. It was too good to miss, but here I was bound for Motilla del Palancar and drawing farther away every moment. However, I decided immediately to go on to Motilla, leave my luggage, and return. This I did speedily, and on the brink of the gorge, with the wind blowing so forcibly that my driver constructed a barricade of the seat cushion of the motor car, I made in an hour and a half two drawings that have the character of Alarcón.

On the return trip to Motilla my driver suddenly stopped his car, lifted a shot gun to his shoulder and fired at several large black and white birds that rose from the fields alongside the road. One fluttered and fell, and a small boy who had accompanied him retrieved it. Only its wing was injured. The driver said these birds were taught to talk.

Motilla del Palancar

Motilla del Palancar is a simple small town, a farming community. Its main street, a broad *paseo* being called the Riatro, was reminiscent in name of the Rialto of Venice, but the only craft that floated past the wide open door of the inn were the big carts propelled by strings of mules, their steersman attired in the sash, short jacket and breeches and sandals of the provinces. My balcony did not open on this scene, but overlooked the *corral* or stable yard, where women were washing clothes at a pump and the clucking of hens was heard.

In the late afternoon the young man who had driven me from Alarcón called to escort me about the town, and afterward we had a drink together in the café, where a blind youth played the piano and was then guided about the room to receive the coins offered. Then my driver invited me to join him at coffee at the café after dinner, and as I found it desirable to preserve friendly relations with those with whom I came in contact, I accepted.

The café proved to be well filled and games of dominoes were being played as usual. While we chatted a small boy appeared outside the grill of the main win-

dow and began to sing *flamenco* songs—those marvelous, half-wailing, plaintive melodies derived from the Arabs, so unlike all others. He sang well, and after several numbers received hearty applause and many coins. Next morning as I waited at the *despacho* for the bus which was to take me on to Utiel, he again appeared and, surrounded by an admiring crowd of men, women and children, threw back his head and sang again the songs the crowd demanded, to the great delight of all his hearers.

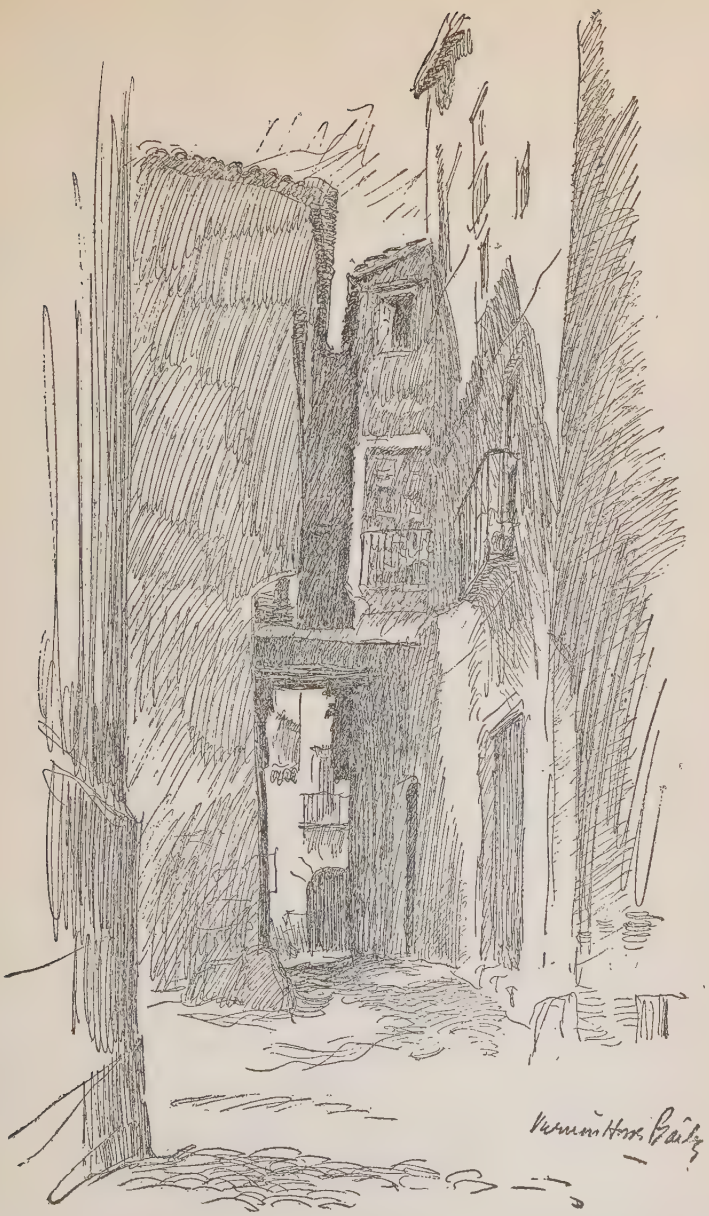
En Route to Utiel

The bus left about eleven o'clock and Utiel was reached about four. Stops were made at several villages, including Minglanilla—famous for its inexhaustible salt mines—where most passengers dismounted for such luncheons as the *cantina* of the *despacho* afforded. Afterward the road crossed the wild and picturesque Contreras ridges and the river Cabriel by many hairpin turns down the steep banks of its mountain ravine and ascended in like manner the other side.

Utiel is the terminus of the railway to Valencia, and by it I went on to Requena where I spent the night.

Requena

Requena was notable for its appearance of cleanliness. The newer town reached by the road from the railway station has a very modern character, the houses being well kept and the streets free from mud and dust and similar accumulations found in many Spanish towns. It was a very pleasant, inviting place, and



REQUENA

A Narrow Passage within the Old Walls

agreeable it was to sit at a café table on the sidewalk in the Plaza Felipe V with its small shops and trees and watch the people pass. The old town lies on a rocky eminence projecting southward from the general slope of the land and is thus thirty or forty feet above the plain at its southern extremity.

Protected by a castle at its northern end and formerly surrounded by walls it was reckoned a town of great strength. A gentle gradient leads from the Plaza de Canalejas to the northern end of the old town and by a small street the Plaza de Castillo is entered, beyond which one comes to the church of San Salvador. A street to the right leads to the Plaza Mayor and to the left the Calle de Santa María along the line of the old eastern walls to the Church of Santa María. San Salvador has a tall tower with a pointed top of blue tile and a Gothic entrance with four statues on either side; Santa María has as a main entrance a great Gothic arch elaborately carved with many figures of apostles and saints. It was a former mosque and evidences of its Moorish period are best seen from the truck gardens outside the line of the walls to the eastward. From here its square tower, the ancient minaret, small domes and balconies of the Moorish period are visible, and the line of the old walls is easily traced. They have lost most of their ancient character, having been punctured with windows of houses built against them with many balconies added.

South of the Plaza Mayor is the Plaza de Albornoz, named for Colonel Albornoz to whom a memorial tablet seen on its southern side was erected in 1891 for his defense of the town in 1836. Farther on, facing a little

square, is the Church of San Nicolás, which has a small bell tower. Near it is a pointed Moorish archway, one of the town's most interesting remains. The Plaza de Canalejas is the chief market place and from stands surrounding it provisions and garden truck and various articles are sold, while about the circular fountain in the center people are constantly filling their jugs. From this plaza along and below the western walls of the old town a street leads out southward past green fields and is the quarter of wheelwrights and cart builders.

When I stepped into a barber shop it was occupied by several youths, but wishing the services of an experienced barber, the proprietor was sent for. He arrived and seeing that I was a foreigner asked the name of my country. On learning I was from New York he said he had been there as a sailor many years before and became so loquacious and handled the razor with such freedom owing to his visit to the wine shop, far from pleasant, that it was a relief when the work was finished to tip him well and escape.

En Route to Jérica

Buñol, about halfway from Requena to Valencia, was said to have a picturesque situation on the edge of a precipice, and I had planned to stop there. When I saw its great cement works towering high at the left and realized that it was chiefly a busy industrial town, I decided that I might come back to investigate it, but would continue to Valencia by the same train, if possible. But my bag had been checked to Buñol; so, between moving trains, I rushed ahead to the baggage

car and ordered the baggage master to continue it to Valencia.

About halfway between Valencia and Teruel is Jérica. At first the train runs due north to Sagunto, the ruins of whose great Roman fortress top a big hill by the sea, then turns northwestward, passing the town of Segorbe that lies between two mountain peaks.

Jérica

Jérica is a town of great wildness. Seen from its small railway station its stands on a conical hill surmounted by a Moorish tower from which the houses radiate like spokes of a wheel. Behind, higher up, is a huge square building, the Church of San Roque; to the left the hill rises to a sharp point where on the very edge of a mighty precipice stands the ruins of a Moorish watchtower; behind this a line of curiously formed mountains with long bands of enormous jagged rocks bursting from their sides adds to the dramatic effect.

I had been told that the adjoining village of Vivar, a few miles distant, had better accommodations, so I went to it on the motor bus only to discover that the rooms of the primitive *fonda* were small cubicles partitioned off a general room on the second floor over the bar. They had no windows and not only would lack ventilation, but being directly off the general room would prove so noisy as to make sleep impossible. So my luggage was piled back on to the omnibus and I returned to Jérica where its inn had quite as forbidding an aspect. It was a very old stone building facing the plaza, and its lower floor was an extensive bare dirt-

paved room for the storage of carts, with stalls for the mules adjoining. A stairway led above, where I was shown a room. Its stone floor sloped at an angle like a ship's cabin in a heavy sea, but it had a window on the side street, and there I took up my residence.

The little plaza in front was irregular in form, its most noticeable feature being a long building supported by a number of columns forming an arcade. The white building had square windows outlined in yellow and awnings of bright green. Adjoining it on the right at the corner of a small street is a narrow blue building through which an archway, the Arco Hospital, passed into the Calle de Santa Ana, and above the arch is a large balconied window over which a sign reads "*Biblioteca Popular.*" The arcaded building stands against the old town walls, and is occupied as the *Casino* reached through a narrow green door at the left.

A gateway under the arcade opens to the left into the Calle del Historiador Vayo, which runs parallel with the old walls and is the town's widest street. Entering it we come to the Iglesia de la Sangre and continuing to its end arrive at the Plaza de la Iglesia, where is the Iglesia Mayor, with a simple facade and two small bell towers; at the right a small dark blue tiled dome of Moorish form. The plaza is slightly elevated and enclosed on its northern side by a balustrade above the road which leads out of the town eastward past pleasant fields. Skirting the line of the walls on the outside is the Calle del Rey Don Jaime in which are to be seen two old round towers or bastions. To the right of the plaza is the Calle de Loreto. It leads to the Iglesia

San Loreto and to the road to Vivar and Teruel, and just beyond this at the corner of the plaza is the small Iglesia San Agustín. Adjoining the inn at the right is the town's main fountain, with once handsome Renaissance carving.

These were busy times about the inn, for its proprietor, who was always alert and businesslike, was engaged in the packing and shipping of plums, and the lower floor was filled with great piles of them. His stout wife and other women sorted and packed them in the baskets, while millions of flies buzzed throughout the place. Occasionally the big doors, kept closed because of the heat, would be swung back to admit a carrier and his string of mules and cart.

At meals I joined the proprietor and a number of men at a long table in a room a short flight above the ground level, and there partook of simple but substantial food prepared in the kitchen a few steps higher up. As the red wine was consumed the conversation, in which I was included, became animated, and I joined in it as well as my limited Spanish would allow.

The way to my room led up a few steps into the kitchen and through it into a corridor so dark that feeling the way was necessary, and on gaining my room the electric light with which it was equipped showed only as a dim red glow that barely disclosed the room's contents and by which reading was impossible. In the mornings, under the arcade, women gathered with garden truck and other provisions, and were surrounded by groups of thrifty housewives who drove hard bargains with their babies in their arms.

Sagunto

After several days visit I left Jérica by the afternoon train and went down to Sagunto to spend the night, wishing to have a look at it before returning to Valencia. The journey was without notable incident, although enlivened by the efforts of several trainmen to lift two enormous pigs, in charge of a woman, into the small compartment provided for animals, with which all baggage cars are equipped. Four men were required to lift each pig and stuff it through the small door, which was done to the accompaniment of earsplitting squealing. When the woman got off, some stations farther on, and her charges were lifted out, one of the pigs had lost the use of its forefeet owing to the cramped quarters, and was unable to stand.

Sagunto is of Iberian origin. It is famous for its heroic resistance to Hannibal, to whom it fell B.C. 219. I had dinner outside the station *cantina*, and strolled up its main street to its tree-covered plaza where hundreds of people sought the air. At seven next morning I had coffee and was soon climbing the hill past the ruins of the Roman theater. Though used as a quarry for centuries, its form and plan are clearly defined and enormous walls are still in good shape. The hill of Sagunto is not an easy climb, and arriving at the outer gate of the fortifications at the top, I learned that it was much too early for the officials in charge. Two young workmen, with whom I talked, who had just arrived to begin their day's labors, admitted me and with one acting as guide I climbed about and from those dizzy heights

looked down to the Mediterranean and southward across the green fields toward Valencia.

Returning through the town I discovered two remarkable inns, one with great arches and a doorway into the *patio* which disclosed bright yellow walls beyond. I made pencil sketches of these, finishing just in time to catch the Valencia train. I resolved to return next day, and did so, making some water colors as a number of men sat at a round table and drank cognac and *jerez*, while the women busied themselves about the open-air kitchen in the *patio*. Their presence lent many touches of life to my subjects.

CHAPTER IX

White Walls and Palm Groves

JÁTIVA is two hours by train south of Valencia, a pleasant journey across cultivated fields. The fields of Valencia are extensive and productive. The houses of the peasants are of unusual type. They are called *barracas* (cabins) and are of one story with white plastered walls and sharply pitched roofs of thatch. Above the door are several narrow slits for ventilation. The *barracas* are designed to overcome the heat and are scattered about in all directions throughout the peasants' farms and gardens. About their doors brightly colored flowers are always growing in abundance. To the eastward stretches the large inland sea of the Albufera.

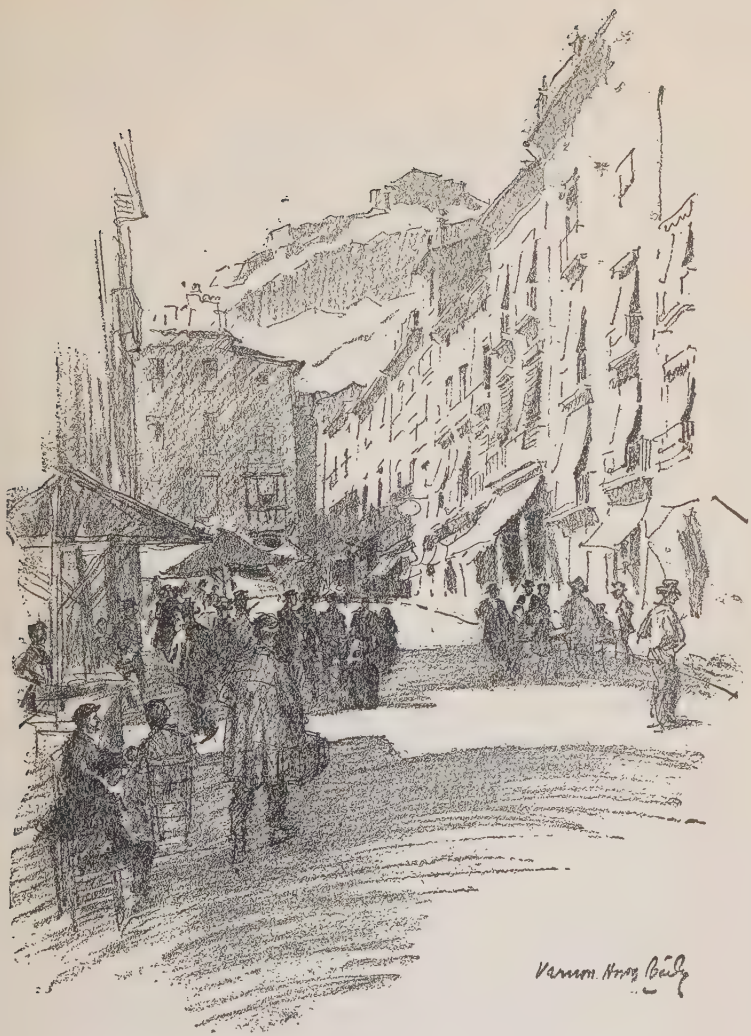
Játiva

As the train stopped at a small station people ran toward the car. A soldier in khaki dropped off with his little round blue hat striped with red, and medals on his breast, and was hugged and kissed by many men, women and children, the men kissing him on both cheeks as did the women. A small boy stood aside weeping so affected was he. It was the home-coming of a soldier from the Moroccan campaign, and similar scenes were enacted at every station.

Játiva is of Phœnician origin. Its castle, perched on a great jagged mountain, Monte Bernisa, that ascends sharply to the eastward, was famous as Sætabis in Roman times, and its fine handkerchiefs, praised by Pliny and Martial as the equal of those of Tyre, were all the fashion in the imperial city. It was also called Valeria Augusta by the Romans. In 1224 it was taken from the Moors by King Jaime I and H. M. Don Pedro made it a city in 1347.

Outside the station the drivers of several inn wagons sought to secure me as a fare, while I tried to make a decision as to which to take; my *mozo* inquired which one was most likely to be comfortable. This precipitated a heated argument between the drivers, naturally prejudiced in favor of their respective hostelries. Finally I drove to one near the plaza, where the food was passable and I slept comfortably.

That evening in exploring the streets I looked into the "*Posada de Pescada*," one of the most picturesque I had seen. A great arch spanned its full width, mule-carts were arranged for the night, and behind, a rambling stair led to the rooms above. In the foreground at one side a group of carriers sat about a single lantern and smoked and talked quietly. The whole scene was enveloped in subtle light and mysterious shadow and was so appealing that I hurried back to the *fonda* for materials and made a sketch of it. Next morning the waiter of the *fonda* explained to the proprietor of the inn my wish to paint it, and with his gladly given permission I worked while carriers, carts and mules and women riding burros with heavy loads arrived and departed. Filled though it appeared to be, new arrivals



JÁTIVA

The Plaza Mayor, with the Ancient Castle Above

were always welcomed and accommodated by the man in charge, who had an amazing knack for finding space in odd corners in which to store the carts. There was constant movement and I was surrounded by farmers and muleteers who displayed great interest in my painting, but their attitude was helpful and some willingly posed for me.

In the Plaza Alfonso XII, however, it was quite different. When I attempted to work there, people surrounded me and were deliberately annoying and showed no disposition to heed my request not to stand in front of me. Their attitude was unpleasant and their interference so great that I was unable to continue uninterruptedly and returned several times to the subject. A policeman asked for my passport, which he was shown immediately. I took the opportunity to call his attention to the interference of the people. He said they would not "molest" me, but I knew better by experience and told him so. After he had gone some one threw from a window a heavy piece of melon rind striking my sketch and making a nasty smear which caused me to hunt up the policeman and display the evidence. He promised to take appropriate action if I would identify my assailant, but as he had been behind me and out of sight, this I was unable to do, with the result that nothing happened. However, I reflected that this incident, like several experienced, was hardly worse than occurrences under similar circumstances in cities of my own country.

The Plaza de Emilio Castelar at the south end of the town is of considerable extent. In it is the public laundry place where clothes are washed. It is a ram-

bling sort of plaza, and in the early mornings was filled with herds of goats. They were scattered about under the plane trees poking their noses everywhere and wandering off at some distance from the goatherd. It was the morning round of the milkman. When he called them by name they quickly responded and trotted off to him and stood quietly at the doorways where the women waited while the milk flowed into the small measuring cups.

Adjoining this plaza is the Plaza de Españoleto Ribera, in which is a bronze statue of the painter whose name it bears, who was born at Játiva in 1588. On the wall of the tower of the Seo, the chief church of Játiva, crowned by a statue of the Saint, is a tablet in his honor. It commemorates the birth of "The Immortal Artist Joseph Ribera-Españoleto, son of Xátiva."

On returning to the *fonda* one evening I found the card of the Director of the Art Museum, so after dinner hour at ten o'clock, I returned his call. I found him to be a little old man whose speech was so encumbered with lisps and gutteral rumblings as to be almost unintelligible to me. However, I was able to comprehend his invitation to visit the museum which, though closed at that season, would be opened for me. One afternoon we entered the patio of the former palace, where the museum is established. It has splendid large columns and around the cloister are sculptures and architectural fragments of various periods found in the vicinity, but chiefly of archeological interest. One of the notable specimens is a Gothic cross. It is elaborately carved with figures, a splendid example. Above are the gal-

DENIA

A Small Port between Valencia and Alicante

leries, the more notable paintings being three by Ribera. One is a Christ of great simplicity, bigness and beauty. A fine *retablo* and other paintings of a religious nature are among the more interesting acquisitions. I was interested to note that the director had included two portraits of himself among the works exhibited.

Afterward as the director and I stepped into the street he said he wanted to show me a very fine big new *casa* so, though I attempted excuses, his enthusiasm caused me to accompany him. After a considerable walk he paused and indicated across the *Alameda* a hotel under construction, five stories in height, an altitude that caused him to indulge in a flow of adjectives. He then begged me to see with him the wonders inside, where he climbed not one flight but all to the roof, an

undertaking that caused me some concern on his account, as the stairs lacked a protecting handrail and a misstep of this gentleman, somewhat shaky in the legs, I feared might end tragically at the bottom of the elevator shaft. Having climbed over American thirty- or forty-story skyscrapers at all stages of construction, this experience lacked novelty for me, but the old gentleman's pride in the new hotel could not fail to be impressive.

Among the *alamedas* of Spain, Játiva's ranks high, for it is unusually wide and its many trees are of great size. It is the favorite *pasco* and leads directly to the bull ring at the northern end of the town. One Sunday afternoon, seeking diversion, I decided to attend the bullfight, so joined the people hurrying with expectant interest toward the bull ring. Játiva's *Plaza de Toros* is very modern, being built of reinforced concrete. There is not a stick of wood anywhere, and its good design and modern construction I found almost as interesting as the performance within its arena.

The bulls were *novillos*, young bulls, but of large size, weight and power. An unusual incident occurred when one of the bulls, having been released from the *toril* (bull pen) refused to emerge from the passage to the arena. The consequent exertions of the bullfighters to induce him, as they stood in front of its opening gesticulating and acting as bait, were amusing. Finally he dashed forth to meet the fate of every bull that enters an arena in Spain. While the spectacle is a diverting one, the fight itself is to me so boresome that its continued appeal to the Spanish people in its repetition of thoroughly familiar procedure and episodes, is a mystery.

Almansa

West of Játiva is Almansa in the Province of Albacete, and one morning I left by train for it. The train was mixed and ambled along in usual *mixto* fashion, and after a change at the junction of Encina to a train on the line from Alicante to Madrid, it was after twelve o'clock when Almansa was reached. The castle of Almansa is a yellow mass on a red hill, and as the train approached formed a delightful picture. On arriving my immediate concern was to find a good viewpoint. I secured this from the railway embankment, a half mile south of the station from which the town, broken by large masses of thick foliage, pierced by a church tower, and the castle behind with a background of lavender mountains, suggested a water color. My presence inspired the curiosity of a dozen small boys who, coming out from the town, circled about me seeking to learn what I was doing, but, receiving no encouragement, did not approach. Needing water for the work and being some distance from the town, I approached a switchman in his little box alongside the railway, who willingly filled my cup, but on my offering a gratuity, withstood all my efforts to have him accept it.

Then I went to the south of the town and under the torrid sun of mid afteroon sat in a field and made another sketch. Having attained the object of my visit, I walked back into the town, asked the way to the best hotel, and there, learning that it would be impossible to return to Játiva before the next morning, secured a room and ordered luncheon, to which I sat down at four o'clock. After resting at a table outside a café for an

hour, I walked through the town, passing in the plaza at the base of the castle hill *La Casa Grande*, a former palace with imposing doorway, above which, between monumental figures of a man and woman, enclosed by columns supporting a pediment, is a coat of arms supported by two cherubs.

Proceeding into the fields the rear view of the castle hill in shadow made a silhouette so attractive that I set to work, but had hardly begun when clouds rolled up, thunder rumbled, lightning flashed and the wind blew, for behind me a storm was rapidly approaching. As I hurried to complete my sketch before the rain, falling heavily in the distance, should arrive, a small procession came out from the town and down the road toward me. Four men bore a white casket followed by a little group of mourners, bound for the cemetery in the fields, heedless of the storm about to break. Pausing to raise my hat as they passed, I completed my sketch, as the torrent broke.

In 1707 Almansa was the scene of a great battle, one of the few in which the English were beaten by the French. The French were commanded by an Englishman, Berwick, the natural son of James II and nephew of Marlborough, and the English by a Frenchman, Henri de Ruvigny. A small obelisk on the outskirts of the town was said to mark the site of the battle, but my inquiries resulted in learning nothing definite of it. But after dinner that evening, the storm having passed, a youth who said he knew its location was engaged to guide me to it. As we started off he picked up an acquaintance and with them I strolled out into the plains along the *Camino de la Colona*—named for the obelisk

or column—which leads south to La Encina, but though they assured me they knew its location, they were unable to find it, and after some searching in the darkness, I ordered the return to town. Coming back, the castle, dark and mysterious in the night, made an effective picture with its beacon light glowing from its top above the lights of the town. Next morning I was up at 5 o'clock and returned to Játiva at 5 : 40 on the *rápido* from Madrid, arriving at 7 :30 in contrast to the four hours and a half consumed in going the other way.

ELCHE

African in Appearance, Surrounded by Its Famous Palm Forest

Alcoy

Alcoy in the southern part of the Province of Valencia was to be my next stop. It is reached from Játiva by railway, which traverses wild mountain country the entire distance. Alcoy is a busy industrial town of more than 50,000 population where commerce throbs in a medieval setting. It is situated on a high spit of land between two deep ravines of small streams, spanned by bridges. In the ravines are the factories which manufacture cigarette paper, woolen goods, etc.

From the station the town is entered over the Puente Cristina leading to the main street, which runs to the Plaza de la Constitución and the Viaducto Canalejas, which affords a picturesque view of the town. Below in the ravine balconied houses scramble up the hillsides to the upper town. Above stands the church with its tower and dome, and behind a mountain having a big cross on its tip. The city's patron saint is St. George, who is said to have fought on the Spanish side against the Moors in 1227. His anniversary is the great festival of Alcoy. Sham battles occur on the first day, April 22nd, and on the 24th is a military review.

The plaza is square and of considerable area. On its northern side is the important church with octagonal tower and tile-covered dome of Moorish form, and around it handsome modern buildings including the *Casa Consistorial*, of considerable architectural importance. At the hotel the manager's system of placing his guests interested me. No rooms were assigned until all the luggage was brought up from the street. From the number of pieces of each guest he evidently judged what

each could pay, so my six pieces caused me to be given what was evidently the bridal suite, a parlor and bedroom with two beds. There were rose-tinted lights, so I protested that I couldn't see and wanted a room with clear glass globes; also one bed, not two. Cheap pottery, bisque figures and chromos on the walls, I thought, might supply atmosphere for some people, but they did not give me the simplicity I preferred.

The first morning after my arrival I lost no time in beginning work in a street commanding a view of the plaza and church. There I stood holding a drawing board on my left arm, and clutching an ink bottle in my left hand. The people were very bothersome and after suffering their annoyances for some time, my forbearance lessened. A man who was particularly annoying caused me instinctively to raise my drawing board in a threatening attitude. Then I decided police protection was necessary, and went to the police station where I interviewed the *Jefe* (chief). He was not disposed to appoint a guard for me as all his men were needed for regular police duties, but finally consented to let me have one for a half hour, sufficient to complete my drawing. It was only on returning to the hotel that I discovered that, on raising my drawing board while engaged on the sketch, the ink had gushed forth fountain-like and had ruined my gray hat brought from New York, as well as spattering my clothes quite completely. What the people and the Chief of Police had thought on seeing my clothing thus dispoiled, of which I, in the excitement, was entirely oblivious, I can only imagine.

I needed a letter typewritten and though Alcoy is a live industrial town, typewriting machines are not com-

mon. But through the hotel manager arrangements were made with an attorney who employed a young woman stenographer. By printing my letter in legible characters, it was perfectly simple for the young woman to copy it without a knowledge of English. The letter having been written most satisfactorily, I had a moment's conversation with the attorney to whom I expressed my admiration of Spain. But he said the people have an "infasme"—the Priests and the *Plaza de Toros*, which he called "*criminal*." I told him that he was "*muy moderno*" and "*progresista*," which pleased him greatly.

En Route to Alicante

The direct route from Alcoy to Alicante is by autobus. I left at 12:30 and arrived at 3 o'clock one afternoon. The country is very mountainous and high sierras with views extending for miles over deep valleys were crossed. Motoring in Spain gives marvelous mountain scenery but requires expert driving, for a slight deviation in taking some of the narrow bridges or swinging around sharp turns in the road would mean disaster.

The bus stopped at the town of Jijona, a small place built beneath a crumbling mountain. It was on my list, but appeared not sufficiently distinctive to justify a visit, so I continued to Alicante.

Alicante

Alicante is very striking, for its high hills, with a castle and walls at sharp angles, seem to rise from the harbor's edge; but the town lies largely between the

hill and the water front, along which, on the Paseo de los Mártires paralleling it, are the leading hotels. This *paseo* or *Alameda* has three rows of palm trees and through them glimpses of the harbor and ships are attractive. At night the *paseo* is animated, and in chairs, for which a fee is charged as in Paris, Madrid and other continental cities, one may sit and watch the spectacle. But these chairs are small and straight-backed with rush seats and most uncomfortable.

Sunday afternoon was very gay, for there was to be a bullfight. Before it started, the cafés facing the *Paseo* were crowded, as was also the promenade. The carriage drivers had decorated their horses with *noñas*, great bunches of red and yellow pompons draped about their heads and shoulders and hanging about their knees in front. Some of these trappings had large diamond-shaped pieces of glass introduced to reflect the sun and add to the dazzling effect. Two bands were drawn up on the *Paseo* and when they started for the *Plaza de Toros* their music was of a thrilling nature—superior to the blaring sort played by American bands. The departure of the bands started the people and presently the cafés were empty.

After seven o'clock, when the bullfight was over, the cafés became crowded again, and the promenade under the palm trees was packed while the procession of motor cars, with family groups including lovely *señoritas* wearing tall combs and *mantillas*, filled the street. This was pleasing, for on ordinary days the costumes had nothing of old Spain about them, probably in a measure because of the contact with the world in general through the commerce of this important port.

Denia

I was curious about Denia, as it had been described as a quaint old fortified port. It lies on the coast about sixty miles above Alicante. Its name is a corruption of Dianium, from the Temple of Diana at Ephesus. Sertorius made it his naval station. By train at ten next morning I started for it, and the little narrow gauge railway runs beside the sea almost the entire distance, a journey of great beauty. At one place mountains project far into the sea. Their color is reddish brown against the brilliant green of the water near shore and rich purplish blue farther out. The mountains are magnificent, great sierras of dramatic rugged peaks that reach inland as far as one can see.

The whole character of the coast is distinctly African. There is no grass, only gray and brown earth with many palms about the white Moorish type houses with square towers and low domes, while dotted about on every elevation are Moorish watchtowers. Following the rather slow trip by train, the small but once important port, dominated by a castle and old walls, proved disappointing. But the Mongó, a great mountain, 2600 feet high, that lies to the south, was a most impressive sight. As the visit to Denia proved devoid of results, I decided to stop at Villajoyosa on the way back to Alicante the next morning. At four o'clock the night watchman came in from the street and rapped on my door to waken me. At the station, before taking the train at five o'clock, I had coffee.

ORIHUELA

Oriental in Appearance, with Domes and Minarets

Villajoyosa

Villajoyosa is on the sea, about twenty miles northeast of Alicante, and there I dropped off the train about eight and drove to an inn, where I left my bags. Then I made a sketch of the plaza with varicolored houses. One was quite startling, being blue with large white diamonds between the windows. At one side rose a brown church tower, and in the foreground a Moorish dome of the usual tiles. The plaza itself was busy with life and movement of the morning market. That finished, I went to the railway bridge. I knew that the morning train northward had passed, and that there would not be another until the southbound one in the afternoon; I felt secure in working from the middle of it above the Río Amadorio which here empties into the sea. From the bridge the town with its church tower massed up in interesting fashion, while at the right a viaduct over the stream added a horizontal line leading into the town, over which appeared the deep blue Mediterranean. On completing it I returned to the *fonda* for luncheon and afterward walked down the Calle Alfonso XIII which leads from the plaza to the beach. On its right is the church. Its apse was formerly a round tower of the fortifications. At the end of the street there is an ancient fountain; at the left a small *paseo* with a few trees and seats follows the beach, while at the right a row of brightly colored houses faces the sea with fishermen's boats drawn up in front.

Elche

In continuing southward from Alicante I decided to take the opportunity of seeing Elche, the Roman Illici, and leaving early one morning stopped off there. I found ample time to get a good idea of this most African appearing town surrounded by its palm groves. I then dashed by motor to Crevillente, six miles to the southwest, and back, making a color sketch of Elche before lunch and continuing to Murcia by the afternoon train.

Elche, lying seven miles from the sea, like many towns in this region has the square, flat-roofed houses of the Moors, with terraces and fanciful little round-topped cupolas, the straight lines of the houses cut by the curving ones of the palm trees. The houses have little color, being mostly white or a dusty gray yellow or brown, with the green of the foliage in contrast, while the earth is white with dust.

Orihuela, farther south, appeared, as the train passed, much larger and more interesting than Elche, with domes, towers, minarets and imposing buildings.

Murcia

The Province of Murcia is scantily inhabited, and is in the hottest part of Spain. Little grows except in the *Huerta* of Murcia which, watered by a river, is rich and abundantly productive. Mountains parallel the railway line, very barren ones of irregular outlines and sharp peaks awesome in character, which, in the stillness of evening, created an ominous feeling. Here Nature's mood was for me not a pleasant one. This is a region

of earthquakes, and many of great severity have occurred here.

When Murcia was reached it was dark and little could be seen of it, but the tower of the cathedral was impressive. Having dined at the hotel, it was disappointing to learn that there were no theaters open, no amusements nor places where dancing could be seen.

My room, I was assured, was quiet, but the noise of dishwashing and loud talking continued after I went to bed at ten o'clock. I fell asleep, but at twelve was awakened by a terrible banging of metal pans and more talking, after which sleep was difficult. Being awakened again early next morning, I demanded a quiet room, but, as none met this requirement I moved to another hotel.

Orihuela

On being established I took a train to Orihuela, which I was anxious to investigate. The Moorish Auriwaleh was the Orcelis of the Goths, who here made a last stand against Theodoric.

I took a long walk about this Oriental appearing town, whose cathedral, *colegio* and other buildings of tiled domes and square towers expressed great age. Having climbed the rocky hill above the town, on which is a large priests' seminary, for a view over the roofs, I began work from a bridge spanning the Segura. The view was of a towered church, balconied houses along the river and purple mountains behind, but the crowd that gathered gave me a rough experience. Instead of looking on quietly, these boys and men were deliberately annoying and stood in front of me with entire disregard

of my purpose. One man stood so close behind me as I sat on my sketching stool that he interfered with the free movement of my arm. When I asked him to stand back a little, he informed me that it was the "*paseo público*."

"Then please use it and pass," said I.

"No, I will stay just where I am," said he.

"Very well," I replied, "you stay where you are and I will move over here."

But when I moved, he and the rest immediately followed and crowded about as closely as before, making the completion of my painting impossible. Thus the day's trip from Murcia was practically unproductive, though in a *posada* I made some sketches before returning. The *posada* was formerly a convent, and about the *patio* ran a delicate balcony supported on slender posts, dull red in color. From one an old green metal lamp hung on a bracket and above the entire *patio* grapevines trailed in such profusion as to cast almost complete shade. Again I found that when other subjects failed, a visit to a *posada* with its ever interesting life in the arrivals and departures of mule teams and the varied types of travelers, would generally furnish a good subject.

Murcia I found not particularly interesting. It seemed to lack any marked character, though parts of it suggested Seville and some of its narrow streets reserved for pedestrians reminded one of the Calle de las Sierpes there.

CHAPTER X

Country Life

Lorca

LORCA was the sort of place I wanted. The first glimpse of it from the train showed, behind a group of domes and towers, a hill on which stood buildings and a ruined castle in the bright sunlight, and back of it all a big sierra, gaunt and dark in contrast.

It was through clouds of dust that the small omnibus drawn by galloping mules drove from the station to a *fonda* that had been a Gothic palace, as a glance at the capitals of the columns of the *patio* showed. My room was up a few steps off the first landing of the main stairway, where, on a sort of mezzanine, a little door led to it. Its window overlooked a small garden with a tree and flowers and a side street beyond. Its walls were white and the tiled floor was level, which in view of some I had experienced, notably the sloping one at Jérica, appealed to me.

Lorca is on the River Guadalantín, a small stream. The town runs up the rocky hill, which is surmounted by a ruined castle. The Plaza Mayor or Plaza de la Constitución is the center of the newer town, and is dominated by the Church of San Patricio with an imposing tower, and here also is the *Casa Consistorial.* In the

lower town are several churches, San Francisco, Carmen, Santiago and San Mateo with a Moorish dome of tiles. The streets of the newer town are wide, with an abundance of foliage, and the *Alameda* is a beautiful tree-lined promenade, while the fields and orchards of the vicinity are luxuriant with semitropical vegetation.

LORCA

Its Domes and Towers against the Mountain Background

The Calle de Canalejas is the main street of Lorca, and in it are situated the post office and larger cafés. It is the town's promenade and no vehicles are allowed to pass through. In the evenings when the awnings that cover it from housetop to housetop, screening it from the sun, have been drawn back, the small tables are crowded, while the *paseo* is filled with a throng of young men and women constantly walking back and forth, as is the

custom throughout Spain. The people of Lorca in general have an appearance of unusual intelligence and the young women are handsome and dress smartly in the European fashion of the day. Bootblacks were busy and beggars seeking alms moved from table to table. There were also the inevitable sellers of lottery tickets, and one of these appealed to the sympathies rather more than is usual, for lottery ticket sellers are generally not

LORCA

Rising above the River Guadalantín

attractive. He was a slender young man of about twenty-four who, through illness I was told, had lost all power of speech or facial expression. He moved about seeking a livelihood through the occasional sale of a ticket. I bought several, and his thanks he expressed in the only way possible for him, a slight dilation of the eyes.

A good idea of what Lorca once was is gained through

a climb over the hillside above the Plaza Mayor. It is another Pompeii. The entire hillside is covered with the ruins of innumerable stone houses of which it was once composed. Its importance can be imagined from the three parochial churches that served the former community. They still stand on the heights, Santa María, San Pedro and San Juan, reminders of a greatness long since passed.

But some great palaces of a later period still stand. One opposite my *fonda* has a handsome entrance with two sets of twisted columns, one above the other, and elaborate carved ornament, having been built about 1670. Another great Gothic palace, a block distant, has been considerably restored. In the *carretera* (road) near the river is a notable fountain, the *Fuente del Oro*, bearing the date of 1743. It has sixteen spouts.

One night as I sat in my room writing, a pain in my back became suddenly so intense that I could neither sit, stand nor lie down, but managing to get onto the bed, curled up with my legs in the air and gave the Moorish signal for help by clapping my hands loudly. The proprietor, wearing a raincoat and slippers, his inevitable attire (I always wondered if he wore anything under it), responded, and I asked him to summon a doctor immediately. Knowing the indifferent reputation of Spanish physicians, I had ample opportunity while waiting to speculate as to my probable fate in having become ill in a small Spanish town that lacked the best medical attention. In a half hour a youngish appearing doctor came, who created a good impression on me, and somehow restored my confidence. He pronounced my trouble acute lumbago. He prescribed medicine and also some-

thing for external use, and as I couldn't apply it myself said he would send some one to attend me. Shortly a young man arrived and massaged me in most competent fashion, and then bound me up tightly and warmly as if encircling me with a woven sash. He returned next morning and evening and the following day, with the result that the condition that had caused much pain for weeks before becoming acute was practically ended. When I called at the doctor's house to pay his bill he was out, but later I found him at a café where he begged me to join him at a small table and ordered a *refresco* for me. I returned the compliment and then I asked the amount of his fee. It was five *pesetas*, $1.00 normally, but at the current exchange seventy cents. Never had I received more intelligent and efficient medical attention.

En Route to Baza

Only one train a day went westward from Lorca. It left at twelve-thirty and took all afternoon to reach Baza. The early part of the journey was through very desolate country where the ground was powder-white and nothing grew, and the mountains on either side were barren of foliage. About halfway the valley of the River Almanzora was entered and followed for some distance. It was very green, but, though fed at other seasons by many streams that come down from the mountains to the north and south, the river at the moment was dry. The valley has been called beautiful, but probably in contrast with the absolutely arid character of the country lying east of it. The women, observed from the train, wear white cloths on their heads which hang in heavy

folds about their shoulders, setting off their dark faces effectively.

Serón, Baza

I had learned little of Baza, but I knew something of Serón, to the east of Baza, and was anxious to see this village. A glimpse as the train passed showed it crowning a hill among hills covered with abundant foliage. The latter part of the journey for many miles was across a high treeless plain, then a descent to Baza, which is the center of a big agricultural district. In Baza I found good subjects—little streets, many galleried houses, a remarkable great convent, etc.—but its plaza resembled strongly the common of a New England village. As I sat that first evening outside the *Casino* and partook of refreshment, the great trees surrounding it and the circle of foliage in its center with the church and its clock dial made it easy to forget that I was in Spain, for it might well have been Concord, Massachusetts, except for the mules and their riders who occasionally passed, returning from the day's work in the fields. I meant to do some things in Baza, but Serón interested me more. I decided to go to it first, next day.

Serón lies south of the station and is approached through a valley between wooded hills of good size between which it stands up boldly, forming a sort of *impasse*. After fording a stream and climbing a steep hillside I made a sketch, then returned to the road which leads up into the town. It proved to be a squalid place, chiefly interesting when seen as a whole from a distance, mounting its conical hill. After looking about its few narrow streets of stone houses many centuries old, and

BAZA

Center of a Rich Agricultural District of the Province of Granada

pausing a moment to regard several old women seated under large umbrellas with small stocks of vegetables for sale, I rested a moment on a bench in a little park in front of the *Ayuntamiento* and then continued back to the station, and returned to Baza by the afternoon train. That evening I looked into the "*Posada Levant*," whose Moorish arches showed plainly that it had been once a mosque. Later I entered the garden of a café where, among the trees, tables were set out and there I had some beer, warm, as beer usually is in towns where ice is unknown.

The next day was devoted to sketching in the small streets. I did a number of houses with balconies and church towers peering above, and also sketched along the wide *Alameda*. Incidentally I saw the busy cattle fair in the wide plaza at the head of the main street, where great black bulls and cows, goats and many mules were being bartered. As I sat in the *Alameda* sketching an arrangement of an ancient church and old houses, a maid from a great house opposite brought a message from the proprietor, to the effect that if I cared to see the garden of the house it would give him pleasure; but I regretfully had to decline the invitation as the subjects I wished to secure required every moment until time of departure that evening.

Granada

The night was spent in Guadix, about which I strolled early next morning, but feeling then the necessity of quickening my speed, I continued to Granada. Granada, like Lérida, Zaragoza, Valencia, Murcia, etc., I regarded

as merely incidental to my purpose—they were towns from which the lesser known ones could be reached—though not having been before at Granada I availed myself of the opportunity of seeing it and visited the Alhambra, walked through its park, investigated the Generalife, saw the tombs of Ferdinand and Isabella in the Cathedral, explored the old Moorish quarter of the Albacín and the gypsy *barrio* of the Sacro Monte road, and gained in my week's visit a good knowledge of the city in general.

Loja

Thirty-four miles west of Granada is Loja, picturesquely situated on the River Genil, and backed to the south by the bleak gray rock peaks of the Cerro de las Monjas. The valley of the river is green with lovely meadows and much foliage. The town lies about a mile from the station and is approached down a curving road with big trees overhead which leads to a park with plane trees surrounding it. Then a bridge is crossed into the town with small streets leading through the market place with much foliage, giving complete shade to its booths and winding uphill into the Plaza Mayor, where is the Iglesia Mayor with a good tower.

Loja, like Alhama, was one of the keys of Granada, and was captured by Ferdinand and Isabella in 1488 after a siege of thirty days. To it El Grán Capitan Gonzalo de Córdoba retired from the suspicions of Ferdinand. In its plaza the yellow stone tower of the Iglesia Mayor rises above the bright green of the trees, and colored walls of the surrounding *fondas* and shops, and immediately after arrival, I began a sketch of it. This

LOJA

The Church at the Left and Ruined Castle Beyond

proceeding proved so unusual that the large crowd that gathered caused me to go promptly to the *Ayuntamiento* and ask for the *Secretario*. He, a young man of obvious culture and charming manner, received me cordially, and to my request for a police guard immediately responded by appointing a policeman to accompany me. While the policeman did not succeed in dispersing the crowd, he did maintain a clear lane in front so that I could see my subject.

Behind the church to the right rises a hill where stands the ruined castle. Passing through an archway on the plaza through the old walls that once surrounded the hill, a roughly paved street leads sharply upward past stone houses crumbled and squalid. From the top, almost on the level with the cupola of the church tower, one looks over the lower town and the valley far eastward toward Granada. Several cafés faced the plaza and in the warm summer evenings their patrons sat at numerous tables imbibing *refrescos* and coffee until midnight and after, and so loud is their conversation that sleep was difficult.

Alhama

Alhama, the other key to Granada, is more famous. On its fall in 1482 to the Marquis of Cadiz the Moors, who, because of its situation high on the cliffs of the gorge of the Río Alhama or Marchán, had believed it to be impregnable, realized that Granada was doomed and bewailed its loss. This lamentation is expressed in a contemporary Hispano-Moresque ballad "Ay de mi Alhama" which was translated by Lord Byron.

Engaging a motor, I left at eight o'clock one morning for Alhama. After going eastward on the Granada road, we turned abruptly south and skirted the crest of great hills above the tremendous valleys of the Arroyo del Solar. The road ranked as one of the second order, but was surprisingly good, a refutation of the charge that the roads of southern Spain are unsuited to motoring. It was smooth and hard and the motor made good speed, the distance of about twenty-two miles being covered in just an hour. Pulling up at the far end of the plaza

ALHAMA

The Castle Rising from the Plain, Scene of a Great Battle between the French and British in 1707

some boys gathered about the car and I immediately engaged one as a guide. When he hopped aboard I explained that I wanted to cross the gorge to the hills opposite, which would, I thought, provide a favorable point of view. Driving as near as possible, the chauffeur was left with orders to be waiting at the *posada* for lunch, and with my companion I plunged down a narrow path into the bottom of the gorge around the point of the ridge on which the town stands. Some frightful upheaval of prehistoric times accounts for Alhama, for the tremendous convulsion rent the earth wide open, and tossed about bowlders bigger than houses in fantastic fashion. Crossing ledges of the river bottom and jumping from rock to rock, we started the ascent of the opposite side up a rocky winding road down which several mules and riders came. On gaining the top the road was left, and fields crossed until the edge of the precipice was reached and followed for some distance as I studied various points of view. A dog guarding a cart in a field darted out barking loudly as we passed and threatened to attack us. Finally, on retracing our steps, I selected a situation on a shelving rock that jutted over the stream, and there set to work, but the exertion of climbing and my eagerness to secure something good resulted in the opposite effect. It then being the hour for luncheon, I descended again into the gorge and made the grilling climb under the severe heat slowly up to the town, to the *posada* where a well-cooked luncheon was served.

But I was far from satisfied with the result of my effort, and next morning made another motor dash to Alhama and descended into the depths of the gorge,

where the gigantic bowlders in the foreground and the sheer cliffs hung with foliage and topped by the galleried houses of the town at their very edge made a drawing that caught something of the dramatic character of this remarkable place. That afternoon I made some drawings of Loja from its bridge, and next day continued to Antequera en route to Sevelle.

The exertions of my four months in Spain, spent almost daily in climbing about hill towns, and in primitive *posadas* with little sleep and poor food, were beginning to be felt. It seemed best to slacken pace somewhat and rest a little. Antequera was merely a stopping place for the afternoon and night, and there I rested, strolling quietly about the town though not resisting its castle hill from which its roofs of black tiles outlined at eaves, ridge pole and ends with white paint gave an unusual and pronounced black and white effect. From the cafés of the main street I watched the Sunday afternoon promenade and in the evening attended a movie in the *Plaza de Toros.*

Seville

In Seville, much the same plan was followed in seeing spots familiar through an earlier visit, and in going out to the ruins of the Roman Italica, etc. But one place I had formerly known was missed, the *Novedades*, that most picturesque café and theater in the patio of an old palace. Through the building of a new street it had been destroyed, to my great disappointment. After several days in Seville, I went by train to Zafra in the Province of Mérida in Estremadura.

ZAFRA

One of Its Several Small Plazas

Zafra

Zafra is a town of small arcaded plazas leading one into the other. It has a great castle, seat of the Figueroas, Dukes of Feria, now Dukes of Medinaceli, built by Lorenzo Suánez de Figueroa in 1437, and churches and convents of considerable interest. In one of the convents is the tomb of Lady Mary Harrington, Lady in Waiting to Jane Dormer, who was a maid of honor to Mary the Catholic of England. Jane Dormer was the wife of the second Duke of Feria and both their tombs are in another convent.

Mérida

I made some sketches in the plaza and was awakened at five o'clock to begin the several hours' journey to Mérida. I spent the day in visiting the remarkable Roman ruins of the great theater and amphitheater, of most impressive proportions, and the Roman bridge. On leaving Mérida that evening for Cáceres, the railway *mozo* dropped my material bag so roughly on the floor of the coach that an ink bottle was broken, and on calling my attention to it, instead of leaving it on the floor, he lifted it up, causing some of the ink to trickle onto the gray seat cushions. While I was not responsible I would have been charged, no doubt, with despoiling the railroad company's property, with various complications to follow, had the conductor discovered it; so I turned it over so that the ink spots were not visible as the simplest solution of the result of the *mozo's* stupidity.

Cáceres

Cáceres is a town of sixteenth-century houses that crowns a hill surrounded by crumbling walls and towers of Roman origin which divide it from the lower and newer towns. The Plaza Mayor lies just outside the Arco de la Estrella, one of the old gates, and is the center of present day life. Its arcades are picturesque and under them are found the shops and cafés. The plaza is a busy spot with its open-air markets in the morning, the activities of its shops during the later hours, and the evening promenade of the people, the younger generation showing a tendency, noticed elsewhere, to

dress in the European mode. Old provincial costumes exist, however, and are worn especially by the women who climb down the roughly paved streets and pass out through the Arco del Cristo to fill their water jugs at a cistern alongside the small stream at the base of the hill. The water jugs are carried on the head as at Alcañiz, instead of on the hip as in most parts of Spain, and jugs which when filled are so heavy as to be lifted with difficulty are carried without a touch of the hand. Small round pads made of many colored tapes woven closely together and placed on top of the head form the resting place for the jugs.

In the higher parts of the old town, mostly in the vicinity of the Gothic church of San Mateo, are many notable palaces with fortified towers. Among them is the Casa de las Valetas, and the Casa del Padre Bufalo, formerly the home of the Montezumas, descended from the last native ruler of Mexico. It is sometimes called "Casa del Sol" from the radiating sun on the shield of the Montezumas carved above the door. Lower down is the Gothic Church of Santa María la Mayor and near it the handsome Casa de los Golfines, a palace in which Ferdinand and Isabella were entertained. Two notable towers are the Torre de las Cigüeñas and the Torre del Vizconde de Roda.

Trujillo

The almost level road from Cáceres to Trujillo runs nearly straight eastward, over great treeless plains. Trujillo I had thought a mountain town, but after an hour and a half no *sierras* in which it might be located

had come into view. On looking up suddenly a town of walls and many towers appeared on a hill, bathed in the last rays of the afternoon sun. It was Trujillo.

The road ascended sharply and up it the omnibus climbed with some effort, and turning to the right entered the town along a tree-lined road, at the end of which was a foliage-filled plaza. Here was the omnibus office, where a *mozo* with wheelbarrow ready at hand transported my luggage to the *fonda.*

Trujillo is said to have been founded by Julius Cæsar. Its plaza is one of the most picturesque in Spain. It is unusually large with a big circular fountain in the center. As one enters it an ancient church is on a corner at the right; directly ahead is its most remarkable feature, a terrace reached by short flights of steps at its ends, on which is a row of small white houses of varied heights. All have arches and columns and a little arcade, and high pitched red-tiled roofs. A few spots of color are added by the green of the window awnings made of esparto grass, which hangs down over the balcony. Behind are a number of great gray and brown palaces with square and round Gothic towers, and also a Moorish tower with a dome of green tiles. Still higher are the remains of the castle where now is a shrine to the Patron Saint, over which a single light burns. As a back drop for a theater the scene could hardly be better. The church at the right has a square bell tower, and on the near corner a small clock tower with a single bell and dial.

On the left of the plaza the great palace of Pizarro recalls this famous son of Trujillo, and others of the *Conquistadores* who built great palaces here.

CÁCERES

The House of the Montezumas, Showing the "Radiating Sun" of the Family Arms above the Door

Having had this glimpse I went to the post office for letters and found it closed, but through the window grill that reached to the ground discovered the *Jefe* (chief). I spoke to him asking at what hour the office would open. He replied "*Hoy no lay servicio*" ("No service to-day") and then added "*A las doce y media mañana*" ("12:30 to-morrow"), which far from satisfied me, as I believed there was an important telegram waiting, and so informed him. His comment was that it was not the telegraph office, and I replied that I was fully aware of that, but the telegram was addressed in care of the post office. Then he disappeared and returning brought the telegram and a large package of letters. Then I walked to the plaza, sat at a table under the arcades, ordered a soda, laid out the letters and read them.

When I returned to the *fonda* I ordered a hot bath. After forty minutes passed I went out to investigate, and found in the water-filled tub, a copper receptacle. It was filled with live charcoal, a method of heating water unfamiliar to me. In another half hour I went again, the water was still cold; so, as there had been no appreciable effect, I decided to have it as it was. Then the woman picked each piece of charcoal out with tongs, not less than fifty, before lifting out the receptacle.

Pizarro's palace has a rather small patio up one side of which the main staircase mounts at an acute angle, supported by a single high curving arch; several extremely attenuated columns reaching to the roof, entirely at variance with classic models, lend their support. From the entrance foyer a door leads down underneath to a big stone-paved room which was the stable. In it are fifteen mangers for horses, evidence that Pizarro could

accommodate the horses of his guards or visitors under his own roof.

A feature of the important houses is a small door at the corner opening onto a balcony which enables one to look down both streets. Above the door is generally the coat of arms carved in high relief. Pizarro's coat of arms is very big and elaborate, and its most interesting feature is a circle of Indians bound together by chains about their necks, to indicate his subjugation of the Indians of Peru. On the corner of the plaza diagonally opposite is a huge palace of the Duke of San Carlos. Through the main door one steps into a high, spacious vestibule, the door to a handsome patio being at one end, while another leads downward to the stables underground.

Having viewed these I walked up into the old part of the town, passing through the main gate, an ancient arch defended by a Gothic and a Roman tower, and up little streets the paving of which is the ledges of the hill. There are wonderful old churches crumbling away, Moorish towers of former mosques and Roman walls and palaces. In the church of Santa María de la Concepción is the tomb of Pizarro and in the church of Santa María la Mayor, situated in the higher part of the old town, the tomb of Diego García de Paredes, the "Samson of Estremadura." As a boy he fought at Granada and was famous for remarkable feats of strength. It was said that he, who could stop a windmill with a single finger, once added to his distinction by jumping forward and backward across a well thirty feet in diameter.

As I returned downhill past the Iglesia Mayor a

great crowd was leaving, for it was a Saint's Day. Near by, in the narrow cobbled street in front, a shrine had been erected and there little girls were asking offerings. Many people stood about watching the others come from the church and suddenly into this scene in a setting ages old was projected a smart American motor car with chauffeur in white livery with facings of blue.

One afternoon I walked a few miles out of town. It was intensely hot and the wind came in burning gusts. As a protection from the heat I carried my sun umbrella. As I was changing it from one hand to the other it blew away, rose high a moment and dropped over the wall of a big well by the roadside. The well was dry but deep, and I did not relish climbing down for the umbrella, as there were no means of getting out except by footholds in the crevices of the stones. Because of the heat it would be unwise to venture on without it, and I could not take chances of losing so necessary an article. It had to be recovered, but there was no one in sight to render assistance. But presently, along the road, came a native who climbed down and recovered it and received all the small change I had, about sixty *céntimos*.

On leaving Trujillo I stopped at the post office and expecting considerable mail, was disappointed on being given only a postcard, but as I mounted the omnibus a moment before it was to depart, the postmaster came running after me calling "*Más, más*," and handed me a large number of letters at which I was able only to glance as the light of the omnibus was not sufficient for reading.

CHAPTER XI

The Last Days

EPÚLVEDA, I had been told, was remarkably picturesque, and so I had given it a place on my list.

En Route to Turégano

The town is in the province of Segovia, about fifty miles north of the city of Segovia; and at four o'clock every afternoon, a motor bus left the plaza of Segovia bound for it. About midway is Turégano, a small village and castle, and as my plan was to stop there a day en route to Sepúlveda, I purchased tickets for Turégano at the station in the corner of the plaza. When the hotel *mozo* who carried my bags to the omnibus learned I was starting for Sepúlveda, he gleefully informed me that it was his native village, and, delighted at the chance for some authoritative information, I eagerly inquired whether its reputation for picturesqueness was justified. He assured me that it was "Very beautiful, very, very picturesque"; so with this pleasant prospect, I took my seat and the journey began. The omnibus sped through the streets, stopped a moment at the post office for mail, and continued through the outskirts, crossing the Eresma and on a rapidly ascending road gained the open country, where taking a last

backward look I had a distant view of Segovia on its ridge surmounted by its cathedral, with a background of the blue Guadarrama.

My fellow passengers were mostly farmers accompanied by their wives returning to their homes and commercial travelers bound for the small villages of the province. The road ran through gently undulating country, and off at the right was always the great range of the Guadarrama, which seemed endless as it continued northward to the horizon. After nearly two hours I knew that Turégano was not far ahead and scanning the landscape, soon caught the first glimpse of the castle, its turrets showing clearly though still several miles distant. Shortly the autobus entered the village, turned into its small plaza and drew up at the inn, at its farther end.

Turégano

Getting down, the innkeeper was pointed out and, after he had attended to the business of receiving and dispatching the mail and merchandise and the omnibus had started off, I got his attention, made known my wish for accommodations and was shown to a room. One facing the plaza was of good size, the usual arrangement of a room and sleeping alcove, and the other quite small but located toward the rear, which being quiet, I preferred. The inn had been built but a few years before, on the site of an ancient one that I had seen pictured in paintings and photographs, and though it could not have had the cleanliness and comparatively modern arrangements of the new one, I wished it might have

still existed, for the new one gave a discordant note to the plaza, surrounded as it was by two-story houses, centuries old, having crude arcades supported by rough stone posts. Here I strolled while waiting for dinner, glimpsing the windows of the tiny shops.

The castle was on a slight eminence, and though much crumbled, loomed up effectively behind the cluster of primitive houses. On one side of the plaza was the Casa del Ayuntamiento, a two-story building surmounted by a clock and bell suspended on the usual wrought-iron framework. On the street floor was the wide barred window of the town prison, for it is the custom in Spain literally to display prisoners to the public gaze; as the window is generally directly on the street, the passers-by may see its inmates, who thus receive either the gibes of enemies or the sympathy of friends. It is all quite as it was in Gil Blas's day hundreds of years ago, who, in referring to his imprisonment at Astorga, wrote, "The people wanted to make a show of me, one after another they came, peeping in at a little window of my prison not too capacious of daylight, and when they had looked about them, off they went. This rare show was a novelty." It is a novelty no longer, but peering in, I found the cell unoccupied.

Turning away, a rumble of hoofs was heard and into the plaza came sheep and goats and cattle and from the other end a drove of black pigs scampering wildly. Every evening the natives drive their herds back from the fields and the plaza was filled with much mooing, bleating and squealing. Following the custom of centuries, they entered the front doors of the houses, all of them, animals and men, to reach the rear yard.

When this new inn was built on the site of the ancient one, it included no accommodations for the goats, but the animals, following instinct I suppose, stuck to their custom and, having entered the front door as they had always done, I found them under the stairs being milked by the maid of the inn, who on having completed the milking served the dinner. In her dark complexion and fine regular features were pronounced indications of her Moorish ancestry.

The travelers' rooms were on the second floor and on the first a general store kept by the innkeeper, which had as varied an assortment of wares as ever found in the "general store," of a New England village, but this good man's activities did not end here, for they were quite fully set forth on his letterhead, of which this is a translation:

Emilo Hernando,
Representative of National Firms,
Soda Water Factory,
Warehouse for fish sold wholesale.

Hardware store
Drugs
Tanned leather
Iron
Footwear of all kinds
Explosives
Glass, flat and hollow

Agent of the
Casetellana Auto Co.,
House for travelers and restaurant
Branch of the Bank of Segovia

The next morning heavy rain was falling, and the stream behind the inn was much swollen and over its

banks. I could not begin the castle subject until the rain stopped, so I occupied myself under cover of the inn's arcade with a drawing of a side of the plaza. After luncheon the rain stopped, and securing permission to work on the balcony of the house at the opposite end of the plaza, I made a drawing of the castle, though clouds obscured the sun and made the scene dull in general effect.

Never having been inside a castle I was curious to explore this one, to see the arrangement of the interior, the character of its rooms, and to gain some idea of the life of ancient times within such sturdy walls. So I stopped in the late afternoon at the house of the sacristan in charge, and he led the way up the grassy slopes to its gateway. In marked contrast to its turrets, Turégano has a graceful bell tower, of churchlike character, which, the sacristan explained, was built by one of the queens who dedicated much of the castle for religious purposes. But castle churches were usual during the period when the Church was engaged in driving the Moor out of Spain, when, as at Avila, churches took on the character of fortresses, and fortified churches were built to wage a double warfare—on the Moorish religion and on its great hordes of fighting supporters, and thus the loopholes in the walls of Turégano and other castles, through which flashed the Christian fire, were made in the form of the cross.

Guided by the sacristan, I climbed all over the castle, entered its many rooms of solid stone floors, walls and ceilings, five or six feet thick, up winding stone stairways and into secret chambers and dark dungeons, etc. In one the secretary of Philip II had been imprisoned.

It had no windows, only a small hole in its ceiling for the passing of food. In some rooms stone steps led down to chambers where when sorely pressed by invaders and as a last resort, the defenders would hide, drawing a heavy stone slab over the opening. In the middle of the floors were small circular holes, a means of communication, through which orders were shouted from one floor to another, throughout the castle, in a moment's time.

Approach to Sepúlveda

Having had a look at Turégano, the journey to Sepúlveda was continued by the diligence, which arrived from Segovia at six o'clock. As rain had fallen most of the day, darkness had come early, and after nearly two hours a region of hills was entered and our destination approached up a rapid ascent.

As we reached a sudden turn in the road on the brink of a precipice our fellow travelers indicated the position of the town, but as night had come my efforts to make it out through the darkness had little success. I saw lights in rows suggesting terraces across a deep valley, which appeared to be a bottomless abyss, and knew that the town was on a hillside.

Down a long slope we went, and on reaching the bottom we swung in a wide circle until we were climbing again on a road leading by a long and steep grade into the village. Then the first crude stone houses were passed, a street entered, an archway passed through, and a sharp turn brought us into a small plaza, where at the farther end the omnibus drew up.

SEPÚLVEDA

One of the Most Picturesque Towns of Old Castile

Sepúlveda

Rain was falling heavily and beams from several street lamps, on brackets jutting from the house walls, made splashy reflections on the wet paving stones, and as we stepped from the omnibus an unmusical bell announced the hour of eight. About the omnibus gathered a group of people mostly in long cloaks clutched closely about them, as rain trickled from their hats. As I gained the ground a man who seemed a runner for a hotel smilingly plucked at my sleeve and addressed me in Spanish, but a moment's talk disclosed him to be the keeper of the inn whose accommodations he offered, and deciding his place was probably as good as any, I accompanied him across the plaza. He ordered a woman —the hotel maid-of-all-work—to look after my several pieces of luggage, which she did at once by shouldering most of them with ease.

Into a house of four or five stories he showed the way and mounted to a large apartment on the third floor. Off a spacious corridor were various rooms and along this I followed to an apartment of two bedrooms and sitting room, where my meals would be served. Asking the price, the old Spaniard said "What you will" but demanding that he state the price he replied that it was seven *pesetas* per day, which being very low for apartment, three meals and service, was accepted, and as I wished eggs for breakfast, I offered a half of a *peseta* additional.

After dinner was served by the innkeeper's attractive daughter, who had a reputation as a beauty and belle of the town, I unpacked and retired to a comfortable bed,

as the weather made a venture outdoors impossible.

Next morning the storm had passed, the sun shone into my windows and I arose early. Eager for whatever views might be disclosed, I at once stepped to the windows opening on the rear of the house, which, being situated on a hillside, had several more stories at the back than at the front. The view was extensive; below, a river at the bottom of a deep gorge and hills to distant mountains, over which white ribbons of roads wound about and mounted upward. The view was a magnificent one of rugged beauty. This was the heart of old Castilla, which few visitors to Spain see. A call down the corridor brought the innkeeper with large metal pitchers of hot and cold water for my tub.

After breakfast, having made general inquiries as to points of interest the town might hold, I started out for a survey of it. Across one end of the plaza were the crumbling walls of what had been the castle, almost effaced by remodeling into the town jail. The town lay on a narrow ridge—much as a saddle rests on a horse's back—which sloped away rapidly on one side to the gorge of the Durantón, and on the other in more precipitous fashion to a wide, deep valley. Behind the castle was a hill on which, well up and dominating the village, was the eleventh-century Romanesque Church of San Salvador, though parts were ascribed by some to the sixth century. The small plaza was almost the only flat spot in the village, for on either side its houses terraced down rapidly, on roads that after much winding reached the valleys far below.

As I returned from a look down the steep cliffs of the Río Durantón, a little old man stepped through the

old archway in the ancient walls, approached me, and with much ceremony informed me that he was the *sacristán* of the church, that he had been informed by his brother-in-law, the innkeeper, of my arrival and had come to offer his services as guide or in any other capacity desired. He told me of the views at the other side of the village, and that Zuloaga had many times painted there,—might he not take me to the very spot where the master had worked and where a table carried from the village had been set up for him. Might I not also require a table to work on?

While this information about Zuloaga was interesting I preferred to study the town and find my own points of view, uninfluenced by precedents, and wishing to end the old man's importunities, polite and well-intentioned though they were, did so by arranging to be shown the church after luncheon.

Sepúlveda surpassed any place I had seen. The first day was devoted to studying it from practically every angle, its possibilities proving thrilling. The gorge of the Duratón was remarkable as it twisted about in amazing fashion, while at the bottom of the gigantic walls of rock flowed the narrow but at times tempestuous stream.

One morning after a night of heavy rain, I looked from my windows and saw a crowd of excited people lining the road above the river. The river had overflowed its banks, carried away a footbridge, and caused great injury to the small truck gardens that lined either side and were now submerged and lost to view.

The loss of the footbridge was of concern to me, too, since it was the only near-by route to my subjects on

the opposite shore, and for the rest of my stay made necessary a long walk to a bridge at the next village.

One afternoon the *sacristán* led the way to another church that stood on the crest of a great rock above the gorge. Some women and children joined us, and on finding the woman caretaker we entered the church and then the sacristry, where they said I could see much better their beautiful saint. This figure so deeply reverenced by these simple people was a crude one of wood, dressed in the tawdry finery of their own devising. Behind the altar a short flight of steps led to the platform where it stood, and up this several went, and with reverent hands lightly touched the figure, asking my attention to its beauty.

Though I failed to see the beauty with which their religious exaltation had for them endowed it, their simple faith and devotion was plainly evident and further exemplified in the votive offerings covering the walls of the room, which left but little floor space to walk about in. Many of these were the testimonials of the power of the saint in curing the afflicted—crutches discarded when the prayers to the saint had been answered, drawings and paintings to commemorate her miraculous cures, and various objects laid at her feet to attest her intercession, but most notable was the display of hair which on recovery from illness its owners had offered. Having no other possessions these poor country girls gave their most valued one and, as is customary, had woven it into elaborate designs like fine basketry. There they hung, pathetic tokens of gratitude and abounding faith.

Near the church were large areas of square stone pav-

ing. The *sacristán* was asked what they were, but his explanation was not well understood. The best that could be made of it was that they had something to do with the making of bread in a manner quite different from that in America. This was my first sight of what I later learned were threshing floors that exist on the borders of practically every Spanish village.

At night, the plaza presented an animated scene: the villagers strolled about, made purchases in the tiny shops, chatted or smoked in their doorways, and children played their various games.

I was anxious to hear the watchman call the hour, and learned there were three. So one night from the *fonda* balcony on the approach of eleven o'clock I listened to hear them, but on the stroke of the hour a number of young men singing and playing guitars made such a racket as to drown them out.

Another night I was more successful. I crossed the plaza to the established place, alert to hear it. Presently the three *serenos* wrapped in their great cloaks appeared from the shadows and met close together. Standing shoulder to shoulder, pikes and lanterns in hand, they waited the striking of the castle clock. A moment after it had announced the hour the *sereno* in the middle advanced a step, and drawing himself up expanded his chest, while I prepared to hear a mighty blast. Instead, "*Las once*" he piped in a thin tremolo, "*las once y sereno*"—eleven o'clock and quiet. I shall long remember this quaint custom of old Spain.

While in the plaza one night, I was astonished when at ten o'clock the castle clock, having rung the hour, continued the strokes, which I counted until thirty-three

had been reached. Being curious as to this number, I made inquiries and learned that it is an old custom, a warning to the late workers in the fields and others outside the gates, that the gates were about to be closed for the night.

"But why thirty-three strokes?" I inquired. "Why not thirty-five or twenty-eight—or some other number?"

"Ah!" they said. "Because thirty-three is the number of years that Christ lived."

During my stay some traveling players made their annual visit and on several days gave a circus in the plaza. To much beating of a drum during the afternoon and evening the townspeople were notified and a trapeze was erected in front of the ancient castle. As the hour approached, people big and little, bringing their own small chairs and boxes for seats, gathered in a great circle about it. The program was quite varied, with clowns and comedians, acrobatic feats, and an amusing imitation of a bullfight, in which a large dog with horns attached to his head played the part of the bull and chased a number of the town's small boys who had readily volunteered and donned toreador's hats. As all small boys in Spain aspire to become bullfighters, they had the time of their young lives, dashing about with the dog at their heels. Then there was singing and dancing, one woman wearing long and much spangled skirts. At night I viewed the performance from the *fonda* balconies and made a sketch, as the lights cast long shadows across the fronts of the old houses, with the people on the balconies in silhouette against the lighted rooms behind, forming a very effective scene.

CASTILNOVO

Province of Segovia

In the early days of bullfighting, before arenas were common, it was the custom to hold *corridas* in the *Plaza Mayor* of the town or village, and this custom still exists in many remote towns, as it does in Sepúlveda, where once a year in the late summer the streets leading into its plaza are shut off and barricades erected, transforming it into an arena.

Then the bulls, following stupidly the lead of the *cabestros*, or head-oxen, are driven into the village from the outlying country; the arrival of this rapidly moving cavalcade furnishes great excitement, as the villagers turn

out to see the spectacle and pass judgment on the quality of the bulls.

When the bullfights are in progress the people look on from rough platforms outside the barricades, or from the balconies of the surrounding houses.

Juan Antoranz, the proprietor of the *fonda*, was a merry Spaniard with a love of jesting; in the mornings he always greeted me cheerily, with the hope that I had rested well, generally followed by an amusing observation or pointed story. He called his inn the "*Fonda Curilla*" which he explained was because of his nickname, *Curilla* meaning "little priest," he being supposed to resemble one. True to Spanish custom of using nicknames in business, he applied his as the name of his inn. In my work he took keen interest—though it evidently proved to him often incomprehensible—and suggested subjects in the surrounding country. He mentioned a castle some leagues away, whose proprietor he knew, and said he could secure a mule-cart and driver, so I commissioned him to make the arrangements. The evening before the start was to be made a burro and cart drew up before the door of the *fonda* and the burro was led away for the night. Here was my vehicle; all would be in readiness for a start in the morning.

Directly after breakfast, a luncheon with several bottles of wine having been packed and stored aboard, Juan Antoranz, the driver and myself climbed into the cart and began the journey to Castilnovo, across country, over rough roads and through fields, where a road was barely discernible, passing a village of a handful of farm houses where its few inhabitants regarded me with wonderment, and after several hours arrived at the castle.

Juan Antoranz announced my arrival, and I received a cordial invitation to look it over, which, after lunching on the grass in the shade of some pleasant trees on a hillside, I did.

Castilnovo was built in 755 by Abder-Rahmin, the Moorish King of Córdoba, the Moors entering Spain in 711 having captured Segovia in 720. They held the province until 913, and afterwards the castle was bought by the Infantes Don Fernando and Doña Leonor, who later became monarchs of Aragón. The Catholic kings on tour from Burgos to Segovia rested there always.

The days of Sepúlveda passed rapidly in long hours of work and explorations for new subjects in odd moments, and late one afternoon I started to climb the hill to the west where on top, in accordance with the significant custom, was located the cemetery. A steep road led directly to the top, but I took a longer route, encircling the mountain, making a more gradual ascent, planning to return by the other.

Passing out of the village the road led along the side of the mountain and commanded remarkable views into the deep valley and of the opposite hillsides, where great flocks of sheep in charge of shepherd girls were slowly moving. The shepherd girls of Sepúlveda are a sturdy lot. In heavy clothing, stout boots and bonnet, carrying a knapsack for food and a large umbrella and heavy stick and attended by big gray shepherd dogs who regarded all strangers as enemies, they have charge of thousands of sheep, and in all kinds of weather spend their days in the high hills.

Presently I passed a *pelota* court of concrete—for even in this remote village the popular ball game is

played—and in marked contrast, came upon, just beyond, a wide level road of square stone blocks that appeared very ancient and had the character of Roman work. It was perhaps the only remaining relic of Confluente, the Roman village on this site, mentioned by Ptolemy. Beyond this paving the road descended through a crumbling gateway, and to the right another road led in the direction of the summit, on which I continued, but soon left, making a short cut directly to the top. I learned afterward that the tall grass through which I had passed was infested with snakes. Reaching the object of my climb, I found the cemetery enclosed as usual by stone walls, with a chapel at one side, and planted with spruce and other hardy trees. In all directions were magnificent, far-reaching views, but as night was coming on, after a few absorbed moments here, I started down the steep road cut into the side of the hill, a mere shelf, from which the view into the valley far below was a thrilling and breath-taking experience. Halfway down I passed a few caves dug into the hillside, which, as in many parts of Spain, served as habitations as they had for ages.

Having been at Sepúlveda a week, I had begun to think of moving on, when a letter came from a member of my family which stated they would arrive at Madrid en route in a few days and asked that I send them the kilometro ticket we had been using jointly; so, finding it, I placed it in the side pocket of my coat. Needing a large envelope to enclose it, I went down to find one in one of the plaza's small shops, and to mail it registered. Though I found the envelope, the post office had closed. Registration therefore being impossible that night, and

having decided to return to Segovia early the next morning, I planned to take the ticket with me and mail it on arrival there.

On coming back to the *fonda*, I felt for the ticket, but it was missing, so thinking it had dropped from my pocket, at once retraced my steps across the plaza and into the shop where I had stopped, but careful search and inquiries brought no sign of it. A *Guardia Civil* said the best thing to do was to inform the *Alcalde*, who was also keeper of a general store and of the diligence office. I found him, behind the counter, busily engaged in dispensing his wares to a group of townspeople, but hearing my story, he was very sympathetic, and said he would see what could be done to recover the ticket. I told him I would offer a reward, and he suggested that a *duro* would be an adequate amount, but as the dollar was only sixty-two and a half cents at current rates, it seemed very trifling.

On leaving the *Alcalde's* shop I found news of the loss and the reward had spread rapidly, and people came up to me, asking for a description of the ticket. Small boys, with the prospect of receiving so large an amount as a *duro* seemed to them, immediately started searching, and in a few minutes the entire plaza was alive with excitement as the people stood about discussing the matter with animation, their opinion being that, as all were honest people, the ticket would be restored, if found; but they feared that if a child had chanced to pick it up, not realizing its value, he might destroy it or toss it away.

As I stepped inside the *fonda* entrance to return to my rooms, the beat of a drum was heard and, above the

babble, a shrill voice, and I realized that the *Alcalde* had already ordered out the town crier, who was proclaiming the news in every part of the village, which was soon fully aroused. To the hum of the talk in the plaza I regained my room and sat down in a low chair, as my left hand dropped at my side. It touched something, which I picked up. It was the ticket. It had fallen from my pocket as I sat there a brief moment before starting to mail it.

Having caused the entire population to become stirred over my apparent loss, so unnecessarily as it developed, it seemed best not to make known the outcome. The next morning as I mounted the diligence to depart, Juan Antoranz was there to say good-by.

Toro

Night had fallen when Toro was reached, and the crowded omnibus began to ascend a steep road that wound upward, through the curiously eroded hillsides on top of which it is situated. Through roughly paved streets we passed and soon backed up at the door of the *fonda*, which, with several other passengers, I entered. One man came after me, and assuming that precedence would rule, I expected to be assigned a room in turn, before him; but he, speaking Spanish, engaged the attention of the woman in charge, before me. When I was shown upstairs the only remaining room proved to be a small cubicle of thin partitions on the main passage which had no windows—noisy and without ventilation. I at once declined it, and leaving my several pieces of luggage on the office floor, went into the dark

street to find another inn. My inquiries of a passer-by for "the other hotel" brought directions not well understood and I had traversed several blocks with ill success when further questions resulted in finding an inn where I engaged a room. My first concern was to have my baggage brought from the other hotel, and the maid was ordered to accompany me and bring it.

After dinner I walked through the streets and sat at a table under an arcade, outside a café, facing a small park. The café was filled with coffee drinkers, all playing dominoes and as each move was made, the ivory pieces hit the marble top tables with a slap, so the rattle was constant and resounding. Later the nightly concert was given. There were three guitars, a mandolin and a violin and the music was chiefly *flamenco*, derived from the Moors. A *sereno* wrapped in his huge brown cloak and carrying a metal pointed pike and lantern appeared and the picture was complete.

It had the atmosphere of Old Spain, though there was nothing to suggest that Toro, now so small and simple, had once been important, as when in 1371, 1442 and 1505 the *Cortes* assembled there, in the Palace of the Marqués de Santa Cruz, which was destroyed by fire a few years ago.

On the way back to the *fonda* I heard music and turning a corner entered a little square where many young people were dancing to the playing of a street piano. The boys and girls entered into the dances with unrestrained enthusiasm, though the paving of large, rough stones made the worst sort of a dancing floor.

In the morning, I found that the inn was almost at the edge of the high bluffs, and commanded a wide view over

the river Duero and the lowlands extending far beyond. Immediately below, down the hillside, were huge gullies and curiously contorted earthen forms, molded by the action of the waters of ages, through which curving roads led to a stone bridge of many arches; here I crossed, to see the view. The river in the foreground and the high banks topped by the 12th century Romanesque church, stood up effectively. Having made a drawing there, and others in the main street of the Mercado Gateway and Tower, I went on that evening.

The motor diligence for Tordesillas left Medina del Campo but once daily, in the early morning, and not wishing to spend the night in one of Medina's miserable hotels, which I knew through former visits, I sent for a private automobile. The price being agreed upon, remembering my Cardona experience, I required it to be written, also the words "no more" added, to obviate any possibility of argument later.

Tordesillas

The small car sped rapidly over the smooth road which leads northward and directly to the great Gothic bridge over the River Duero, on whose northern side lies Tordesillas. The town is high on the bank and the bridge slopes upward to meet it. Directly in line with it stands the *Hospedaje del Sol*, its wide open door like a cavern, as though intended to let no traveler escape, for at first glance the roads leading to right and left into the town are not visible.

In the doorway of the inn was a group of young women who, as the motor drew near, exchanged glances

TORDESILLAS

On the Duero River, Scene of the Long Imprisonment of Juana "La Loca"

with each other and smiled, evidently at my foreign appearance. But until Tordesillas had been studied further, I was not sure that I wished to remain, so the motor returned across the bridge, for the view from the low shore opposite.

Tordesillas is old and brown and yellow. On the right is the ancient bridge of four great Gothic arches at the town's end and six smaller ones at the other end, accommodating themselves to its pronounced slope. Rows of varicolored stone houses pile up from the river, and over them rises the great square tower of the Church of San Antolín. To the left of it the slender tower of the Church of San Juan added its note of interest, and low along the river bank clung several stone watermills, hundreds of years old, while the convent of Santa Clara lay upstream, a few hundred yards to the right.

Tordesillas was worth a visit, I decided, so I returned to the *fonda*. It is very old, with thick stone walls and wide tiled roof that slopes gently upward. However, it had been "modernized." What had formerly been bedrooms of white walls and simple furniture had now been hung with lace curtains and fitted with modern chairs and small tables, spindle-legged and wobbly, on which by way of creating an air of luxury a number of bisque figures had been placed, which, at the slightest touch of the table would immediately topple over. Knowing that had they been broken I would be expected to pay for this department-store art, I had nearly decided to have the room cleared of everything but the essential furniture, but reflecting that my visit would probably be brief, did nothing about it.

At dinner the Spanish girls I had noticed earlier appeared. They were four sisters in the early twenties with their mother and brother, a slender, not unattractive young man. It was apparent that they were familiar with large town life, and that the *posada* was an unusual environment. But while they appeared at the dinner hour they did not take the dinner. Mother and daughters indulged solely in the thick chocolate of Spain, and small cakes—*galletas*. Only the son took the dinner. Was it for economy's sake, I wondered; but after I had experienced the poor quality of the food, I decided that, whatever the reason, the mother's and daughters' choice had advantages.

Tordesillas is perhaps best known as the place where King Ferdinand imprisoned his daughter Juana, called "*La Loca*" (the mad), to prevent her succeeding to the throne. In the convent of Santa Clara this imprisonment began, and was continued there by order of Juana's son, Charles V, until her death after forty-six years of confinement. It was also the center of the rising of the *Comuneros* or reformers. They pulled down churches, plundered the rich, hanged the authorities and committed similar crimes, in which Juan Bravo of Segovia was a leader. The *Comuneros* were defeated here by the Conde de Haro, and Juan Bravo, with Padilla and Madonda, other leaders, was beheaded at Villalar, ten and a half miles distant, in 1512. A statue of Juan Bravo was erected in 1921 opposite his house in Segovia, at the dedication of which His Majesty Alfonso XIII was present.

At the right of the *fonda* is a wide terrace, the Paseo Alfonso XIII, from whose parapet is an extensive view

up and down the river and over the plains to the south, and from the terrace wall of the convent of Santa Clara high above the river are similar views, especially toward the eastward where the river bends gracefully. I had walked to the convent and seen its church, but the building where Juana was confined was not accessible. Afterward I entered the Church of San Antolín and saw the balcony in the chapel where Juana sat during the services.

From the Paseo Alfonso XIII a street leads to the plaza, which is surrounded by buildings of uniform height and design, supported by large square columns with an arcade. All the windows are numbered, for here during the annual fair are held bullfights, the windows serving as boxes, as at a theater. Shops encircle the plaza and continue in the street beyond it, while among the few stands it contains, that of a maker of *churros calientes* (a twisted doughnut) was most popular. There was generally a group of people watching the preparation of these tasteful spirals, sputtering in the hot oil of the large copper receptacle; they ate some of them on the spot and entwined the rest about a stick which they carried homeward.

Opposite the *fonda* is the town *corral*, with stone walls. In it on the days of cattle fairs were assembled large numbers of cattle and there they were prodded and moved about by men carrying long poles. On the opposite bank of the river a herd of bulls, brought from outlying farms, were held in check by men on horses, also armed with long staffs—saplings with heavy knobs on their ends, with which they could deliver effective blows. As I worked on the river bank I was informed

that these bulls were very dangerous and advised to seek a safer place.

En route to Valladolid to the northeast, I left Tordesillas one hot sunny afternoon by omnibus, passing the interesting castle of Simancas, one of the great archives of Spain, containing thousands of uncatalogued manuscripts, which provide unlimited opportunity for research. The road passes directly beneath the westerly side of the castle, the town being between it and the river.

Valladolid

Shortly after, Valladolid was entered. Here I spent the night, and next day took the railway eastward to Aranda de Duero. Though it has much pictorial interest in its rows of small houses, Peñaranda de Duero to the northeast of it, was my real objective. When I made inquiries at the *posada* about omnibus accommodations, the innkeeper, very rough in manner and rather a bully, took a look at my several pieces of luggage and did nothing whatever about assigning me a place. When I saw the dilapidated Ford that was to make the trip, I realized the reason for his lack of interest, for it would have hardly done more than accommodate my luggage and myself, and several passengers were already booked.

Peñaranda de Duero

I then decided to have a special automobile, and having engaged a room at the *fonda*, into which my things were put, started off. The omnibus was soon

overtaken, and I sped rapidly forward. A picture in an old book had prompted this excursion, for it had shown a good composition of Peñaranda with its castle-crowned hill, church and town and a remarkable ancient stone bridge in the foreground. As I approached I caught a first view of a bridge, not the one of the picture, but a modern one, which immediately created fears that it would be less picturesque than its predecessor, and so it proved on reaching it. The contour of the old bridge had arched across the narrow stream, whereas this one made an uninteresting horizontal line, and was so high as to conceal much of the town behind. What had been before a fine composition, was now spoiled. After studying it from a near-by field, to the great curiosity of some harvesters, I drove back into the town and took the opportunity of seeing the great palace of the Miranda. Once very beautiful this huge building is now in a state of pronounced dilapidation, and a glance into its patio showed it to be filled with an accumulation of débris. Under the arcades a number of burros were tied to its great columns.

Burgo de Osma

By the evening train I continued toward Burgo de Osma, which lies in the hills some miles north of the railway and connected by an omnibus. It was about 10:30 when the *fonda* was reached where, at a long table with other travelers, I had dinner. Afterward the proprietress, the women servants and the guests gathered in the hallway while a man played a guitar as one of the servants sang some old peasant melodies.

Next morning, after a hurried walk along the main street with its seemingly unending arcades for a look at its beautiful church, I returned and took the omnibus for the train. Several sisters of a religious order were passengers, and a number of others came to the *fonda* to see them depart and wish them Godspeed.

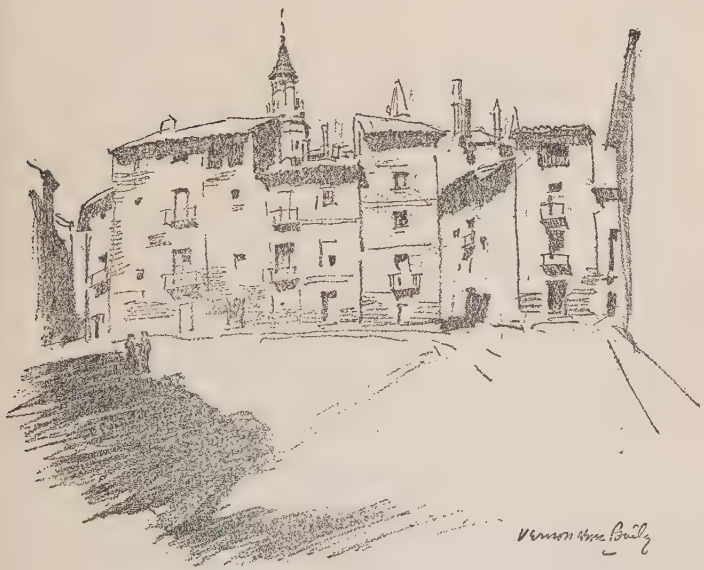
That afternoon I was back in Zaragoza, went to Huesca next day and continued to Lérida, where the night was spent in the hotel I had left nearly five months before, thus completing a circuit.

Fraga

Fraga, to the southwest of Lérida, I had not gone to during my earlier visit to Lérida, but did so next morning, and by the *citroen* I hired, reached it in an hour and a half. It lies among crumbling brown hills devoid of vegetation and a striking effect is produced on approaching it by the green plain as seen between and beyond the hills, for in contrast to the brown earth this unexpected expanse of color is a thrilling surprise.

Fraga, whose name is derived from Fragosa (stony), is a very old town on the bank of the River Cinca, spanned by a long bridge. Its streets appear squalid and the whole town is indicative of age and dilapidation. After a walk through streets and long archways, I stood in the plaza studying it when a man approached and said in fair English, "You speak English?" "Yes," said I. "And you are an American," said he. "Right again," said I. "And where did you get your English?" I asked. "In New York," said he. "There I was a waiter in the Hotels Ritz, Biltmore and Knickerbocker.

I saved some money and am now the owner of the moving picture theater here. It is open only one day a week, Sunday, but I take in the equivalent of between one hundred and fifty and two hundred dollars each day, a lot of money in a town like this. In fact, I am the richest man here." "Good," said I. Perhaps, as a side line, I shall start a movie in a small Spanish town.



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